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Elizabeth Frazer — Sinclair Lewis — Rita Weiman — Will Irwin — Charles Collins — Keene Abbott

WHAT DO YOU CHARGE FOR BOARD, SIR?

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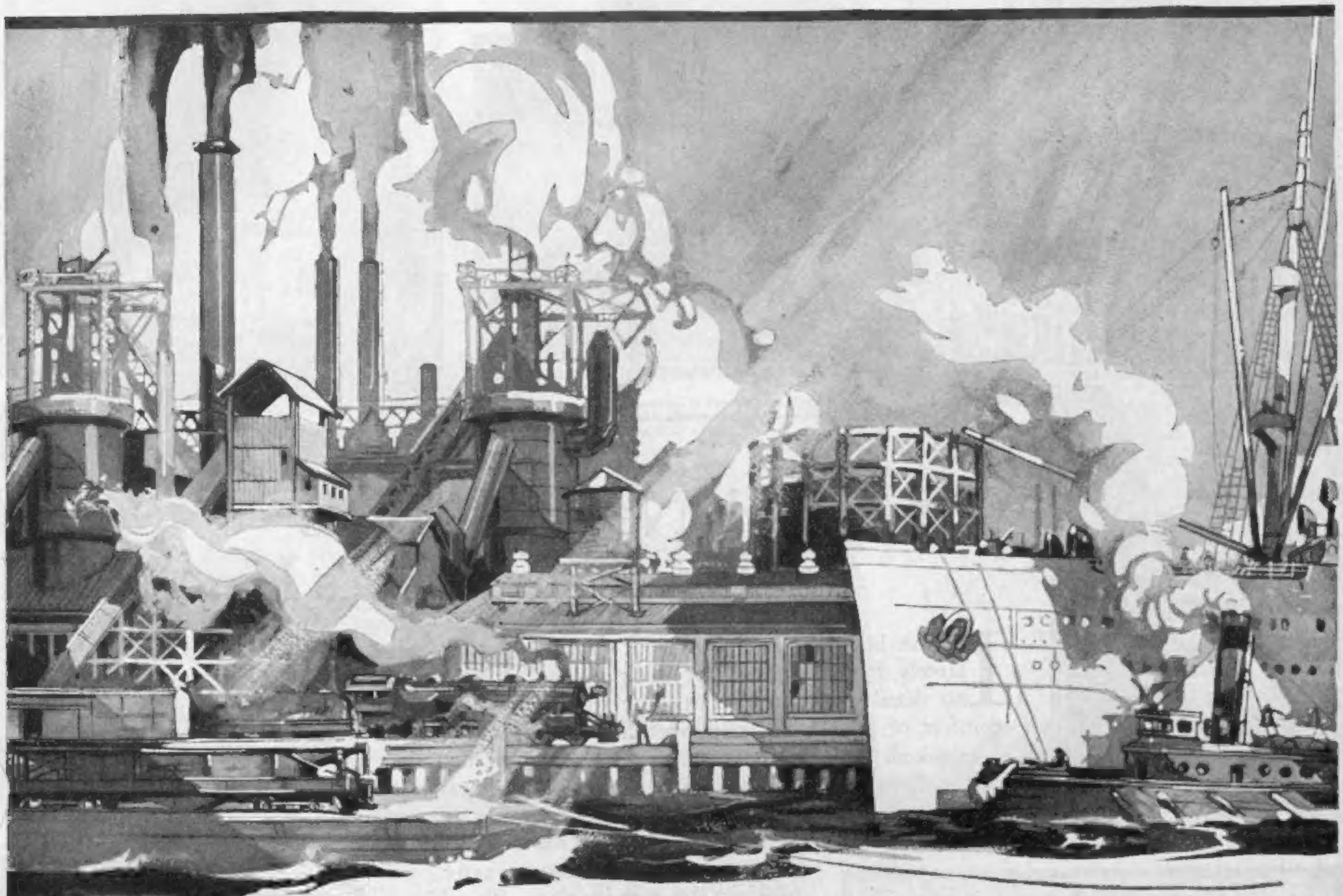
ARMCO IRON Resists Rust



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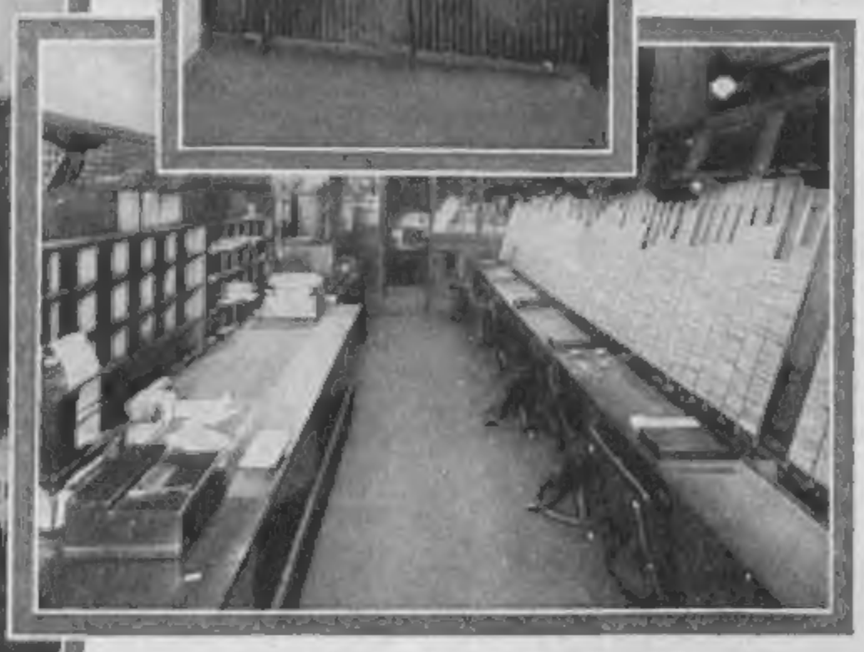
Armstrong's Linoleum floor at entrance to Mr. Statler's office



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GOOD OLD AMERICA!

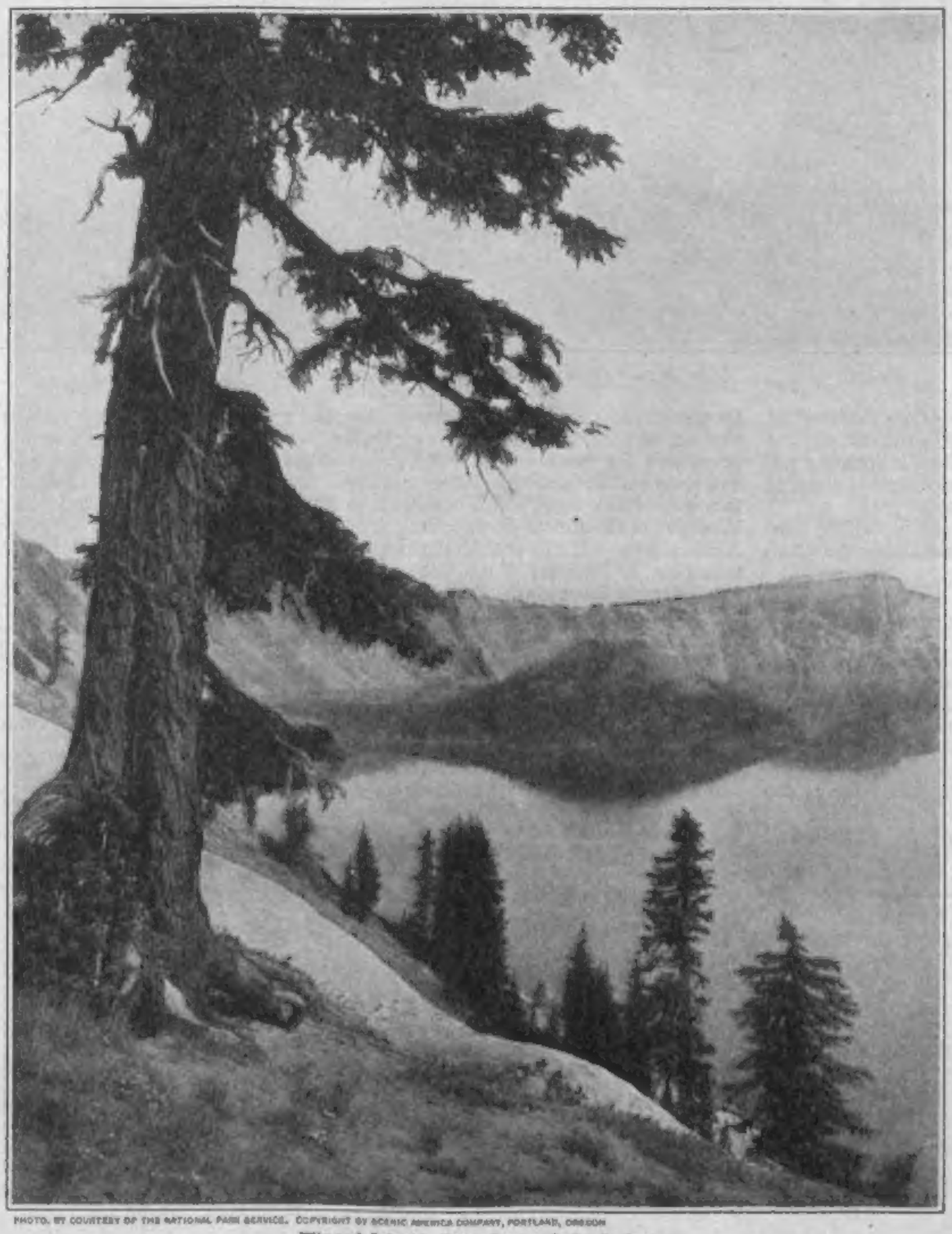
By ELIZABETH FRAZER

AREN'T you sorry," somebody asked me the other day, "to come back to America? Don't we seem awfully crude to you? Isn't life over there more subtle, suave and polished, more intellectual, more artistic and picturesque, more deeply spiritual? Isn't there more of a sheen, a gleam on it—you know what I mean—than over here? Wouldn't you—now, frankly, all patriotism aside—wouldn't you rather live over there in that refined, sensitive atmosphere where your soul has a chance to breathe, surrounded by beautiful architecture, reminders of a noble and majestic past, than live over here in the midst of all this howling, blatant, vulgar, polyglot mob of exploiters that we call America?"

The first time that question was put to me was a few days after my return to New York, by way of military transport, from Brest. I had been in Europe two full age-long years as a correspondent of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The year before that, 1916, I had served as a volunteer nurse's aid in a hospital for the French, when every ward in the land was flooded with the victims of the Verdun offensive, then at its height. In March, 1917, I returned home, but in July I again sailed for France—this time as THE POST'S correspondent—in the wake of our first little Army.

The Hard Trail

AND after that I was plunged into war—war as it really is, not as it is figured out to be by the armchair experts in the rear; not as it is figured out by the general staff sitting back at G. H. Q.; not even as it is figured out at corps or divisional or brigade headquarters; but war as it was actually fought by the poilu and the Tommy and the doughboy out upon the line; war, the actual, stark, bloody elements of which—the incompetency; the catastrophes; the red tape and gross inefficiency, with fatal results—the public never gets to hear, the correspondents being muzzled by the censor, lest it should hurt the country's morale.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE. COPYRIGHT BY SCENIC AMERICA COMPANY, PORTLAND, OREGON

Wizard Island, From Crater Lake Lodge

I watched the training of our troops over in Lorraine; I saw develop the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and the rise of that quiet, unspectacular yet tremendously effective organization, the Service of Supply, which spread its mighty network over France to care for the fighting forces. I was in Italy just after the disaster at Caporette, when pro-German parliamentarians down in Rome fought on the floor of the senate to secure a shameful peace. I was at Verdun in April, 1918, shortly after the Germans had smashed the British line, when French and American troops were being rushed from their own sectors to the storm center, and the roads were alive with guns and men pushing forward, and desperate fleeing refugees.

Twice I was on the Château-Thierry Front during that long month of June when the world did not yet know it was saved, when our troops were so pressed they had no time even to bury their dead. And all that final strenuous summer I gravitated between the various fronts and rears.

After the Armistice I took the long hard trail into the devastated regions of Northern France, Belgium, and over into Germany, through the Belgian, British, American and French zones of military occupation, in order to observe what were the effects of war upon the civilians of those countries. I visited hospitals, soup kitchens, bread lines, clinics and homes, saw starving, rickety, malnourished, tuberculous children; and I gathered up enough first-hand material, concrete instances of sheer human misery and hopeless woe, to fill a volume that would make the devil himself shed tears.

Game and Candle

IN ORDER to round out the circle of my civilian investigations I decided to go over into Poland and obtain a glimpse of starvation conditions in Prussia and the Near East. Accordingly I began to interview men returned from those parts—Red Cross, army, and Hoover food delegates—and to collect their reports.

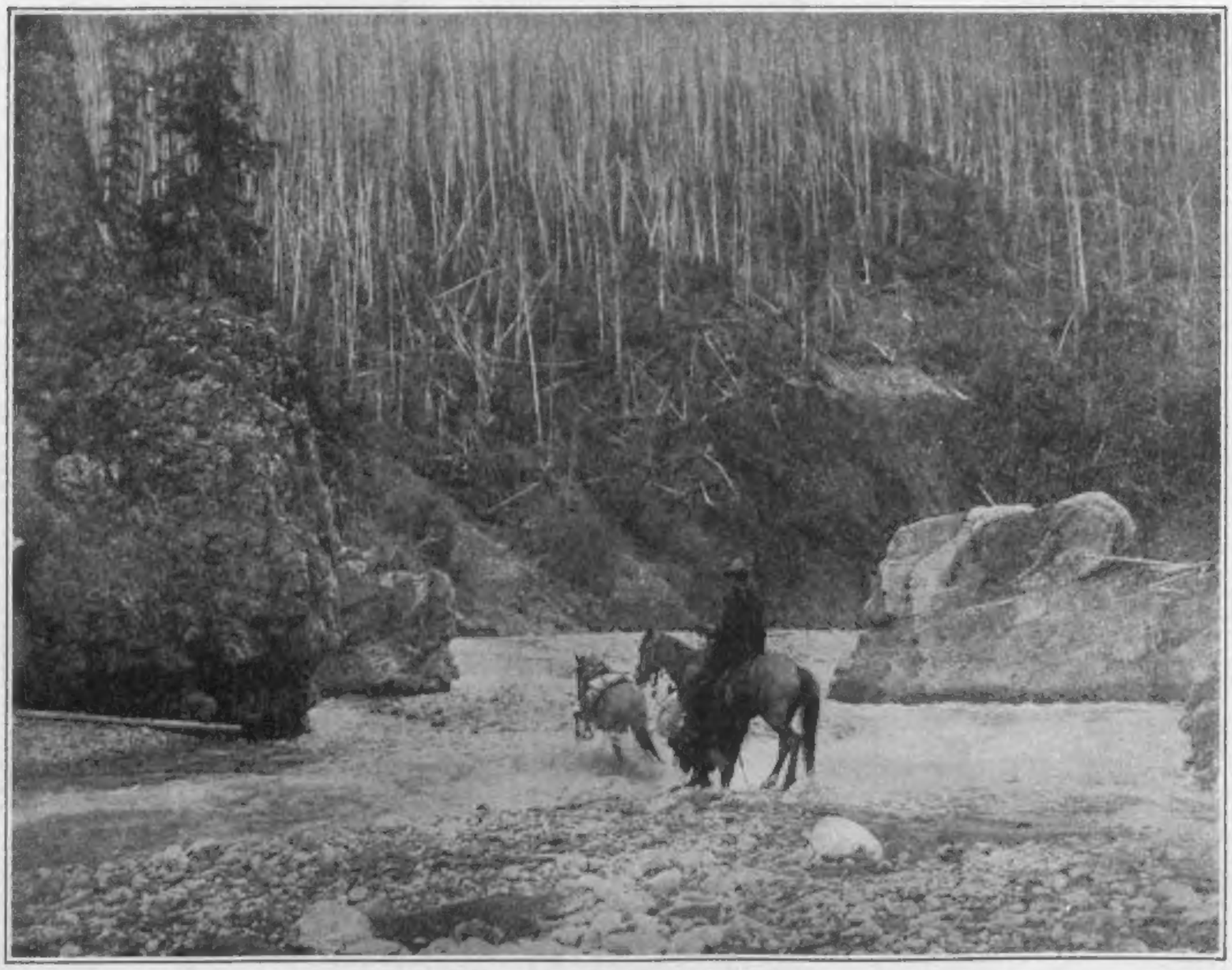
In the end, however, the physical hardships of such an undertaking daunted me. With the after-war train service in Europe blown from hell to breakfast—to use a military term; with recurrent spells of influenza—for among my army experiences I had taken a whirl at pneumonia and influenza, not to mention c-ti-s, along with the rest of the boys—it seemed to me that the game was not worth the candle. I knew those people over there in Poland were starving—starving also thousands in that big, vague hinterland the names of whose towns nobody can pronounce. All I had to do to satisfy myself of their condition was to take a cab to the Gare du Nord and board a train. But my heart failed me. I was sick of the whole ghastly, oppressive, putrid business called war—and war's putrid aftermath. It stank in my nostrils. I wanted to go home. No doughboy longed more fervently to view once more the Statue of Liberty—and view it from the landward side. No Moslem muttering prayers ever turned his face more devoutly toward the sacred city than I turned mine toward the west.

And every time during those two years that I waxed profane over the inanimate cussedness and pure futility of the French telephone I would say softly to my soul: "Good old America!" Every time I went up against that grandest little old bureaucracy on earth, the French Government, and was handed round on an honorable silver salver from department to department, bureau to bureau, monsieur to monsieur, ashes to ashes and dust to dust, until every faintest hope was crushed—and then went off and did the thing whatever it was off my own bat, I would croon to myself: "Good old America!"

Every time I saw a little French peasant maid, with frozen blue hands, raw and bleeding from washing linen down on her knees at an ice-cold stream in midwinter; every

time I saw a rheumy, bleareyed old dame looking a million and fifty years instead of her rightful fifty, because she had not only kept the house, and borne the children, and woven the linen, and fashioned the clothes, and done the cooking and the washing and the ironing and the preserving, and fed the beasts, and lugged the water from the village fountain—but also she had gone forth to plow and sow and harvest the fields, hitched in beside the patient ox, and had even got down on her knees to tickle with her gnarled fingers the roots of each individual plantlet to make it grow; every time I asked for a bath and discovered there was not such a thing as a bathtub in the whole countryside and was handed a jug of tepid fluid insufficient to bathe an infant two spans long; every time I saw mothers feeding their babies wine; every time I stayed in a dank, moldering old château and slept in a dank, moldering old chamber, insinuating my shuddering and reluctant form into the clammy cocoon of a bed, I murmured with chattering teeth:

"Oh, good old America! Oh, fabulous, incredible, comfortable, clean, sanitary, modern, functioning, get-there America!"



A Bad Piece of Going—Fiddle Creek, Alberta

Live Abroad and Learn America

THAT phrase, as time went on, became to me a sort of staff and scrip. It held me up, sustained and comforted. Good old America! In the midst of the tangle, desolation, cynicism and inactivity which tightened in a sinister coil round Europe in the feverish months following the armistice, when the precepts of justice and fraternal brotherhood gave way to those of grab, when the labor of the Continent began to show dangerous signs of drifting into Bolshevism, the thought of America—the fundamental prosperity of its workers, the progress they had made by slow but sure legislation, fighting their battles not with the bomb and the machine gun but through trade unions and state and Federal legislation—was like a glowing fire in a comfortable room which one enters out of the bleak harshness of the storm. It was not, you understand, that America possessed this or that attribute of cleanliness, or sanitation, or efficiency of functioning in the public services, or better labor conditions—but that all these things and a thousand others besides were but the outward and visible signs of something inner and invisible, something profound and simple and fine, which I did not attempt to analyze but which I invoked whenever I murmured to myself:

"Good old America!"

To those who have not lived consecutive months on the Continent during the recent upheaval this feeling of warmth and tenderness toward America may seem incomprehensible. The stay-at-homes of the war, those whom hard duty kept over here close to the seamy side of our own Government, are apt to see only its shortcomings, its defects. It takes a course of instruction of one, two, three years on the other side of the water, matriculating not as a tourist but as a business man or an official or a member of a commission trying to get something done, in order to see how America stacks up alongside other countries in the big fundamental essentials which govern our everyday lives.

Home

THESE two things then—gladness and relief—were my chief emotions on returning to America after an absence of practically three years. A lot of little pictures were etched on my heart—pictures so painful, so hopeless, so somber that I could not get away from them. They strayed into my dreams. So when I set foot on the dock at Hoboken I mentally shook myself and said: "Now cut all that gloomy stuff out! Forget it! You're in America."

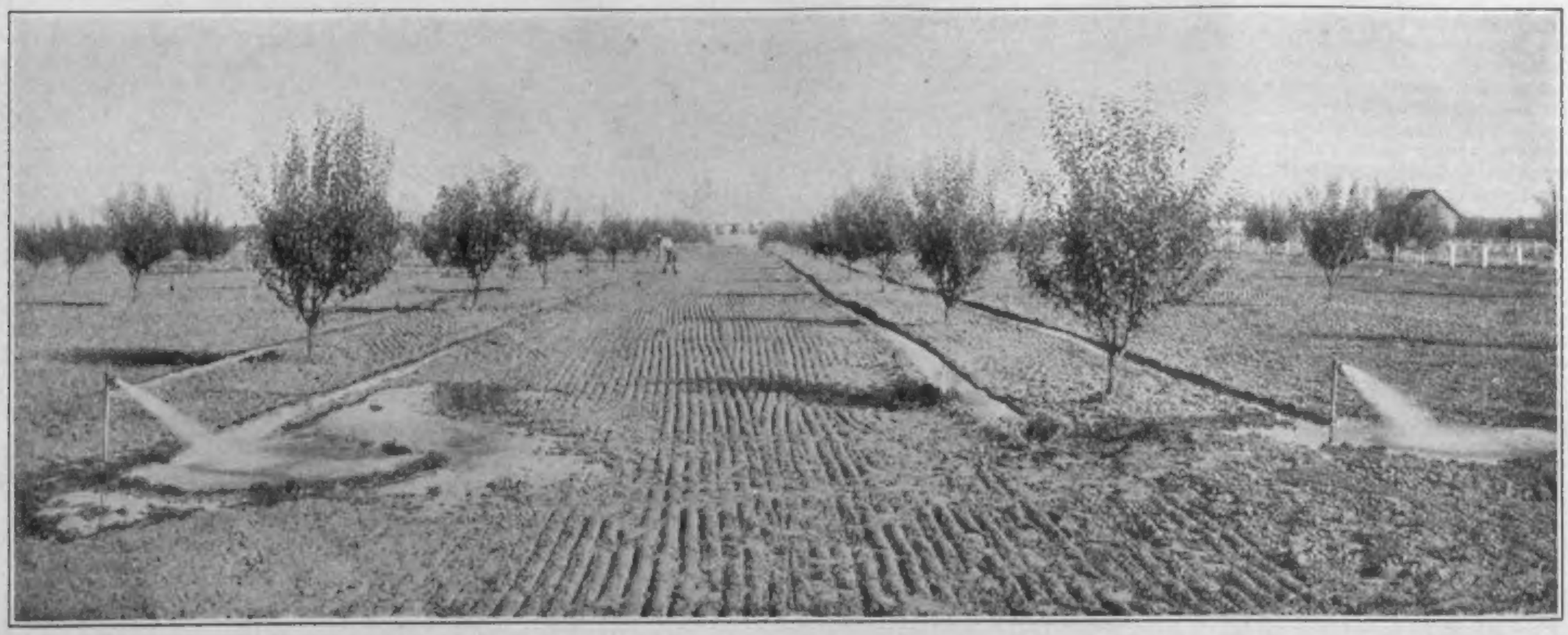
And then almost the first question which met me was: "Didn't you just hate to come back to America?"

At first I was astounded by the sheer foolishness of the query. Didn't America, then, know what Europe was like? And for reply I gave a laugh. Properly speaking it was not a real laugh. It was what is popularly termed a horse laugh—though I never saw a horse give one. It is a vulgar, unrefined, hybrid sort of laugh ranging between a snort and a hee-haw, and is employed to convey scorn, derision, contempt. I realized at the time that as a complete reply my rejoinder was not altogether adequate. It was like those futurist pictures—it left too much to the imagination.

It needed an explanatory title.

Later a Western man, a demobilized captain whom I met out in the Rockies in that wild, ragged big-game country

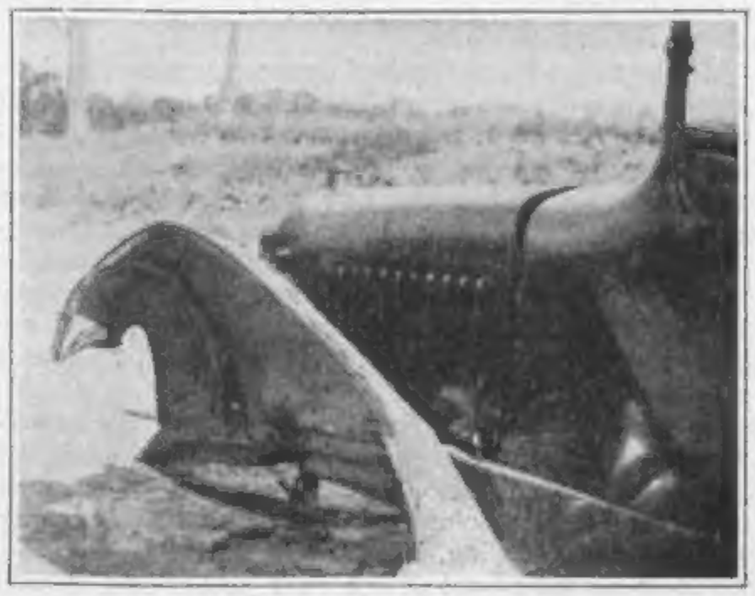
(Continued on Page 114)



Adventures in Automobumming

Gasoline Gypsies—By Sinclair Lewis

Crossing a Virginia River



What the Other Fellow Did to Us

Southern Rocky Road and a Crossing

IN THE good old days, when the happy citizenry were not annoyed by bathtubs, telephones or having enough to eat, any lad could get a deal of innocent pleasure, before he settled down to growing the rest of his beard, out of becoming a pirate and collecting pieces of eight, burning monasteries and torturing old women. Nowadays, fiction writers assure us, there is no chance for a man with courage and imagination to go freely roving the world.

Yet the coming of the gasoline motor, whether in a flivver with a delivery-wagon body or in a tranquil twelve, has brought back the age of joyous piracy, with the immense advantage that you do not have to associate with pirates who have the absent-minded habit of cutting your throat. The long-distance motor tourist, swooping down a corkscrew hill into a shining white town of which he has never heard, sliding along a ridge with the fields to westward droning in blue shadows, picking up a wayfarer with a new dialect and a new world of interests, is adventurous as any heaving brigantine wallowing all day through changeless seas. He is far more independent—he doesn't have to stay on that uncomfortable and highly undependable medium, the ocean, which is so notoriously ill-suited to walking back after the ship gets wrecked.

Out on the ribbed prairies a lone car really looks like a craft on the circle of the ocean. And as to the practical side of piracy—if the driver doesn't care to attend to that himself he can have it satisfactorily performed by mechanics, hotel keepers and lunch-room cooks along the way.

Making the Get Away Snappy

THEY who have escaped the touring habit usually ask what is necessary for a long trip. Must they take tents, a pile of extra casings, a seven-foot atlas, a grand piano and a vacuum cleaner? Must they be combinations of aviators, deep-sea divers and Dan'l Boones to essay a whole five hundred miles from home?

They may take all the equipment they desire, but the fact is that a respectable citizen with a second-hand flivver, who has never driven any car for more than a hundred miles, can start on twenty minutes' notice—ten for his wife to buy a hairnet, ten to tell the maid what she mustn't let the baby do—and with safety and not much trouble hike from Miami to Seattle. He will find repair men every five miles most of the distance; lingerie can be washed in roadside brooks; and from corner to corner of the country run through trails with markers on telephone poles at every turn.

If he wants to camp no one will examine him for insanity. All school-teachers expect to have to crawl between rolls of red comforters and piles of frying pans when they reach their school yards; and any modern farmer would feel lonely if he didn't glance out of the peacock room in the morning and see on the front steps a car that was a combination dining room, nursery and xylophone.

But the motor trip is to be considered not merely as a vacation but as a duty for all conscientious citizens, for there is nothing which so swiftly and painlessly reduces swellings of the head.

The average citizen never thinks he is an average citizen. Whether he is an insurance man, a fishmonger, a writer of fiction or a trick balloonist, he believes that he is extremely necessary to his business and to his home. He knows at least two people who ask his advice and he expects the corner bootblack to call him "Boss." His grocer remembers his favorite brand of tomatoes and the washerwoman is still grateful because of the derby hat he gave her husband year before last. But when he clears the boundary of his county, when he bustles into an unfamiliar garage ten miles away and snaps at the foreman that he wants his differential filled with grease, and he wants it quick, he discovers that news doesn't travel so fast as people say it does—this scoundrel hasn't yet heard the news about Mr. Average Citizen's importance. And after five days out, when the grease has mined into the backs of his hands and his last clean shirt isn't clean, he will be meek when the hoboes along the road grunt at him: "Hey, Billy, gimme a match! Where'd yuh steal de road louse?"

At first he won't like it. He will take hours and hours in telling his wife—sitting beside him and unable to escape without kicking off the switch and crawling out over six suitcases on the running board—that, outside of their home town, people have no friendliness. But after ten days he will revel in being part of the land, of long roads and quiet fields and sloping lovely hills and placid people content to live alone. He will stop worrying about the indubitable ways in which his assistant can ruin his business. He will recover from his ancient irritation about his neighbor's early rising guinea hens. He may even partially forget that a man of his dignity has to act to his own small universe as the representative and image of the Almighty. And when he comes back all men will wonder at his jolly, whimsical modesty—for minutes and minutes they will.

A Southern Ferry Where You Help the Ferryman to Pole Your Way Across the Yellow Stream

You Aren't a Personage, After All

I HAD a new car once and a new overcoat, and by request I wasn't wearing the comfortable shoes, but the good-looking ones. I was driving from New York to Chicago with a personage. He was a war correspondent just back from Russia. He had once made love to an Italian princess and he possesses—almost free of debt—an acre of ground near New York, which is the same as owning all of Siberia. We gave ourselves a rating of about ninety h. p. and we looked with pity on all cars which were muddy. Of course we had been through a little mud ourselves and since noon we had washed our hands only when filling the radiator—a heathen custom which consists in spilling half of a can of water on your trousers and the other half on the hood. But nobody could notice those blots on us—no, not possibly.

We came with languid distinction into a small hotel in Ohio. The war correspondent condescended to the landlady in his best Yale and Piccadilly voice: "May we have dinner here?"

She looked us all over. I was prepared to tell her, when she asked, that the new overcoat hadn't really cost a hundred. She smiled gently. She piped: "You boys driving cars through from the factory, or are you private chauffeurs?"

We ate dinner—which wasn't dinner, but supper—with reticence, and we addressed the waitress in tones of humility, and when she snapped at the war correspondent "Tea or coffee, Joe?" he stretched out his paws and purred. We went out and looked, not at the newness and stream-lineness of the car but at the mud that clotted the wheels and the general sloppiness of the suitcases in the back; and our hearts were God's little gardens and we completely ceased thinking that we were persons of interest.

And we remained so, because on the next day a peculiarly ameary and recently immigrated Greek bootblack demanded of us, "You fellow drive a truck t'rough?" We knew he was flattering us. He really thought that we were driving a garbage wagon.

On another trip my wife and I were heading westward through a sagebrush desert. As it was after six we were discussing the one subject of real importance to the universe—would we get a decent dinner, and a mattress which

What We Did to the Other Fellow

wasn't a clay model of the Rocky Mountains, scale one inch to the mile? We stopped a flivver to ask about the hotels ahead.

It was the dirtiest flivver we had yet seen. The hood was so thick with dust-caked grease that it seemed to be cased in gray alpaca. The casings were channeled to the bone. On the running board rode a trunk covered with the flowered-and-stippled tin which, in 1870, was regarded as especially suited to travel and in the tonneau was a rusty stove with frayed gunny sacking thrown over it. The man wore a blue denim shirt, a black felt hat and either he was unable to grow a beard or he had not shaved since starting from Vladivostok. His wife had a visored-and-puckered motor bonnet with eruptions of green veiling.

We stopped and spoke to them gently. We probably had a lot of satisfaction out of being superior and kindly. The vicar's wife permanently relieving poverty by distributing a potato every Whitsuntide had nothing on us for sweetness to the worthy poor.

Many a Wallet is Misjudged

IT IS true that we were driving a flivver ourselves that trip. But you know how it is. Your flivver is different from all other flivvers. It is smarter and racier and sportier and a lot more powerful. The only reason you have so much difficulty in picking it out from the others at the parking space is because you have dust in your eyes.

So from our sultan of the sand we pleasantly inquired: "What kind of hotel is there in the next town?"

The man smiled with the good fellowship of the road and shouted: "Pretty good place." His wife whispered something to him. He stopped. He glanced us over. He scratched his head and went on doubtfully: "I don't know as you'll want to stay there though. It's goldarned expensive."

"How expensive?"

Pityingly—"They want seventy-five cents a night for a room for two!"

As we drove on ——

Oh, Burns wouldn't have asked for that giftie of seeing ourselves as others see us if he had ever taken a long motor run. It's valuable for the soul, but it's extremely injurious to the faculty for talking haughtily to office boys and roaring at old bookkeepers. Especially hard on this form of self-ecstasy is contact with strange garage men along the way.

Garage men are—to one who has just taken a tour—not merely topics of discussion, like matrimony or Lloyd George. They are principles of ethics, like prohibition or the rise in copper.

I have asserted that practically any driver can stand a four-thousand-mile trip. But I must admit that the autohobo should be prepared for these inescapable calamities:

Every third man of whom you ask a direction will say: "Well, I'm a stranger here myself."

The right rear spring will break just after nightfall, when you leave the macadam and hit ten miles of what the man in the last town called "A short stretch of dirt road—might be just a leetle muddy now."

Every day at ten and eleven-thirty A. M., two-sixteen, five-twenty and eleven-fifty-six P. M. you will remember that you mustn't forget to replace the grease cup that has jarred off—and when you get back home it will still be missing.

There is no use of looking to see if the tail-light bulb is burned out. It is.

There is always a better road than the one on the map and if you follow the farmer's advice and take it you will always get lost.

Your partner doesn't want to hear the detailed story of your breakdown—he's waiting to tell you his.

And last and more funereally certain, the garage man will act almost as though he thought you were a fool. There is an interesting psychological reason for that. He does think so.

I have met several hundred apparently sane Sunday-afternoon motorists who think they know something about cars. One of them devoted two hours of an invitation drive to repeating clever things he had said to garage men. That is the new way in which citizens give themselves private welcome-home parades. Lunch-club conversationalists no longer tell how they caught the big bass or licked the impudent cabman, but how sarcastic they were to the repair man and how superiorly they "taught the fellow a few things about mechanics."

After I had enviously drunk in this amateur's knowledge for two hours he stopped, because the car had sighed gently and stopped also. He listened to the silence, he moistened his finger and held it up to see which way the wind was blowing, he tapped the end of his nose, he took my pliers out of the door pocket and clicked them a few times, he cleaned the glass of the ammeter, then announced: "Trouble is, the engine wasn't

A Tennessee Tollgate

getting adequate cooling. I've been noticing all along that the fan belt was loose."

I was grateful. How, I queried, did one tighten the fan belt?

He accumulated a collection of pretzel wrenches, a tire tool, a copper gasket for a cylinder and a Guide to Southern Arkansas; and he attacked the hole in which the fan belt lived. He got the cover off with the loss of only one bolt and jabbed at the belt with his finger. He smiled and vouchsafed—he is a master of vouchsafing—"It ought to be all right now. Start the motor."

I did—and it didn't. It stopped.

"I'd better go down to the next farmhouse and phone for a repair man," I muttered—it's a wise man who knows when to be discouraged.

But he wasn't in the least discouraged. He looked patronizingly at the scenery—there always is so much scenery on practically all sides when you are stuck on the road. He learnedly tapped the cover of the oil well—it hasn't worked right since. He scraped a little grease off a brass box down there beside the motor which is either the generator, the starter or the insurance policy. He brightened up and said curtly: "The real trouble is in the muffler. It's choked up. Ever had it cleaned out?"

It was an hour later that I telephoned for a garage man. He came out and yawned and inquired: "Why didn't you hook this wire onto the coil? It jarred off. I don't see how you guys could help noticing it."

My friend did not boast about his knowledge of mechanics again—not for minutes and minutes.

You will see a great deal of garage men, no matter how much your wife thinks you know. Of course you may have luck—I know an amateur who drove seventeen hundred miles over corduroy and cut-over roads north and west of Lake Superior without a single puncture, without once having to look at his motor. But again—you may be certain of one axiom of repairs: There's always something new that can happen to a car. Whenever you wait in suspense for something you will probably go on for a thousand miles untouched; and whenever you feel that nothing can happen the bearings are just then burning out.

You will discover that seventy per cent of garage employees are honest and capable and that thirty per cent of them ought to be—and recently have been—digging ditches. On the whole, if the typical small American town were all of it as well built and as competent as its tapestry brick garage no one would want to go to the celestial regions—we should be too comfortable here.

In the days of the stage coach returned travelers may have remembered mountains, but to-day it is garage men who punctuate recollections of the voyage. And they differ far more than mountains, all of which have an unimaginative way of sticking up in the air rather like chicken croquettes.

In my own experience there was the garage foreman in the Pennsylvania town near the Alleghanies who patiently soldered a horribly gouged radiator so honestly that it did not leak for twelve thousand miles. He is being advertised gratis by hundreds of drivers from Chambersburg to Zanesville. There is the repair man in St. Paul who is his own boss and staff. He takes in only one car at a time and before he lets it go he tunes it up with all the affectionate eagerness of an owner. People drive thirty and forty miles to beg him to repair their machines. Men like him inspire the autohobo.

But then again—there are garage men who inspire the awed beholder only to direct action. There was the pleasant open-faced youth in the Middle Western town. My car was bucking. Every time it reached twenty-five miles an hour it imitated the heroic steed of the courier in the Civil War play. Its forefeet shot out in one last mighty leap, its satiny skin shivered convulsively, it whinnied, its noble heart throbbed in almost human response to my despairing cry of "For the union, Nero! We are Sheridan's last hope"—and then it fell dead.

Yes, Something Was Wrong

I WAS tired of this dramatic performance after about the fourth matinée. I stopped in the next town, though it consisted entirely of a body of unequipped garages surrounded by near-beer signs. I picked out the largest shop—the one that had the free air, only the pump didn't happen to be working to-day.

After the garage man had changed two flivver tires and replaced a broken unbreakable spark plug and telephoned to a girl named Lissenkid, he operated on me. He was sophisticated, he was all of seventeen and he must have learned motor repairing by jerking soda.

Four times I took him joy-riding the length of Main Street—both blocks. The first time he said that the trouble was that I "gave the boat too much juice, why-'n'ell don't you retard the spark?" The fourth time, after Nero had done her celebrated death act in front of cheering

Middle Western Mud

spectators gathered at the Boston Drug Store and Silos, the expert admitted that there was something the matter.

He had me stop where the largest possible number of his admirers could watch him. He yanked open the hood in that authoritative manner garage men have when they don't know what is the trouble. He looked up and smiled so confidently that I was comforted. Maybe I'd go racing on all of ten miles farther that day.

"You know," he informed me, "there's a lot of these garage men that are hicks just off the farm—never had any experience except tinkering with their tin Lizzies. They're so darn ignorant about ignition that if anything happens they'll always say it's the carburetor. But this time it is the carburetor, sure enough. It needs adjusting."

My carburetor had recently and extensively been adjusted by the service station at the state agency, by a Minneapolis dramatic critic and by the mop salesman who was courting our Swedish maid. But I let him adjust it some more, while at his snappy orders I patiently started the motor and did perfectly meaningless things with the hand throttle and the spark lever. I was so glad that he wasn't the sort who always said it was the carburetor that I agreed with him that "the boat sounds a lot peppier now." I paid him fifty cents and went on my way.

Within half a mile Nero began to die just as regularly and painfully as before. All on my own hook I decided that her—or his—engine was overheated. That's always a safe explanation, because it rarely means anything and doesn't hurt anyone's religious prejudices. It's like climate. Any remarkable climate can be explained by one of three things: Either it's the Gulf Stream or it's the humidity or it's a lie.

When I tried to start the engine again Nero looked up at me with those great beautiful chestnut eyes and expired without even kicking.

After re-re-readjusting the carburetor I telephoned back to the same small town—but to the rival garage. A morose youth came out, looked learnedly into the distributor—and adjusted the carburetor. Then he said he didn't know what the matter was, except that there was something wrong with the carburetor. Either it was the needle valve or the float. He might try taking the float back to town and varnishing it.

Laying Off the Persecuted Carburetor

I SUGGESTED that it would be safer if he varnished the needle valve. I persuaded him to haul me ten miles on to a larger town. That was a wonderful drive. Nobody adjusted the carburetor during the whole ten miles. In the larger town the garage man discovered that a wire leading into the coil was broken. Half an hour later I was going on—after the mechanic had adjusted the carburetor back to where it had been when I had started. The morose youth who had hauled me into town looked on and as I left him he sighed: "Well, that fellow did happen to run onto the real trouble. But just the same, I wish I could of varnished the carburetor float."

"Did you ever varnish one?"

"N-no, but I've heard it was a swell thing to do. Gee, I want to try it once! But somehow I can't get none of those darn hicks in my town to let me try it."

My Rescuer Did the Whole Thing

I like to think of the young man in Southern Indiana who on a Sunday afternoon, when I had two simultaneous punctures and only one spare and the garage man in the next town was alone at his shop and unable to drive out in the country, volunteered to help me. He was practically a professional, he said. He knew more 'bout changing casings than any repair man for fourteen miles round.

It took us an hour. Aside from my jacking up the car, removing the two rims, prying the rims open, yanking off the casings, putting in the new tubes, getting the casings back and doing a quarter of the hand pumping—in the August sun and dust—my rescuer did the whole thing. The small items mentioned, along with the general blue-printing and management, fell to me.

"How much'll it be?" I inquired at the end. I felt proud and generous. I was willing to give him a quarter.

"We'el, let's see—'n'our, say 'n'our and a quarter—I guess it's worth about two dollars."

But the worst garage man I ever encountered was the night attendant at a back-alley shop in a small city in Ohio. I had had a long and bumpy day's ride. I slid into the city so tired that it was hard to climb out of the seat. I weaved into the office of the largest hotel, feebly registered and inquired for the nearest garage.

All I wanted from that garage was the privilege of paying fifty cents to a dollar for enough space in which to leave the car till morning and the boon of wearily driving my car into one of the many empty stalls without

Judging by Photographs of the Scene, It is Not Possible to Look Dignified

troubling the attendant. I rumbled drowsily in and waited for the attendant to tell me where he wanted me to put the car. He was working on a local machine. He didn't lift his head. He was a thick-shouldered, fist-jawed, red-eyed, blackly unshaven man, and he was growling at the customer: "Why the devil don't you take off your kid gloves and put a little oil in her now and then?" He said it in a voice like an emery wheel, and the local motorist, instead of going right out and organizing a lynching party of his neighbors, took it meekly.

I called to the garage man: "Where shall I put my car?"

He ignored me. He got into the other car and drove it outside under an arc light.

Three times he came back into the garage for tools; three times I asked him which stall I should take. Though he passed me, not ten feet away, he ignored me still. I was to wait till he had time to say the five words I wanted.

I crawled out of the car, wabbled outside and demanded: "Would it hurt you to answer me? Do you want this car in here to-night or don't you?"

He was not accustomed to such impudence from low customers. He found time to speak for the first time. He bellowed: "I don't care a damn whether you put your improperly descended car in or not. See? Get the hell out of here."

If I had been built like Jim Jeffries I should have given him the one logical answer, the one answer he could have understood. But he could have beaten me

The Followers of Dowie Still Exist in Zion City, But There is a Garage

with his little finger—and he was waiting and hoping for that pleasure. I backed my car out, so tired and furious that my foot was trembling on the clutch, and in my blindness I almost hit the fender of a car parked across the street.

My friend had his chance—and he had plenty of time for ardent speech now, though he had not finished the repairing. He came over bawling that he'd show me—he'd get me—deliberately smashing people's cars—tryin' to, anyway—he'd see I was pinched—he'd take my number.

And I had no gun with me!

He bellowed so that half a dozen firemen came out of the near-by fire house and looked on mildly. He made much of flashing an electric torch over my number plate, of pretending to note down my number on a stray and excessively dirty repair-order blank. I hoped that he would really summon a policeman. He didn't.

The Blacklist of Autohobodom

I GOT the car to the street beside the hotel—where I left it all night—and I started on the trail. I knew that the night attendant could not be the owner of the place. Even the surliest owners do not take quite so much pains to escape being paid for unused space. I found that the owner was also the proprietor of a not-very-savory cigar stand and pool room. Of course he personally could not stay at his garage—he had to show off his checked vest and his skill at pool.

I told my story. He grunted: "Fellow hadn't ought to talked to you like that. Probably drunk again. Guess I'll have to speak to him about it."

It wasn't till I reached New York that I got even. I ought to pretend that I was merely looking for justice and protection to fellow motorists who might make the error of stopping at that hotel and being sent to that garage, but I wasn't. I was looking for homicide and satisfaction. I gave up my first earnest idea of going back there with a four-wheel-drive, two-ton prize fighter as passenger and returning to the garage at night. In New York I called on an official of the automobile association, and gave him the name of the Ohio town, the hotel and the garage.

"I've heard other complaints about that town—and there's good towns ten or fifteen miles on either side of it. I'll see that all tourists are advised to keep right on through it hereafter," said the official.

I wonder how many thousands of dollars the hotels and restaurants and garages of that town, good and bad, have lost in the two years since then? I wonder why the good ones tolerate and share the blame of the bad ones? I wonder why the owner hadn't the honesty to close the garage at night if the only attendant he could offer the public was a drunken thug?

It is unfortunate that trouble is more dramatic than happiness; that an autohobo better remembers the few garage men who have been hogs than the hundreds who have made motoring agreeable by competent repairs, by looking cheerful as they turned the handle of the gasoline pump or by giving road directions. But even if they are forgotten, the competent garage man may be glad to know that they are not being evilly gossiped about by thousands of motorists; that they haven't active enemies

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CURTAIN!

By RITA WEIMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

JOHN SHAKSPERE'S son remarked once in a play he lightly invited us to take As You Like It that all the world's a stage. He told us that men and women have their exits and their entrances, that one man in his time plays many parts. But John Shakspere's son did not refer to the acts that make up this drama of living. The first act of introduction, the second of conflict, the third of revelation, the fourth of readjustment. Not that all lives can be so simply subdivided. To some dramas there are ten or twelve scenes, swift changing, tense, terrifying. But whether few or many, live in acts we do—each with its conflict, its climax, each beginning a new problem, a new turn, a new development, until the final curtain is rung down that leaves the house of life in darkness.

Partly because of this and partly because Nancy Bradshaw's story is essentially of the theater, it seems but natural so to divide the telling of it.

The first scenes had been that old familiar struggle of the young girl trying to convince Broadway managers that even though she has had her theatrical training somewhere in Idaho she really can act. She had encountered and combated the habitual have-to-show-me look until one day in Jerry Coghlan's office, while the latter regarded her over horn-rimmed specs, she gave him a disarming smile and said quietly: "Yes, Mr. Coghlan, I know you're from Missouri, but how can I show you unless you give me a chance?"

Coghlan being Irish had tossed back his head with a roar of approval and given her what she asked. He had never regretted it.

Nancy possessed two qualities that register with an audience more quickly than genius—charm and personality. I might better say personality alone, because that includes charm, doesn't it? By the time she had reached the place of leading woman and the age of twenty-six, she had a following any older and more experienced actress might well have envied. She was never idle. When Coghlan, who had her under contract, was unable to find a play or part for her he loaned her to other managers, who featured their good fortune in advance notices and electrics.

Nancy had what Broadway calls class. She was supple and slender with an airy slimness that seemed more spiritual than of the body. She could curl up in a couch corner with childlike grace or stand tense and supplicating or sway with emotion, but whatever she did one felt the spirit ruling the flesh. She had heavy gold hair that fell in deep sweeping waves over ears and forehead, and the brows that mounted above gold-brown eyes were straight and black as were the lashes shading them. Her mouth, a bit too large for beauty, had a fascinating upcurve when she smiled, but in repose was strangely firm and chiseled. One found oneself puzzling as to whether it belonged in a face whose charm lay in the fact that its actual features eluded one. I've called her eyes gold brown. They weren't always. At times across the footlights they looked green, at others hazel, and often in some scene of fury they went burning black.

Audiences loved her in all her moods—the matinée girls because she might have been one of them, older women because she might have been their daughter, young men because she was so much a girl they wondered how much a woman she might be, and old men because for a fleeting moment she gave them back their youth.

It looked pretty much as if Nancy's drama of living were to flow smoothly to its final scene with no more conflict than a pastoral comedy. And then she met Richard Cunningham. She had seen him once when lunching at the Claridge with Ted Thorne, author of the play in which she was rehearsing. Thorne had returned the nod of a man several tables away and Nancy asked who he was.

The young playwright's eyes snapped as he answered: "You too, eh? Never saw a woman yet who didn't want to know Dick Cunningham."

"Oh, I don't want to know him," Nancy defended herself. "I just want to know about him."

"Amounts to the same thing, my dear. Well, when the papers speak of Cunningham they call him a clubman—whatever that may mean—and turfman. He keeps a string of blooded horses at his place on Long Island that are the envy of exhibitors all over the country. He has a shooting box in the Adirondacks. He's second vice president of a railroad or two, is a regular first nighter, has more money than any one woman could spend and no one woman has so far succeeded in annexing it. Men like him and women feel toward him much as they do toward original sin—they love and fear him at the same time."

"Thank you." Nancy imitated his crisp tone. "After that I really don't think I care to know him."

"You will—sooner or later," drawled Thorne.

Nancy turned indifferently from the object of discussion, but in that one short glance she could have told you exactly what he looked like. Ted Thorne in a way was right. Cunningham was one of those men whom women sense the instant they enter a room, not so much for height, big

Lilla Watched and Listened, Much as She Watched and Absorbed Every Word at Rehearsals

shoulders and powerful dark head as for a certain dynamic force that stimulates fear and curiosity at once. In Cæsar's day he might have been a Mark Antony, but I doubt whether Cleopatra could ever have persuaded him to abandon his armies for her dear sake. More likely the devastating Egyptian would have descended from her throne, laid her dainty olive hand in his and followed whither he led.

For a man with manifold interests, Cunningham had few hobbies—two, to be exact—his horses and the theater. Actors, managers, dramatists, press agents, all the busy bees in that hive of Broadway, knew him—some by sight only, others well enough to call him by his given name. No first night was complete without him. His familiar shoulders swung down the aisle at eight-thirty sharp, hand stretched here and there in greeting.

It was said his love of the theater far exceeded his interest in women. In the same way, though in lesser degree, they were necessary to his happiness—for amusement. They entertained him. But as the play is done in a few hours and one seeks new diversion, so they had a way of revealing themselves to him that after a short period became a bore. He grew to know them too well—and the glamour was gone. To-morrow another play! To-morrow ——

And then he met Nancy Bradshaw.

It happened the opening night of Thorne's comedy, just at the time that Coghlan surprised Nancy by elevating her to stardom.

What a difference one little preposition makes! Stepping out of a taxi dripping rain at the stage entrance, Nancy heard a shriek and saw her colored maid drop a hat box on the wet pavement to point wildly at the electric sign outside the Coghlan Theater.

Instead of "The Gamester With Nancy Bradshaw," she read, "Nancy Bradshaw in The Gamester."

It blinked and smiled at her, that dazzling announcement, and she closed her eyes in ecstasy that hurt. When she opened them shameless tears were streaming down her cheeks and a prayer was in her heart. Coghlan was waiting at the door of her dressing room. She rushed at him and—arms flung recklessly about his neck—wept into the stiff white collar that held up his double chin.

"You deserve it, little girl," he told her, his own eyes a bit moist. "You deserve it. Never asked for it. Never nagged me for anything. Just worked like hell—and waited. How old are you, kid?"

Nancy looked up.

"T—twenty-three—for publication."

"But on the level?"

"Almost twenty-eight."

"Well, by the time you're thirty-three you'll be the greatest actress in the country. Take it from me—Jerry Coghlan knows what he's talking about."

With his prophecy singing in her ears, Nancy made her bow to New York as a star. The audience was with her from the first, sharing her joy, her triumph, eyes shining with hers, tears flowing when hers did. She took it all modestly enough, even dragging the leading man on to take the curtains with her. When finally they brought her out alone she stood a bit left center, and one could plainly see her whole body shake, her lips tremble like some unaccustomed schoolgirl's.

It was at this moment that a man with towering shoulders and the stride of authority left his seat and made for the lobby. There he cornered Coghlan and without preamble made his point.

"Jerry," he said as they shook hands, "present me to Miss Bradshaw, will you?"

"Sure!" said Jerry proudly, and thus brought about the climax to the first act of Nancy's life drama.

Cunningham wanted to give a supper party that night. But she told him friends were entertaining her and Thorne at the Biltmore. He calmly followed them and with two other men managed to procure a table near theirs in the crowded Cascades. Cunningham could procure anything anywhere.

Nancy saw him instantly and wished he hadn't come. Not that he gave any sign of deliberate interest in her. In fact, one would have said he did not know she was there. His eyes—noncommittal steel-colored eyes they were, the sort that read without permitting themselves to be read—scanned the menu and, supper ordered, turned their full attention to his companions. But his presence made Nancy self-conscious—probably, she concluded, because of what Ted Thorne had told her.

As they recognized her, men sauntered from various parts of the room, white mustache to beardless youth, clamoring congratulations, a group surging round her enthusiastically. And beside that sweet intoxication of dreams realized the tall crystal of champagne before her was as plain water to the fountain of eternal youth. She drank in every word, hearing the same repeated many times.

When Thorne managed to break through the circle with her and spin into a one-step, those they passed nudged each other, pointing her out.

About the graceful figure in cloudy silver, with light hair tumbling over dark eyes and lips curving in laughter filmed the aura of the theater, fairyland of illusion, the one magic world that makes children of us all.

She caught Cunningham watching her as they went back to the table, watching her with an unlighted cigarette between his lips and round them rather a puzzled look, as if he might be asking himself some question he could not answer.

"So you've met," whispered Ted, as Nancy returned his bow over the plumes of her black-feather fan.

"Yes, to-night. J. C. brought him back." And added casually: "He's asked me to make up my own party for supper some night. Will you come?"

"I will that!" rejoined Thorne. "But before it happens I'll ask you to marry me."

"Don't be a goose, Ted," she laughed—and wondered why a frown replaced for a flash the twinkle in the sharp eyes behind Thorne's glasses. They smiled again as he raised his champagne.

"Here's to you, Nancy girl—and the future! May it be a knockout for you always!"

Cunningham, however, did not wait for the date she had set. The following night he sent word to the theater, inviting her to ride next day. He had his horses in town for the show and wanted her to try his pet stallion. His messenger would wait for an answer.

There was a tone of assumption in the brief note that Nancy resented. She couldn't tell exactly where or what

it was, but she had a feeling that though couched in terms of invitation it had been written with the assurance that she would not refuse. At first she was tempted to do so, but anxiety to see his horses—at least that explanation she gave herself—made her compromise by writing that he might ring her apartment in the morning.

By the time he called up she had on her habit, and half an hour later glided uptown in his car. Through the park, fairly purring as it sped over the smooth roads, it veered west and out at a street in the Sixties and pulled up before what appeared to be a two-story house. Potted dwarf firs stood at either side of the big arched door, which was on a level with the street. Above it across the front were three windows, each with its green window box from which ivy trailed over the dull-red brick. A saucy little building it was, in the midst of drab flat houses, like a French marquise dropped by mistake into a New England village.

Nancy gazed, puzzled and a bit curious. Then the heavy iron-hinged door was drawn back and she stepped into the unmistakable pungent odor of the stable.

Cunningham came to meet her. In his riding togs he looked even more the embodiment of strength than the night before. His hands tingling with vitality sent a glow through hers as he held them an instant, then led the way toward the rear. The floor was covered with a sort of porous rubber that gave to the step, and Nancy felt an absurd inclination to bound into the air as she walked. Along the walls were cases filled with blue, red and yellow ribbons, each rosette with its streamers as dear to the sportsman as if it had been pinned upon him instead of an equine representative. Prints of blue ribboners with famous jockeys up hung between the cases. Several of the originals stamped at that moment in the stalls downstairs. Cunningham helped her down the run.

"I want you to meet my best friends," he said, stopping before the nearest stall. "Permit me—Lord Chesterfield!"

With approved good manners his lordship settled his velvet nose in her outstretched hand.

"Cha'med, m'lord," she smiled, and her wondering eyes went the length of the place.

It was daintily white as a woman's boudoir, each stall bordered in brilliant blue and bearing its occupant's monogram in the same color. A border of blue ran round the white walls. Even the water buckets and feed boxes were white, with horses' heads painted on them.

There was a rush forward and eager heads poked out as Cunningham went down the line. Satin bodies swaggered, priming themselves for approval.

"No wonder they're your friends," Nancy observed. "You treat them so well."

"Do you think friendship has to be won that way?" he put in quickly.

"No, it's usually given first and earned afterward."

"That's not friendship you're speaking of."

The look he bent on her was disconcerting, and Nancy turned to follow a groom who was leading two horses, saddled, toward the run.

A few moments later they swung through the wide doorway into the autumn sunshine. Nancy had never ridden any but academy horses, and the sense of the fine spirited animal under her, with his rearing head and shining coat, made her blood dance. Flying along the bridle path was like soaring heavenward on Pegasus. Poetry was in the air, in her eyes, in the crack of gravel under their horses' feet. The man beside her sat his mount, a bay of sixteen hands, as if part of it. His muscular hands barely touched the reins.

"How did you know that I rode?" she asked.

"I recalled seeing your picture in riding habit in one of the magazines."

"But that doesn't prove anything. It's an actress' privilege to be photographed in habit, even if she wouldn't go near enough to a real horse to feed him a lump of sugar."

He laughed, looked down at her slim, straight body in its tan coat, at the graceful limbs swung across her mount, at her glossy-gold hair and the light of the sun in her eyes.

"Well, I should have known you did, anyway. There's nothing vital you couldn't do."

He put it not as a question but directly, as if giving her the information—and she found no answer. This man left her strangely speechless. For no reason at all her cheeks went red with a deeper flush than the exercise had brought to them.

She said little during the two hours of their ride. He told her of the fascination the theater had for him, and then her eyes shone through their black lashes and she told him it was her life. She loved it not as an artist loves his work but with the passion one gives a human thing.

"That's why you've made good," he answered promptly. "Because you've given yourself completely." He paused, then with the usual startling abruptness: "Do you know, I had an actual sense of pride up there in the Cascades watching that crowd swarm round you. Odd, that, isn't it, in a man who had just met you?"

"Yes."

She did not meet the gaze she knew was turned on her.

When they dismounted and he was handing her into the car he bent down and into his noncommittal eyes came a warmth that enveloped her like a flame.

"And to think that I flipped a coin last night whether to go to the show or go to see you!"

She rode with him each day after that. He arranged it as a matter of course. He had a direct way of taking things into his own hands, just as he had a direct way of looking and speaking. Often it made her gasp, but at the same time possessed the attraction male dominance always holds for the primitive in woman. Particularly to the woman who has fought her own battles is there something hypnotic in having decision taken out of her hands.

At the end of two weeks she called his horses by name; had fed them more sugar than was good for them; had dined and danced with him at various hotels; and knew, though to herself she denied it, that tongues quick to wag were busy with their names—Nancy Bradshaw, popular star, and Dick Cunningham, who in the eyes of the world could, like Joshua, command the sun to stand still. Recklessly she let him sweep her along as one rises airplaning into the clouds. Recklessly she allowed her name to be linked with his, proud of his pride in her, glad that he seemed to enjoy the attention they attracted.

When his friends, men who made the nation's pulse throb, stopped at their table in a restaurant or, as was frequently the case, joined them at his invitation and gave to Nancy the homage a charming actress always receives from men a bit jaded, Cunningham's probing glance warmed and a smile softened his sharp, determined mouth.

He sent her flowers and books as a matter of course and surrounded her wherever they went with an atmosphere of unconscious luxury that was like a narcotic.

And finally at the house of the fir trees, instead of that diamond-lighted district bounded by the Forties, he gave the supper party they had planned the night of their meeting. Ted Thorne was there, and Lilla Grant, ingénue of the company, a sinuous little thing with pert nose, full oriental lips and eyes that might have come from Egypt. Ever since learning of their acquaintance she had begged Nancy to let her meet Cunningham.

"She'll get there, that kid," Jerry Coghlan had once remarked. "Don't know yet whether her name used to be O'Shaughnessy or Rabinowitz. But take it from me, she'll make her mark—mebbe because it used to be both."

Lights shone in the upper windows of the little house as the four stepped from the car, not the brilliant light of electricity but one gentle and golden. They went up the flight of steps leading from the stable and Cunningham opened a door at one side of the narrow hall.

"Make yourselves at home," he told the girls. "I'll send a maid."

The door gave onto a room done in gray and rose, with enameled dressing table and pier glass, and rose-brocade chairs, divan and hangings. Nancy had seen the unique apartment above the stable one morning when Cunningham took her through, but never at night with soft lights on.

A froufrou of cloak fell from Lilla's bare shoulders, and taking the center of the floor she gazed round with glistening eyes.

"What a duck you were to ask me!" she cried. "I've been just crazy to see this place." Nancy turned.

"You've heard of it?"

"Heard of it! My dear, there have been some parties given here!"

A surge of indignation swept the swift color into Nancy's cheeks. The insinuating tone more than the words themselves angered her.

"Don't talk like that," she said, eyes flashing black as they sometimes did in a big scene.

Lilla looked up wickedly.

"Crazy about him, aren't you?"

The color went, leaving her white.

"Of course not."

"Well, don't let him know it—that's all I have to say."

She powdered her nose, head perked to one side, guided a brush over hair dense-dark as velvet, added a touch of mascaro to her lashes, and turning to the maid, who had just come in, asked whether her dress was hooked all the way up the back.

"I do envy you, Nancy," she frowned, taking in the other girl's graceful figure in swathing black satin, relieved only by a splash of green fan. "One of these days soon I'm going to have a maid and not break my neck gathering myself together after the show."

They went out as the men emerged from a smoking room across the hall. Lilla linked her arm in Cunningham's.

"Do you live in this heavenly place?" she asked.

"No, but I like to have people here—the people I like, I should say.

"I Do Envy You, Nancy. One of These Days I'm Going to Have a Maid and Not Break My Neck Gathering Myself Together After the Show"

That's why I fixed up the second floor—for parties like this one. There's a fully equipped kitchen at the back. And here's my banquet hall."

He opened double doors at the end of the short corridor and they entered the room of the three windows. They might have been entering an Italian villa. Paneled oak stretched straight to the ceiling. At either end yawned a marble fireplace with logs sputtering the faint scent of fir. A refectory table, with a couch the color of purple grapes backed against it, fronted one, while drawn close to the other stood two old Medici chairs. On both mantels and on smaller tables were candlesticks with thick yellow candles, and the silver set for supper on the long table gleamed under the glow of branching candelabra.

Cunningham watched Nancy's face as she paused in the doorway. Her eyes had dreams in them.

"You like it with the lights on?"

"It's beautiful—like a castle in the air."

"Makes a great stage setting for you," he whispered. "I'll want you here all the time now."

A manservant passed cigarettes. They sat and chatted while they waited for the other guests—Mr. and Mrs. Courtleigh Bishop and a boxful of Cunningham's friends, who were coming in from the opera. Nancy was in a chair by the fire; Lilla nested in the couch depths, her somber gaze, lidded as if heavy with secrets, following Cunningham; and Thorne springing up every now and then to wander about the room, examining its treasures.

Lilla watched and listened to the others, much as she watched and absorbed every word of the stage director at rehearsals. She had advanced by wits rather than wit, and was clever enough to know the value of silence. Only when Cunningham brought her the spray of orchids he had supplied for each of the women did she look up from under drooped lids.

"You do everything just right," she murmured, pinning them into the orange chiffon at her waist, "and I guess never anything wrong."

There was a dare in her somnolent eyes—an obvious dare to which several weeks ago Cunningham would probably have responded. Now he smiled down amusedly at the round soft form sunk in the couch cushions and went back to Nancy. The somnolent eyes went after him.

They persuaded Thorne, who unlike a number of writer men hated to talk about himself, to tell the plot of his new play.

"I've tackled a big problem," he said—"the woman's rights in love."

"You've tackled the universe," came from Cunningham. "Fifty years ago it could have been summed up in one beautiful word, 'submission.' To-day ——"

He flung up his hands. Nancy smiled. "And you're just the type a submissive woman would bore to death."

"Don't you believe it!" chimed in Lilla. "He's apt to fall for some baby doll who'll tell him what a great big wonderful man he is and do exactly what he tells her—when he's round."

"You don't subscribe to the fifty-fifty theory then, old man?" asked Thorne when the laugh died down.

"No, I believe in ninety-nine-one. At least women can make it that if they know how to handle us. Just as Miss Grant says, we're nothing but a bunch of boobs."

"That's what you like to make us think," Nancy corrected, "and the unfortunate part of it is we want to deceive ourselves just as much as you want to deceive us."

Cunningham blew a ring of feathery cigarette smoke and studied her through it.

"I didn't know you were such a cynic."

"Did you think that years of dealing with theatrical managers had taught me nothing?" she laughed.

At twelve Mrs. Bishop bubbled in, commandeering a group of light-voiced women and husky-voiced men. She apologized for being late and wailed at the length of Russian opera.

"Courty can sleep through it all," she sighed, "but the noise keeps me awake."

She caught Nancy by both hands, drawing her out of the chair.

"I've been so anxious to know you, my dear. I begged Dicky to bring you to see me, but he said you were the mountain—Mohammed would have to come to you."

All through the elaborate supper they gushed over her with just that touch of patronage position assured permits itself toward those of the stage. But though conversation was light and general and Cunningham the perfect host he might have been alone with the young star, so completely did his eyes disregard the others. They seemed to encompass her, to send their gaze round her like a cloak. She felt it unmistakably and a glow radiated from her eyes and voice, from her whole body.

When the dregs of crême de menthe and Benedictine had settled in little green and gold pools at the bottom of cordial glasses, and candle flames gleamed faint blue in the dripping tallow, when laughing voices mellowed into distance and cars had slid off into darkness, two figures stood at the curb in front of the little house. The door swung slowly shut behind them. The woman looked up, the man down, and there flashed between them that secret look of understanding that can pass only when words no longer have value.

The last car drove up. He helped her in. The door slammed. Without a word he took her to him. Just as his gaze had encompassed her, so his arms inclosed her now. Her lips trembled against his. For a moment, endless because of all time, there was silence—that intense beating silence that chokes. Then his voice came with a ring of triumph.

"You know I want you!" And he waited for no answer. "You knew I wanted you that night we met!"

"Yes—I knew."

"You're the first woman I've ever wanted—for my wife."

The word danced into the soft gloom of night merging into day, out across the wraithlike park, up to the sky where pale stars spelled it before her. "His wife! His wife!"

She murmured it and he bent closer.

"Mine! Nancy, you don't know how much it's meant, seeing them gather round you and knowing that you were going to belong to me."

Their lips met again. At the moment she took no count of the assurance that had brooked no denial. She only throbbed to the strength of him and smiled into the eyes so close to hers.

The car sped past shadowy trees, past lamps paled against the rising dawn, through a world unreal not because light had not yet come but because these two were in a world apart. They spoke low, as lovers will though no one is there to hear, in short phrases, saying little yet so much, she seeking to hold this wonder thing that had come to her, he with the claim of the possessor.

"Why do you love me, Dick?" came finally the eternal question.

And then he told her the tale men have told women for centuries and will continue to tell them as long as the world shall last: "I love you because you're different. There's no one like you."

"How—different?"

"Why analyze it? You're you, complete, apart—wonderful!"

"But what attracted you—first? What made you—want me?"

"Well, seeing you there in the center of that stage with a first-night audience wearing out its hands, you looked so beautiful and frightened—give you my word I wanted to go up then and there and take you in my arms."

"It was the glamour of the stage then?"

"No, you're not the first actress I've known, dear. But you're the only one in town that scandal has never touched."

She drew back a bit.

"That's not fair, Dick. We're a much-talked-of profession, but half the stories you hear aren't true."

In the semigloom of the car she did not see the smile play about his knowing lips.

"What does it matter?" was his reply. "You're in the theater, yet not of it—sought after, made much of, yet unspoiled. And I've won you—for myself."

"Yes, you've won me."

He drew her close.

"How much do you love me?"

"Before all the world."

She closed her eyes as if to shut out all other vision.

"I'm going to take you to Hawaii," he whispered. "That's the land of lovers, green lapping waters and purple hills and palm trees with music in them."

"You've been there?"

"Yes. Then to China and Japan, and if you like, India. We'll make it a year."

She opened her eyes slowly and into them came a ray of amusement.

"You mustn't take me too far away, for too long, or the fickle public will forget me."

"They're going to."

"Going to?"

"Yes. I'm a jealous brute. You've got to belong to me exclusively."

"Dick"—she pulled away then, groping dazedly for one silent second—"Dick, you don't mean—you can't mean you want me to give up the stage?"

"Yes."

She stared at him, stared unbelieving, but his face made only a blur against the darkness. As the car rolled out of the park it rolled out of Eden.

"But—but it's my career—my life!"

"I'll make a new career—a new life for you."

"But it's the biggest, the best part of me."

"The new life will be all of you."

"No—no! I couldn't—I couldn't!"

He caught the hands that were raised to push him from her, caught them in both of his. "I want you for myself. I'm not satisfied with part of your time."

"But, Dick, can't you see ——"

"Can't you see that if you remain on the stage your evenings and part of your days will go to the public? I'll still be going round alone—just as I am now. If you're my wife you've got to take your place."

"But I can do that—except for a few hours. Dick, you say I'm different. Let me stay different."

"You'll always be that. But look at it sensibly. Dick Cunningham's wife earning her living—why, it's a joke!"

He smiled.

"Everyone would know—it's not a question of money."

"Then why do it? Give someone else a chance—someone who needs it."

She shook her head.

"But it's my life," she repeated desperately. "And now, when success has just come ——"

"You said 'before all the world' a while ago."

"Yes, yes, and I meant it. I do love you before everything. You know that. You've swept me off my feet. I can't reason." And then her hands came together and she cried out: "Oh, why did this have to happen—why?"

"It had to happen!" he repeated huskily.

"Why couldn't you have cared for someone in your own set?"

"I've told you."

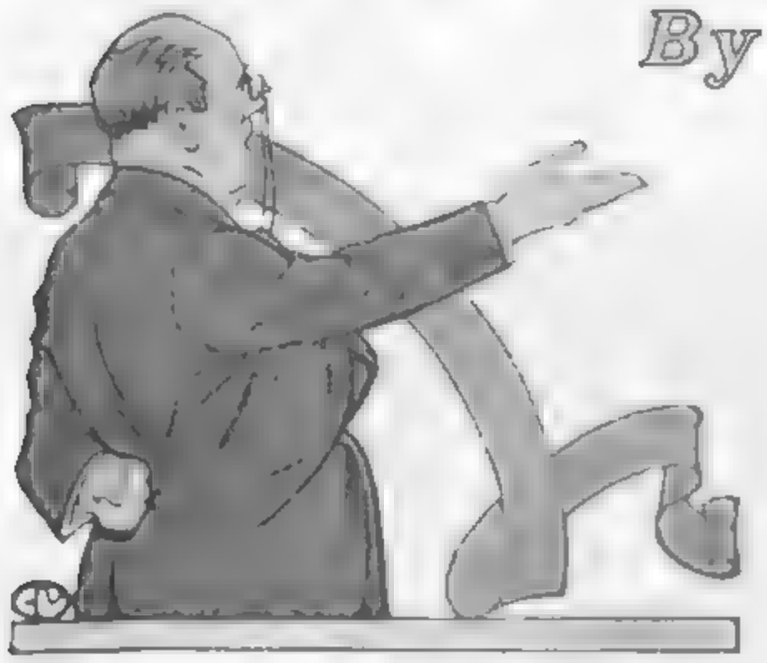
"Now I've Gone Back to It. I've Gone Back to the Thing That Made You Love Me. And I've Gone—to Stay"

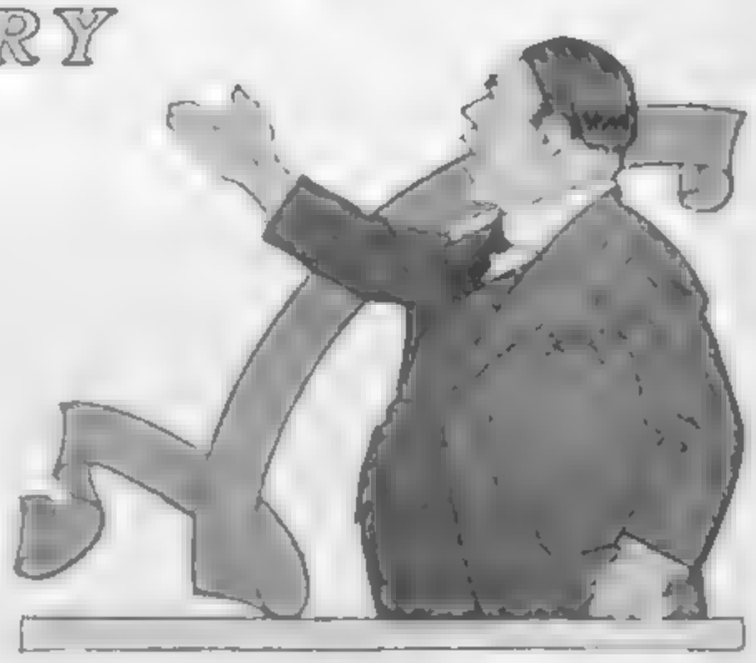
(Continued on Page 130)

WANTED: TIGHTWADS

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE





AND still another thing that contributes to the high cost of living is the high cost of government. For this, you and Congress and the executive departments at Washington are responsible. You more than anybody else, for it is your money that is being wasted and you can stop it. In its simplest terms the procedure is this: You earn the money, Congress takes it away from you in the form of taxes, and then Congress and the executive departments spend it. A great part of it is wasted. This is established, conceded, confessed and acknowledged by Congress and by the executive officers of the Government.

Hold fast to this thought: It is your money, that you have earned in your business, on your farm or by the labor of your hands, that is being expended and wasted at Washington. Every cent that is extravagantly or needlessly expended by the Government you could have in your pocket to meet the increased cost of food, lodging and clothing, doctors' bills and amusements—or to put away and save against a rainy day—if you only demanded determinedly and unitedly that governmental extravagance should cease.

I can tell you some of the conditions of governmental spending and how your money is chucked about, and I can tell you how you can stop it. The power is yours, and until you exercise it waste and extravagance will not stop.

From Lynchburg, Virginia, there comes a man of uncertain middle age, with kinky hair and shrewd, humorous face, whose chief feature is a strong beaked nose set a little awry. He was born in Lynchburg and educated in the schools there and in the newspaper business. He owns a morning and an afternoon newspaper. His neighbors thought enough of him to keep him in Congress for seventeen years and, as this is written, Governor Davis of Virginia has offered him the United States Senatorship vacated by the death of Senator Martin. President Wilson thought enough of him to make him Secretary of the Treasury. I think enough of him to summon him as a witness to testify to you about how your money is spent. His name is Carter Glass. His job is to devise ways and means to get money from you to pay the expenses of the Government. At this juncture in our delayed march toward the millennium that job is no cinch, for every year now Congress and the executive departments spend more money than Mr. Glass is raising by borrowing and by taxation. The Government is living beyond its income. When you do that your bank or the merchants from whom you buy on credit haul you up short, and that is just what you must do with your agents and representatives who manage for you the affairs of the Government.

All Sense of Values Lost

NOW let us have Mr. Glass tell us what he knows and thinks about it all. I will let him repeat to you what he told a group of congressmen the other day. He was asking for a budget; for an ordered plan, system, arrangement, scheme, that would enable everyone concerned to know just what was the income of the Government and what was its necessary outgo. It will be money in your pocket to heed what he says:

"All sense of values seems to have departed from among us. The departments, bureaus and boards, all inspired by a laudable enthusiasm for their work, but some by a less laudable instinct to magnify its importance, bombard the committees of Congress with projects, some more or less meritorious, some of no merit whatever, but all conceived in sublime indifference to the facts that the great business of Government is being run at a loss and that each one of these projects increases the deficit of the Government and consequently the burden to be thrown upon the great body of people, whether the deficit be met by increasing taxes or by floating additional loans. For no fallacy is more grotesque than the assumption that by issuing bonds or notes or certificates of indebtedness now we may pass on to future generations the burden of our own extravagance. The burden of these issues will have to be met to-day, not only in the interest and sinking-fund charges added to an already heavy load, but in the expansion of credit which is inevitable as a result of the issue of such securities, constituting as they do a prime basis for additional credit in the hands of the holders, whoever they may be. I shall not elaborate upon that point, but I want to say to you in all solemnity that a hundred million American people will pay for the extravagance of the Government, whether that extravagance finds its incidence in governmental waste or in the desire to accomplish real or fancied benefits for a portion of the community.

"Let us now get back to bedrock. Let us remember that there can be no spending by the Government without paying by the Government, and that the Government cannot pay except out of the pockets of the people. Let us remember, too, that in the last analysis taxes and the cost of government loans are borne by one hundred million people. The burden of taxation, the burden of credit expansion is inevitably shifted to the whole people of the United States. Some methods of finance are better than others. Some taxes are less readily adapted to being shifted from the backs of the original taxpayers, presumably better able to bear them, to the backs of the people as a whole; but in the long run the burden of governmental waste and extravagance falls more heavily upon the poor than upon the well-to-do and more heavily upon the well-to-do than upon the rich. By graduated income taxes we tend to mitigate this consequence, but we cannot wholly avoid it. Let us not fail to remember that the Government of the United States is simply a name for the people of the United States and that all of the people of the United States will pay in inverse order to their ability for extravagances of the Government perpetrated in the interest of a portion of the people or a section of the country.

"You, I am sure, have learned as well as I by long service in Congress that the instincts and enthusiasms of departments, bureaus and boards find support in the committee of Congress appointed to have charge of their particular affairs. As a result we find that governmental expenditure initiated in a department of the Government charged with the specific business of creating an army, or of creating a navy, or of creating a merchant marine, or of stimulating commerce, or of protecting labor, or of aiding the development of agriculture is submitted to the Congress without consultation with or approval by the finance officer of the Government, the Secretary of the Treasury, who serves merely as a messenger, and whose office is charged with the heavy burden of finding financial means in loans and taxes to meet expenditures, and when it reaches Congress is referred to the corresponding committees of the Congress whose specific function is also to see to the development of the Army, the Navy, the merchant marine, and so on. And the Congress passes upon all of these projects—good, bad and indifferent—without a report from the Committee on Ways and Means or the Committee on Finance, the committees of Congress which share with the Secretary of the Treasury the heavy burden of finance.

"It undoubtedly is true that oftener than otherwise the sum of department estimates is greater than allowed by the committees of Congress. I have heard it said that this is invariably so. I expect that estimates are frequently contrived with a confident expectation of such a fate. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that each jurisdictional committee deals with estimates in a singularly sympathetic spirit that would not be manifested by a budgetary official charged with the responsibility of advising the Congress as to the levying of taxes as well as with the responsibility of collecting the money of which appropriations are made. Moreover, it will not be denied that these various jurisdictional committees, acting separately and without complete information concerning the activities of one another, accentuate the importance of the departments, bureaus and boards which they respectively have under their care.

"This would not be so if appropriations were made by a single committee any more than would the initial estimates be allowed so far to exceed the probable revenues if the finance minister of the Government were given power to assemble, review and alter them before transmitting them to Congress. Extravagance of executive departments and bureaus would thereby be appreciably restrained. I think it amazing that under such a system the Congress has done so well for so long a time; but I feel constrained to warn you, in view of the greatly expanded activities of the Government and the extraordinary financial burdens which the country must endure, that it would be hazardous to continue on the old way of transacting the public business.

"The Government of the United States is like a great company whose operating managers, publicity managers, sales managers, purchasing department are given carte blanche to make expenditures conceived by them to be in the interest of the development of the business, without consultation with or control of those officers of the company who are charged with the business of ascertaining its revenues and borrowing the money to make good their deficiencies.

"Or again, the Government of the United States is like a private family in which the wife, having charge of the spending part of the family's business, is given carte blanche to buy houses, yachts, automobiles, clothes and food, and to employ servants, as she might find wise, with a view to increasing the comfort, improving the education, cultivating the taste and enhancing the prestige and social standing of the family; and the husband's sole business is to see that there is money in the bank to meet her checks as they are presented."

Prodigality and Parsimony

"IT IS literally true that the Secretary of the Treasury under existing law and practice is unable to obtain from any department of the Government an accurate or approximately accurate estimate of its expenditures for a few weeks in advance, not to say months or years. He must be guided not by information furnished by them but by his own shrewd guess as a result of putting together an infinite number of little facts and figures. . . . It is an intolerable thing that such conditions should exist and that the welfare and economic life of the American people should be at the hazard of such things as these.

"The Congress votes with a lavish hand stupendous sums conceived in a magnificent spirit of generosity with a view to the enhancement of the prestige of the nation or for the benefit of this or that element in the community. This it does upon the advice of the committee of Congress charged with the business of caring for such special interests. Then, speaking through the great Committee on Appropriations, it pursues a policy of constriction with relation to the expenditures of some of the departments of the Government which makes it impossible for those departments to conduct the vast affairs imposed upon them with efficiency and economy. The Government of the United States to-day is spending hundreds of millions of dollars, even billions of dollars, for armies, for navies, for merchant fleets and other magnificent activities and at the same time refusing a living wage to the faithful clerks and employees in departments of the Government charged with the stupendous responsibility of transacting these vast affairs honestly, expeditiously and economically.

"While you discuss budget plans and audit plans the Congress withholds the necessary funds to erect an adequate vault for the protection of the vast gold store of the United States. It withholds the necessary appropriation to enable the Treasury of the United States to count Federal Reserve Bank notes and national-bank notes turned in for redemption, with the result that the Treasury is unable to take credit for those notes and is obliged to

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COPPER DAN IMBIBES

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

COPPER DAN was drunk. You perceive at once that I am writing a narrative of the long long ago. No one ever gets drunk any more. The very significance of the word is perishing from our fair, pure land. The dictionaries published before July 1, 1919, define the obsolete participle "drunk" as "in a condition of abnormal mentality produced by alcohol."

Yes, my readers, human beings used once to take and actually to like that curious drug, alcohol. Persons under its influence were described as intoxicated, or drunk, when they were not, in the quaint language of a vanished generation characterized as stewed, framed, lit up, paralyzed, ossified or boiled. To draw again upon the vocabulary of primitive America, Copper Dan was carrying an obvious, obtrusive, ostentatious jag.

Not that this condition of Copper Dan wakened more than a passing, languid interest in Coronado Camp. It happened every three weeks or so. Only one person in the diggings had ever taken enough scientific interest in Copper Dan and his jags to watch his symptoms when stimulated by the drug, alcohol. Whereas Dan was usually morose, surly and quarrelsome when jagged, pickled, steamed or pie-eyed—I am airing my knowledge of obsolete synonyms—he was to-night bright and even merry. And in the days when our ancestors indulged that reprehensible habit it used to be observed by the sober that the same man developed generally the same type of jag—as weeping, laughing, fighting or marrying.

"Oh, It's You, Connie!" Bob Exclaimed. "You Poor Piker Pool, You Ought to be Carryin' Lights on a Night Like This!"

One person alone, I have said—and he a bartender, specialist in alcoholic symptoms. As Copper Dan strode almost steadily up to the bar of the Arizona House and loudly called all hands on deck for a drink, Cornelius Cotter, alias Connie the bartender, remembered the time three weeks ago when Dan for his own safety had been forcibly ejected from the Arizona House because he was about to carry a drunken argument too far. He noted at once this new mood of expansive joy and shot a glance at Tom Curley, who sat alone at a table in the corner languidly shuffling and reshuffling a pack of cards.

There Tom Curley had sat all that Saturday evening—as many evenings before—avoiding the temptations of the gambling room next door and almost equally the nearer temptation of the bar. He had been a long time in Coronado Camp as time went there. Six months before he had arrived and set up his livery stable, whereas the oldest inhabitant had nested on those hills only a year and a half before—so rapidly had the diggings been discovered, populated and exploited. A silent individual but pleasant, this Tom Curley; the kind of man who talks little, listens much and yet seems always to contribute to the conversation. He rose presently and sidled toward the bar.

Let us for the moment leave Copper Dan in dalliance with the obsolete drug and consider another citizen of Coronado Camp at that moment drifting on a current of destiny through the Saturday-night merriment of Main Street. When I say drifting, I mean it both literally and figuratively. Through all his thirty-one years of abundant life Jim Hanford had drifted. At the age of nineteen he had drifted from his father's farm in Ohio to the old frontier of the West. He had drifted into a Nebraska quarter section, and during the second season, when rains were few and grasshoppers plenty, drifted out again. With the money which a railroad paid him for his embryo farm, he had drifted into the cattle business in Montana and followed that game through several changes of location and ownership to take a half interest in a crossroads store. From that, being of an adventurous and speculative nature, he had drifted into mining, made his small stake in the Idaho gold diggings, lost most of it in Utah silver, recovered a little by a town-site deal and finally, after half a dozen similar adventures, drifted to Coronado Camp, where on the second great discovery he had bought his Cleveland Belle claim.

This prospect theoretically lay on the great galena lode, which the great Martin W. Force, new potentate of the camp, had already tapped. Sinking in his own desultory fashion and with the help of a faithful if somewhat leisurely Swede, he had gone down ninety feet and seen no gleam of galena. Now Jim Hanford was nearing the end of his resources. Martin W. Force, he well knew, would buy out his claim, as he was already buying speculatively other claims along the theoretical line of the lode. One of Martin W.'s omnipresent agents had already whispered an offer of ten thousand dollars.

That night as he wandered from shrine to shrine of the gods of joy, from group to group of revelers, neither buying nor accepting drinks, he found himself gnawed with the desire to let go and chuck it all. He laid all this to his bad luck with the Cleveland Belle. He did not know, being unaccustomed to search his own soul, that what troubled him was the need for change. During six whole months he had been tied to the Cleveland Belle, which was a long time for Jim Hanford to stick to anything.

Had you asked him, Jim Hanford would have told you that he had known his troubles and sorrows in his life of the old West. In reality his troubles with grasshoppers, droughts, unfruitful claims and bad speculations had rolled off his free-and-open nature like water off a duck's back. He had never yet received that jolt which puts steel into a man. Nevertheless, as he wandered that night, observing all things and participating in none, his brown eye, usually so roving and merry, grew at times dull and morose and his wide, humorous mouth, usually the nest of cheerful smiles, drooped at the corners. Though none knew it, least of all the careless and unanalytical Jim, he was that night ripe for the plucking.

Return we now to the Arizona House and to Copper Dan. He is swaying a little, so that at intervals he lightly bumps the bar. After two or three vain efforts he has clamped a permanent foothold upon the brass rail and is remarking: "Fill 'em up full, Connie. Goin' be plen'y morewhere this comes from."

As he said this Dan plunked down a twenty-dollar gold piece upon the bar. Connie the bartender, having arrayed a row of glasses, was at this moment setting behind them, like heavy artillery behind the infantry, an alignment of bottles holding those brown, amber and water-white varieties of alcohol affected by our forefathers. When from his scattered babblings Copper Dan came out with this statement, the stolid blond countenance of Connie the bartender again turned toward Tom Curley, now lined up at Copper Dan's elbow beside the bar. He caught Tom's eye, lifted a bottle for an instant and with his bar towel wiped the spot where it had stood. Tom Curley gave him a quick glance, which conveyed that he perfectly understood this signal.

"Your health!" said Copper Dan thickly, expressing himself in one of those nonsensical phrases which our ancestors employed when they administered to themselves the drug, alcohol. Copper Dan parted his abundant mustache—shaped like a sea lion's or like John A. Logan's—to insert the edge of a glass. He owed his nickname to the color of that mustache and to the further fact that he had emigrated to Coronado Camp from the copper belt.

Among the loafers who had responded to the invitation the half dozen less polite, having drunk, were turning away when Tom Curley said: "Have another on me!"

"Tha's right!" said Copper Dan, slapping him heavily on the back. "Good old Tom Curley! Never ran away from a drink in's life."

"Well," said Tom Curley, "I've had a piece of luck lately and I feel like celebrating. Must have had some luck yourself, Dan."

"Luck!" replied Copper Dan. "Luck! The good ol' Mary G. ——"

At this point he seemed to pull himself together and an expression of deep cunning crossed his somewhat heavy features. "I sh'd say so!" he finished.

Connie the bartender had set out the second round by now and the row of loafers had returned to the bar. When everyone had said, "Your health, Tom," or "Here's how," had tilted glasses and set them down, Tom Curley remained at the bar, his steady rail foot beside the unsteady one of Copper Dan.

"I believe in passing my luck round," said Tom Curley. "Yes, sir, and I've just had it, Dan. That there Mountain Maid claim of mine has panned out. We've busted into the galena. Look here!" Tom produced from the pocket of his old brown coat a piece of glittering rock. "Fifty to the ton she assays and gets richer as you go in."

"Galena!" snorted Copper Dan. "Say, what's galena? When you git carbonates you want to talk!"

Copper Dan reached to his own pocket. In the palm of his somewhat shaky hand lay a heap of black sandy dirt. Tom Curley whistled.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Tom. He inspected critically the black sand. "Don't look so all-fired rich to me," he said.

"Rich!" replied Copper Dan. "Tha's all right about rich. Tha's all right, you becher life!"

"One of your claims, I suppose," said Tom, employing flattery. All the camp knew that Copper Dan had only one claim—his cherished Mary G.

"Tha's all righty whose claim," answered Dan, again assuming his expression of deep cunning.

The door to the next room opened, letting in with a rush the babel of tongues, the click of chips, the ripple of a piano playing on the loud pedal the Blue Danube waltz. Oscar, the night bartender, entered in his street clothes, started for his familiar place behind the bar. Connie intercepted him at that head of the bar farthest from Copper Dan and Tom Curley.

"You ain't due on until nine," said Connie in a low voice, but not too suspiciously low. "Could you take your shift now and let me off? I'll owe you a half an hour or so."

Oscar regarded him with a shrewd eye and "Sure!" he said.

When three minutes later Connie, arrayed in street clothes, slipped out of the barroom, Tom Curley gave him behind Copper Dan's back one quick approving glance and pointed with a slight gesture to the floor as though saying, "We stay here—see?"

On the rough board sidewalk outside, the newborn city floated and drifted. Coronado Camp, cocked up among the peaks, still fifty miles from that point where construction gangs wrestled with rocks, snowslides and altitude to shove forward a railroad, had as yet no gas plant. Lamps on Main Street therefore were there none, but they were not needed, for to both sides saloons, dance halls, gambling houses, illuminated with all the brilliance there is in kerosene, threw avenues of light from uncurtained windows across the worn sidewalks and the muddy wagonway.

In and out of these belts passed a thick crowd which filled the sidewalks and spilled out onto the road—a masculine crowd, roughly but richly dressed, cowhide boots matching oddly with diamond studs, diamond rings with red or blue flannel shirts. Here and there a woman slipped lightly through the press or leaned on the arm of an escort. Often they, too, were much bediamonded and always much plumed. Almost like a uniform they wore sealskin coats, for though it was late summer the night nevertheless came with a little tang from the perpetual snows above.

Main Street quivered with pleasant sounds—loud pianos and raucous violins rendering Strauss waltzes, shuffling, dancing feet, open-mouthed clatter of cheerful male voices and occasionally a loud whoop from some person overstimulated by that now obsolete drug, alcohol. Above stars and planets, as though intensified by the reflected light of the snow, shone like burnished moons.

Connie the bartender stood for a moment regarding the crowd which passed through his own belt of light. A miner presented a familiar face.

"Hey!" Connie hailed him. "Seen anythin' of Martin W. this evening?"

"He's hitting it up in the Bella Union," replied the miner briefly as he followed his own holiday impulses into the Arizona House.

At the Bella Union Martin W. was engaged in pursuing his favorite form of recreation. He sat at a selected table near the platform from which a piano, a violin and a cornet discoursed noisy music. To this accompaniment heavy boots and agile, thievish, tinsel slippers thumped or tinkled. Before him was a quart bottle of champagne and beside it a pile of corks. By counting these corks when the evening had passed Martin W. kept track of the bill.

He was a little slim man with a burned, aquiline, smooth-shaven face from which peered two small eyes, shrewd yet somehow with an effect of weakness. He was dressed in a manner which in a citizen less prominent might have brought him condemnation as a dude. His glove-fitting navy-blue suit was finished with needle-pointed patent-leather shoes and a red tie, which under a turndown collar ran through a ring set with a ruby, a diamond and a sapphire—all enormous. His hand as he lightly raised a champagne glass to his lips flashed a five-carat diamond ring. Against an unoccupied chair leaned his agate-headed cane. A watch chain heavy enough to haul logs curved from pocket to pocket across his abdomen, and from its mathematical center hung a three-ounce gold nugget.

Martin W. Force was at that passing moment in its dazzling history the great man of the camp and he dressed the part. Horatio Turner, he who first discovered and exploited these diggings, had gone on with his clean-up to cities where he was to build opera houses, found banks and dally with the greater strategies of the mining game. Into his place by a stroke of luck and many strokes of shrewdness had slipped this supreme if not wholly ethical gambler with life, Martin W. Force; and playing his string to the end as gamblers must he was at this moment striving for still greater financial eminence.

When Connie the bartender approached him the latest group of his guests had drunk and drifted on. He sat for the moment alone. Connie sidled up.

"Boss," he said in a low confidential tone, "looks like Copper Dan Schultz had struck it in his Mary G. claim. He's loaded to-night. It's a happy drunk and he's making a play with carbonate specimens. Won't say for sure he has—but there you are!"

The shrewd eye of Martin W. threw a quick glint.

"Got him nailed down?" he asked.

"Cert!" replied Connie. "Tom Curley's entertaining him in the Arizona House. He'll hold him until ——"

"Sure it's real carbonates?" interrupted Martin W.

"That was the play he made—a handful of carbonate specimens," said Connie the bartender.

The financial power of Coronado Camp and his agent in the business of acquiring claims needed between them no more than the one word "carbonates" to establish a business understanding. For the silver-bearing lead-carbonate bodies of that camp lay as though Chronos, maker of worlds, had been drunk of joking when he poured them into the hills. Not the most expert mining engineer could trace in them reason or system. When it was a question of carbonates, you dug and struck it or dug and did not strike it. And when you did strike it, it became a question not of richness but of quantity. Those carbonates simply could not assay low.

Martin W. toyed with a pile of champagne corks and considered.

"It's that hollow under the Red Leg, ain't it?" he asked. "Looks as likely as any. What's Copper Dan's force?"

"Nobody but him and a couple of hobos," replied Connie. "Hobos are probably hitting it up too."

"Well, chase yourself and take a look!" ordered Martin W. "And say," he added as Connie turned away, "tell Tom Curley not to get him too buled. I'll be at the Maison Riche any time you want me to-night."

Ten minutes later Connie the bartender in Tom Curley's fastest rig—a buckboard and a team of lean American horses with a touch of trotting blood—was traveling at

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A Half Hour or So Before He Had Ridden Down Main Street and Turned Into California Avenue, Mounted on a Likely Looking Horse and Going Strong

This to be Said for the Turk

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

SINCE I came out of Armenia I have been asked a great many times whether or not I share the view that after all there is something to be said for the Turk. I do not. At least I can think of nothing that can be said for him in connection with the thing he has done to the Armenians. Yet when I reached Paris on my return journey I found that in Peace Conference circles a good deal was being said. There was something in the Peace Conference atmosphere—or procedures?—that engendered cynicism. It was said that in attempting to annihilate the Armenian race the Turk had embarked upon a commendable enterprise and had fallen down on the job.

"Trouble with the Turk is, he is not thorough enough!"

This one was almost sure to hear whenever and wherever the Armenian situation came up for discussion, and with all its offensive brutality it never failed to raise a laugh that was indicative of much with regard to the trend of popular thought. The Armenians are on everybody's conscience—there can be no doubt about that. But on the other hand they are on a good many minds, principally because of their political relationship to the Near Eastern muddle. And that relationship is not satisfactory to anyone concerned. Allied aggression in the Turkish Empire would be much easier if the Armenian complication were eliminated. The Armenians are a liability and not an asset. Otherwise nobody would ever have suggested that the United States be held responsible for them. They are listed, along with a number of other peoples, under the head of "White Men's Burden." But it is safe to say that there are few other burdens on the list that are not able to pay quite handsomely for being toted.

Turkish Armenian Refugees in Russian Armenia. No Shelter But the Trees

A Cheap Witticism Silenced

THE men and women who live and work in Armenia—and they are Americans mostly—do not think politically as a rule. This I discovered—and it was a pleasing surprise. They almost never talk politics; they express only humanitarian hopes, and I wonder if anyone knowing the kind of work they have to do could bring himself to utter the cheap witticism, "The trouble with the Turk is that he is not thorough enough!"

I went hungry in Armenia and I associate remembered pangs of my own with all my recollections of the terrible land. I had plenty of food with me, but for days on end I could not eat. It was a physical impossibility. And I came to a point, too, when to look upon the things that had to be looked upon set my heart to quaking in a horror difficult to describe.

Mr. Harrison A. Maynard, who in the Caucasian section is treasurer of the Committee for Relief in the Near East, wrote a brief account of conditions in Russian Armenia to committee headquarters in New York and closed his communication with the arrestingly simple statement: "It makes one sort of crazy to see such things!"

That impressed me particularly, because I knew just what he meant. I smiled in appreciation and said to myself, "Does it not?" And he might have added with truth that everyone who works in direct contact with the Armenians as they are to-day runs a risk of losing his mind, though I suppose one's sensibilities would become blunted by degrees.

I met a young British officer who certainly had gone mad—or was going mad. He figures in the story of my adventure, so when I come to him presently you will realize as I did that he was a tragedy. He laughed at everything, with a dry hard look in his troubled eyes. He was overworked in such work as no man was ever before called upon to do.

The pitiful hundreds seemed to me to be constantly weeping. Not profoundly, as in grief, but whimperingly, appealingly, as in unbearable physical distress. A terrible population! Unspeakably filthy and tatterdemalion throngs; shelterless, death-stricken throngs milling from place to place; children crying aloud; women sobbing in broken inarticulate lamentation; men utterly hopeless and reduced to staggering weakness, heedless of the tears rolling down their dirt-streaked faces. As a picture of the Armenians most in evidence in Armenia I can think of nothing better than this, unless I turn to other kinds of mobs: Large numbers here and there, wide-eyed, eager, hands outstretched in wolfish supplication; teeth bared in a ghastly grin that had long since ceased to be a smile—an emaciated, skin-stretched grin, fixed and uncontrollable.

Is it any wonder that I could not swallow my food? I threw it to the children in the ravening hordes and started small riots. The children fought together, snarled and clawed at one another for small bites of army biscuit or morsels of bully beef.

Incredible Conditions

AND then I was told that many of them were so starved that solid food was likely to kill them instantly. This was too terribly true, yet in the whole length and breadth of the land there was not one ounce of food of the kind necessary for such cases. At Kars I saw one man die with bread in his teeth. And if you will consent to look with me upon a too awful thing I will add that he showed evidence of having eaten too much grass. Everybody was eating grass. The poor overwrought young officer laughed and said the man had probably got hold of some poisonous weeds. "Ought to have known how to pick his grass," he said. "Ought to have known what was what."

I felt sorrier for him than for the dead Armenian. The Armenian would have died anyhow and I should have thought little enough about it except for the fact that he died under my very eyes. All round were dozens of others, dead or dying. The toll in that town that day was said to have been more than one hundred.

I had no desire to go to Armenia. I was quite willing to take anybody's word for it that conditions there were just as bad as bad could be and that it was our plain duty to go on with the job of alleviating them as rapidly as possible. I listened to the stories that were told and they troubled me greatly, but I had no desire to see any of the things that were described as being so frightful. I now wonder at the utter inadequacy of every description I ever read or heard.

Mr. Howard Heinz, of Pittsburgh, who was Mr. Hoover's representative in the Near East, with headquarters at Constantinople, did not believe what he was told. He thought—in a subconscious kind of way perhaps, but definitely enough as he expressed it to me—that the world was being victimized by the propagandists. He could not believe that such things could happen. He modified in his acceptance of it the testimony even of his own field operatives. He was sending flour up to Batum in as great quantities as could be handled at the time, and in the back of his mind he had a cool-headed business man's idea that the stories he heard were highly colored to say the least, exaggerated and

A Kurd Beauty

Turks Join the March From Kars

thrown up in lurid lights for the benefit of such people as are philanthropically inclined only when their emotions are engaged and have been violently played upon. He decided eventually, when the press of immediate business began to ease up a little, to make an investigation on his own account. He decided to go up into Armenia and see for himself what things were like. He went up into Armenia. He returned to Constantinople—and I need repeat only one thing he said. He said it over and over again. He hurried away to Paris within a week in order that he might say it there—over and over again.

"Merciful God! It's all true! Nobody has ever told the whole truth! Nobody could!"

He was shaken to his foundations if ever a man was, and it was no fault of his that the cynics in Paris continued to accuse the Turks of a lack of thoroughness. He insisted that I must go to Armenia.

"You will be sorry all your life that you did go," he said. "What you will see will make scars on you that you will never get rid of. But nevertheless you must go. It is a duty."

I wanted to be off down through Asia Minor and Palestine. I wanted to see what the French and the Italians and the Greeks and the British were doing in a dismembered but not yet definitely parceled-out Turkish Empire; how the populations involved were behaving themselves. I was not so much interested in present starving masses as in future warring factions and the preparations that are being made for clashes in the years to come.

My first and continuing interest in Armenia was in connection with the proposal that my country should become responsible for the future of the Armenians within a certain inaccessible and wholly undeveloped region that was being mapped out as Armenian territory. My Americanism and my self-interest as an American rose in protest against this and after my return from Armenia I wrote what I thought about it at once, though I was at the time profoundly moved by the fearfulness of the things I had just seen.

Fearful! Awful! Horrible! Unbelievable! I can see that these pages are to be sprinkled with such adjectives unless I exercise considerable self-restraint.

I accepted and expressed a belief I found to be quite general that with regard to territorial extension the Armenians should be as modest as possible in order that they might not burden their weak shoulders with an overload of responsibility, and I said in substance that we surely could go ahead and see them through economically without exposing ourselves to the dangers involved in active participation in European political arrangements that could be based on nothing even remotely resembling American principles. An Armenian, who—to judge by the quality and character of his communication—must be a very prosperous alien, wrote me at length and to wit: That I was several different kinds of a cold-heartedandwrong-headed slave of something or other or somebody whose interests I was engaged in boosting at so much per boost.

Tartars at Kars. Above—The Turks Moving Everything Out of Kars

suppose, that he did not picture me as a cheap slave—"liberally no doubt" for exercising my singular ability to misrepresent noble suffering peoples. He failed to say just what it was I had written that riled him so, but if I am not mistaken he belongs to the interests that wish to stretch Armenia all the way across Asia Minor and fence its Turk-infested borders with American troops.

Though it may not be necessary, I shall say that I am not in chains of any kind and that I am not pro any territory grabber whatsoever. I am against them all. Having seen Armenia I would have my people go into the wretched country at whatever cost in mere money, take it by the scruff of its neck and set it on its feet. But I should want this done as quickly as possible; I should undertake nothing in the way of a continuing obligation; and if a single American life were sacrificed in the enterprise I should consider it a cost too great.

Yet we are sacrificing American lives even now. When I was in Erivan a fine American woman died of typhus. An infected louse crawled on her from someone she was engaged in helping and she died—an unregarded heroine. Others will die—many will die—but if any American is ever called upon to die in Armenia or any other country in warfare against anything but human suffering and degradation, dirt, disease and the conditions that make for social chaos I should want desperately to take a thousand worthless lives for his—as many American lives as may be necessary perhaps for the establishment of peace, prosperity and happiness among the peoples of the earth, but not one for the establishment of bases for future wars such as are being established throughout Southeastern Europe and in Asia Minor to-day. Am I not hard-hearted? And yet how my hard heart aches for the suffering half of the Armenian people!

What I wanted to know was how an ordinary traveler was to get to Armenia. Mr. Heinz was not able to enlighten me on this point. As a high government official he was entitled to transportation on an American naval yacht and a train of his own into the interior and was therefore enabled to escape a good many of the difficulties of the trip. But not so an ordinary traveler. And at that I cannot think it is particularly important how I managed. In connection with the managing I remember a week of tremendous effort to get a little definite information, during which I came to the conclusion that nobody knew anything and that for a grand hurrah of complete disorganization Constantinople under the direction of inter-allied high commissions beat anything topside of the globe we inhabit. There were American food ships running up to Batum now and then, but the next one was caught somewhere down near the entrance to the Dardanelles with something amiss in her machinery and was not likely to get up to Constantinople for goodness could only guess how long. No use depending on her.

Getting Into Armenia

THERE was nothing else available and it looked to me as though Caucasia was about as isolated as a region well could be. I went through all kinds of inquiry and uncertainty—in all the Entente languages—fatiguing explanation and renewed assurances of distinguished consideration, bother and bluff, hope and discouragement. Then I learned that the British were sending a troopship to Batum on a hurry-up call to bring away a lot of malcontents who had had enough of it. After which everything was quite smooth and easy. The British authorities not only put me aboard their trooper but they gathered up everybody else who was waiting in Constantinople for transportation to Batum.

As regards the malcontents, the British occupied Transcaucasia with men from the Saloniki Front who had been away from Blighty the better part of three years and who, having done what they believed to be their full duty, were somewhat overripe for release. I shall not forget the first of these men I encountered. His astounding unpleasantness made a lasting impression on me. He was driving the truck that came down to the dock at Batum to meet us.

A young captain of artillery, also from the Saloniki section and also disgruntled but in a polite and reasonable kind of way, was going up to Tiflis on intelligence service and had received instructions to see me through. He had wired ahead for some kind of motor transportation to get us from the dock to the railway station and that was how came the little truck was there. With

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Better Class Refugees in Russian Armenia

The Cost

HE INTIMATED that I had sold my soul to something or someone. He did not say to what or to whom, but he suggested dire agencies of far-reaching unrighteousness with a subtlety that made me wonder if I had not inadvertently stirred up one of the Dashnaksoutoun's most valuable henchmen. That secret society of too-often-undesirable Armenians has contributed its full share to the activities and demonstrations that have turned much sympathy for Armenia into cool speculation.

He referred to my backers and to those who were paying me "liberally no doubt"—I ought to be grateful, I

The Sins of Saint Anthony

By CHARLES COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE decline and fall of Anthony Osgood was the amazement of the summer at the Fairmoor Country Club, which was not altogether inexperienced in such moral catastrophes. The shock was not concentrated there, either. It thrilled and alarmed nearly every home of more than ten-thousand-dollars-a-year income in the semisuburban city to which Fairmoor is tributary. Yes, when Anthony fell, Evanston, Illinois, where many good Chicagoans go when they get through work, was shaken to its foundations and the family skeletons danced in their closets satirically.

Anthony's facile descent toward Avernus began the night when he sat drearily and alone on the Fairmoor veranda, his feet on the rail, a scowl on his brow and an ache in his heart, staring forlornly out over the eighteenth hole. He should have seen in the long summer twilight a landscape of shadowy enchantment—soft dusky groves framing a noble fairway that dipped down to meet a splash of water hazard silvered by the moon. He should have seen all this and been glad he was alive, but he did not. He saw nothing but the desolation of a life without love.

For he had just been turned adrift—painfully, finally, irrevocably—by Persis Meade, in whom he thought he had found his heart's desire, while the younger set of Fairmoor danced blithely in the pavilion. There he sat, all of Persis' girlish loveliness, which was dark haired, creamy skinned and demure, troubling his imagination; there he held solitary inquest over his dead romance. She had responded to him once and they had had their idyllic moments. But now! His agonies of disappointment, his convulsions of tortured pride, his chills of self-pity alternating with fevers of rage, are too harrowing a subject upon which to dwell. He was a man with a broken heart. Let him be spared too searching an analysis.

"Poor Tony!"

Something soft, white and fragrant dropped into a chair beside him and spoke with smiling tenderness.

"You're taking it hard as usual, aren't you?"

Anthony dropped his feet to the floor with a gloomy, aggressive thud and turned toward his visitor in unconcealed irritation. He wanted to be left alone to lick his wounds. When he saw who it was, however, he became a little less hostile.

"Oh, it's you!" he growled. "How did you know about it?"

"Yes, it's only me—Valeria," she answered sweetly. "Everyone knows about it, Tony. Everyone's talking about it and saying how sorry for you they are and laughing—as usual. There's something occult in the way these things get about."

No one but Valeria Vincent would have taken the liberty of speaking to Anthony about his tragedy in the first hour of its bitterness. But she was a privileged character. She was Fairmoor's youngest, prettiest and brightest widow, who had kept the charming slenderness of her maidenhood and improved upon its whimsical gayety. Valeria had a successful way of rushing in where other angels might well fear to tread—and she knew Anthony *from* olden times. Better than himself she knew Anthony.

"Even Persis is enjoying it," she observed cheerfully. "She is reveling in the admiring attentions of that ex-aviator who seems to have been your death knell."

"That sealskin-haired air lizard!" Anthony exploded. "She told me she was going to marry him as soon as he asked her! Well, I wish her luck."

"Tell the truth, Tony," she admonished.

"I hope she chokes!"

"That's better. Be a man, Tony. Be a rough, tough cave man. Don't be a noble soul as usual. So you haven't decided to be her good and constant friend, her faithful Dobbin, forever more, and sit with them by the fireside through the winter evenings playing with their children?"

Anthony snarled a vicious "No."

"Nice Tony! You're growing up. But you were that way with me, Tony—remember? Only the children didn't happen to come into the picture."

"Oh, well, you—Valeria—you were different," he answered more amiably. "Besides, that was a long time ago. It didn't mean so much then."

"Oh, didn't it?" she purred. "Thank you for reminding me how long ago it was. We were both twenty, weren't we, Tony? And you were my devoted slave. Such letters you used to write to me! I think I have some of them still. You should have gone in for literature instead of architecture, I believe. And then you went off to Boston Tech and I became an unexpected bride—a bartered bride, I suppose you thought. What did you do when you got my letter saying I was going to marry John Vincent?"

Persis' Sweet Alarm at This Declaration Was Wasted on a Desert Wire. Anthony Had Rung Off

"I don't remember. Got drunk, I suppose."

"Tony!" In mock horror.

"But not very drunk, I think."

"I'd like to show you the letter you wrote in answer. But we stayed friends. You're a dear, sweet soul, Tony. Shall I hold your hand to comfort you?"

But Anthony shrank away from the solace of feminine contact.

"Hating all women now, aren't you? Well, that's a good sign. Then after me there was Joyce Martin, and she blighted your life—and you've played golf with her ever since. Two years later Christine Reynolds led you on and tossed you off—and you've been pally with her and her husband up to date. Who was it next? Oh, yes, Felicia Colburn! A very serious case. Stunning girl, Felicia. Now the mother of handsome twins greatly admired by a certain Anthony Osgood. Then, just before Persis, there was Lucy Linn. We all thought you would certainly marry Lucy—or she would marry you. You seemed made for each other. What happened? I've always wondered."

Anthony laughed. It was an honest, human laugh. The fiend in his bosom seemed to have been exorcised by this review of his sentimental past.

"Patriotism impelled her to become the war godmother of a homesick jackie up at the Great Lakes station. She got engaged to him by correspondence. *C'est la guerre!*"

"That was a blow, Tony! You, a lieutenant in the camouflage department, jilted for a mere gob! But of course he went away to sea. Why didn't you sweep her off her feet again?"

"I tried to, but it didn't work. Lucy had a mania for the navy. An ensign got her."

"Oh, yes, I remember! Truly, Tony, yours is a long, sad story. I don't know what we are going to do about you. You seem to be a predestined bachelor."

"See here, Valeria," Anthony burst out, "be serious for a while and tell me what is the matter with me! Am I too homely to be faced across the breakfast table for life? Not when I think of the chimpanzees some of my old girls have married. Am I a bad meal ticket? Well, I'm not the Count of Monte Cristo or an oil-lands millionaire, but I do pretty well, Valeria. Am I a rotten love-maker? I've certainly had a lot of practice. Do I look as if there was a strain of insanity in my family? Have I got a mean disposition? Am I cross-eyed, splay-footed or otherwise physically defective?

"Tell me, as a woman of experience, why these things have to happen to me when the rest of mankind seems to go round picking up the wives they want without the slightest effort! Tell me and put me out of my misery!"

At this abject appeal Valeria made a series of little kissing sounds with her tongue, symbolizing regret.

"You must be feeling very badly, Tony," she murmured.

Anthony moaned that perhaps there was a curse upon him.

"Don't be romantic! Let me think. Perhaps you are being spared and chastened for some high purpose. But there must be another reason. No one else but you could take such chances and still remain at large—I have it! You—you ——"

She hesitated.

"Let the blow fall!" he urged.

"Well, here you are, thirty years old. You're not a great match, financially or socially, though you're good enough. You're a pleasant companion to play round with, but there's nothing positively brilliant about you. You went to war and only got as far as Camp Custer. You're not a hero. When you enter a room no one ever says 'Here comes the great Tony Osgood.' You're not a scream or a hit or a sensation or the life of the party. You're just average, Tony."

"Meaning, I take it, that I'm an inoffensive kind of dub? All right, I am. I admit it. No one ever felt more like a dub than I do at the present minute. But that's no reason. The beaming, happily married men I know are ninety-nine per cent dub. Any dub can get married. That's axiomatic."

"True, O Tony. I was merely sketching in the background of your portrait. Now I come to the high light. You're—you're too pure."

"I am what?" he roared.

"You're too noble, too sanctified, too virtuous. You have a perfectly visible halo. You are, I said, too pure."

Anthony broke out into ironic laughter that started an echo down the glen by the moonstruck river. It was a jeering, almost a diabolic laugh, and it annoyed Valeria. She shook a reproving finger at him.

"I know what you mean by laughing at me like a hyena," she retorted. "You are gloating over your shady past. You would like to tell me about all the horrible things you have done, but you don't dare to. Yet that doesn't make any difference. You may not have lived like a plaster saint. In Chicago you may drape the night with scarlet curtains occasionally. But, Tony, you are not a devil in your own home town."

Anthony chuckled rakishly.

"So I'm too pure, am I?"

"Yes, you are, you indecent wretch! You don't understand at all what I mean. I have watched you at your romances, and don't forget that we, too, lived in Arcady once. The objects of your adoration are always enshrined in stars, Tony. And you bow down and worship with a meek and holy expression on your unemotional countenance. You go Galahading when you should be gallivanting. You haven't got much of a sense of humor and when you're in love you lose it entirely. You're always chasing rainbows. You're a poor, silly, Early-Victorian idealist, and the wilder the girls get in this crazy age the tamer you become.

"No woman could endure a lifetime of your high-minded saintly kind of love. I doubt if anyone could tolerate a single day and night of it. There's no thrill to you, Tony—not a single thrill. There's nothing but mush."

"See here, this is going too far!" Anthony remonstrated with an edge of wrath on his voice.

"Have I made you angry? I'm glad of it. Now aren't you sorry you laughed at me? I'm going back to dance. No, you can't come with me. Be brave, Tony, and try to be a brother to Persis—as usual!"

With this Valeria vanished in a dainty flutter toward the wooing sounds of the wry-necked saxophone. Anthony swore under his breath, lighted a fresh cigar and resumed his lonely vigil over the eighteenth hole. Mad ideas were seething through his brain. Presently when Persis Meade, radiant with the pleasures of the dance, came philandering by with her air lizard Anthony rose and went out to the parking place to find his car as if he were going into battle.

In crises like this character is made or shattered. Anthony's was destroyed. He would show her—meaning Valeria! He would show them—meaning Valeria and Persis! He would show all of them—meaning Joyce and Christine and Felicia and Lucy!

II

UP TO that time Anthony Osgood had been thoroughly unadventurous on the surface which he presented to his native city. He had conformed to his environment; Evanston had set its placid seal upon him. Under the spell of the genius of the place he had become correct, routined and apprehensive of public opinion. He firmly believed in being the kind of young man to whom suspicious mothers would be glad to intrust their frolicsome daughters. He followed an artistic profession, but he manifested no more temperament than a time-table. His world was ordered by the eight-fifty-seven and the five-forty-six. Ecclesiastical architecture was his specialty and he cultivated it on the practical side by diligent churchgoing. He could be clubby with clergymen of every denomination, but when the nineteenth hole crowd at Fairmoor began to tell Rabelaisian stories he listened without laughter.

He was aware that the new age had brought a wild undertow into the life of the community where he vegetated; he could feel the cabaret fever pulsing through the Friday night dancing parties at Fairmoor; but he deprecated these symptoms of the dominion of the flesh. He liked to dance, but when an ardent débutante tried the strangle-hold and cheek-by-jowl technic of Terpsichore on him he wondered what her mother was saying and thinking.

Of course, like most of Evanston, he took his physical self into the wilderness of Chicago every morning. One evening a bachelor friend seeking adventure had invited him to dine with a pair of chorus girls. He had accepted, but he assumed an incognito for the occasion. He believed that in such matters one could not be too careful. The escapade—if it became an escapade, which it didn't—might be wafted by Dame Rumor, he thought, to the fair ear of Persis—or perhaps it was Lucy or Felicia—and would wound the sensibilities of that beatified young person who had a claim on his undivided attention. Which was typical of Anthony.

But the night when Valeria Vincent had told him the burning truth he said farewell to the influences of elms and ivy, of shady lawns with children playing on them, of bourgeois respectability, domestic virtue, the Woman's Club and the memory of Frances Willard. Valeria did to his code of life what the Germans did to Louvain: he straightway consecrated himself to ruin.

The next day he went to his bank and sold two thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds, taking a Bolshevist joy in the thought that by so doing he was shaking the pillars of the nation.

This cash fund was to be devoted to revolt—to his own personal, single-handed assault upon the citadel of decent conduct. Even in depravity, it would appear, Anthony was methodical.

A few days later on a languid Sabbath morning Anthony, unable to break an old habit, sat in the library of the College Club, where he lived, improving his mind with the Atlantic Monthly. His studies were interrupted by a call to the telephone.

"Oh, Tony, I'm so sorry!"

It was the birdlike voice of Persis.

"Sorry about what?"

"You must be brave, dear Tony! I didn't think it meant so much to you!"

"What meant so much?"

"What I told you."

"When?"

"The other night at Fairmoor. Don't go to pieces, Tony! I am worried about you. I've heard how you drove up to the club in a taxi at four o'clock in the morning and didn't have your key, or couldn't use it, and made an awful racket until some one let you in—and about those awful men you had with you, whom you insisted on inviting in until the club watchman threatened to arrest them."

"You heard an earful! Did they tell you I had to be helped upstairs?"

"Yes, Tony! Do be a good child! Can't I do anything to help you?"

"Yes, you can do this: Tell your friends that the two men who came out with me and were treated so inhospitably by the watchman—who, as chairman of the house committee, I have just fired—were a pickpocket and a gunman for a labor union. I met them at a low dance hall and they're both good friends of mine. They didn't come out to rob the club, as the watchman seemed to suspect. I brought them out to show them my collection of naughty Japanese prints. Does that shock you? Wouldn't you like to see the prints yourself?"

"Tony, you've gone mad!"

"I'm the maddest thing in Evanston! You can say, also, that I had to be helped upstairs because I had been clawed on the ankle by a vampire."

Persis' sweet alarm at this declaration was wasted on a desert wire. Anthony had rung off.

III

THE story of Anthony's nocturnal eccentricity in questionable company, which had been more or less truthfully reported to Persis, was talked about freely at Fairmoor, but no great importance was attached to it. Everyone agreed that it was merely a case of Anthony drowning his sorrows—surprising, to be sure, in such an impeccable character but normal enough for the rest of mankind. Even Persis soon forgot her attack of conscience, though she could not explain away the wild tone of Anthony's telephone talk. She wondered if he really had a collection of naughty Japanese prints—and she asked all her friends about them. Anthony, in short, began to intrigue her.

At the next Friday dancing party, however, the change in Anthony became manifest to his world. He arrived as the proud possessor of Freya Svendson, and his ballroom demeanor was that of a man who has achieved his destiny. He posed abundantly in attitudes that seemed to say alternately "See what I brought in" and "I can't help it—it's a gift!"

If Freya Svendson had come in through the window in the form of an exploding hand grenade she hardly could have caused more excitement at Fairmoor. She was easily identifiable. She had sung small rôles with the Chicago Opera Company the winter before—sung them with the voice of a crow and the physical appeal of an unashamed barbarian. She was now doing the same thing in the summer-opera season at Ravinia. There was absolutely no reason for her appearance in grand opera unless her singing was to be regarded as comic relief—no reason, that is, except the inevitable one. But even this standard answer to artistic riddles could not be stated for Freya in terms of the personal equation.

Freya was a mystery. She was also a kind of obsession. Whenever anyone saw her, he or she couldn't stop talking about her for weeks.

She was very young and made like a Valkyrie. Her hair was tawny and so were her eyes. There were plenty of athletic types among the women of Fairmoor, but she towered over them like a goddess. Her face had a striking peasant beauty, carnal in every feature, and her figure was that of heroic animal youth vigorously sculptured.

(Continued on Page 127)

If Freya Svendson Had Come in Through the Window in the Form of an Exploding Hand Grenade She Hardly Could Have Caused More Excitement at Fairmoor

Views of a Layman on Bolshevism

Russian Radicalism—By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

THE first revolution in Russia, in March, 1917, was a political revolution. The second revolution, in November, 1917, was an economic, a social revolution. The same sequence has occurred in Germany and in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The German revolution in November, 1918, was a political revolution. The numerous uprisings of the Spartacists, that only in Munich attained the dignity of a revolution, had an economic basis. The November revolution in Austria-Hungary was purely political. Following the elimination of the Hapsburg government the empire broke into six fragments, which, with pre-existing territory belonging to surrounding states, formed six fairly homogeneous nationalistic states: Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania and the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. The second revolution in Hungary, in March, 1919, was a social revolution.

Attempts to provoke a social revolution in Austria failed, partly by reason of the temperament of the people, partly because of the influence of the missions conducting relief in Austria under the direction of the Supreme Economic Council of Paris. The constitutional monarchies in Rumania and the kingdom of the S. H. S. were able, with the guidance of coalition cabinets and under the inspiration of new-found nationalism, to resist successfully the impulses toward revolution that proceeded from Russia. The new republics in Poland and Czechoslovakia were also able to resist further revolution, again largely through the strength of new-found nationalism. Political revolution occurred in Bulgaria, but the presence of the Army of Occupation prevented a social revolution.

The Inevitable Sequence

IN GREECE the party of Venizelos has been so completely in control of the situation that any revolution against the figurehead monarch was abandoned, in the face of the prosperity that came to Greece after the Armistice. Finland first achieved freedom from Russia, then succumbed to internal Bolshevistic revolution, only to have the conservative spirit of the nation reassert itself in the casting out of the reds, followed by the erection of a more or less stable white government, which has been recognized by the United States and her Allies.

Despite prosperity as a result of geographical position during the war there was great social unrest in Switzerland, Denmark, Holland and Sweden. Had the Bolshevistic wing of German socialism secured control of the government in Germany in any one of the numerous attempts at revolution during the first four months of the present year there is little doubt that these four nations would have been plunged into revolution.

This, therefore, was the sequence of events in each country, in meaning if not in incident: The first revolution brought change of government; the second revolution brought change in the organization of industrial society; the third step in the inevitable sequence is reversion of the economic revolution. This has already been accomplished in Germany and Hungary and is in course of realization in Russia.

A Village in Central Russia

It is impossible for Americans to visualize the conditions in Russia. Even Americans who had traveled in Russia extensively before the war, were familiar with her forms of government and society, conversant with the characteristics of the people, and enjoyed opportunities for first-hand acquaintanceship with the mixed Oriental-Occidental features of Russian life—find it very difficult to analyze development since 1914.

Propaganda

AMERICAN, English and French men of business – mostly engineers, organizers and administrators in large Russian industries—who remained in Russia through the period of active participation in the great war, through the Kerensky régime, and for varying periods of time since the establishment of the present government, bring out relatively clear-cut but often somewhat conflicting statements of conditions. With these must be contrasted the descriptions of Germans of similar type who left Russia on the declaration of war in August, 1914, but returned after the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. Numerous missions visited Russia during 1917 and 1918, but there has been little direct or indirect contact during 1919. On the other hand, from within outward there has been since November, 1917, a steadily increasing stream of propaganda, extending in all directions and to great distances, purporting to present the case of Russia to the proletariat of the ex-Central Powers, to the peoples of the Allied and associated governments and to the neutral nations. This propaganda has been carried on partly in print, partly through the spoken word of Russians who have come out and of non-Russians who have gone in to observe and come out to report. The publications of the present Russian Government addressed to its own people are now available to a certain extent. To a larger extent in Germany, to a lesser extent in England, France and in this country, translations are available of important governmental documents, manifestoes, programs, transactions of congresses, minutes of political meetings and decisions of the higher bodies of the government. From this all one can obtain a rough panoramic picture that is not inconsistent with our conception of the Russian people before the war. Of all the nations of the world, except the Chinese, Russia is the least articulate and speaks with the feeblest tongue.

Of the population of Russia at the outbreak of the war, 185,000,000, some 155,000,000, or eighty-five per cent, were agrarian, including in this term the inhabitants of towns that were purely agricultural in their activities. Russia was, therefore, an overwhelmingly agrarian state, Poland having the heaviest urban population. Russia was a collection of related Slavic tribes, whose centralization was accomplished under a bureaucracy that represented the church and the czar; there was no cohesion of a unifying spirit of nationalism. Divided into aristocracy, middle class or bourgeoisie, and working class, really proletariat, nine-tenths belonged

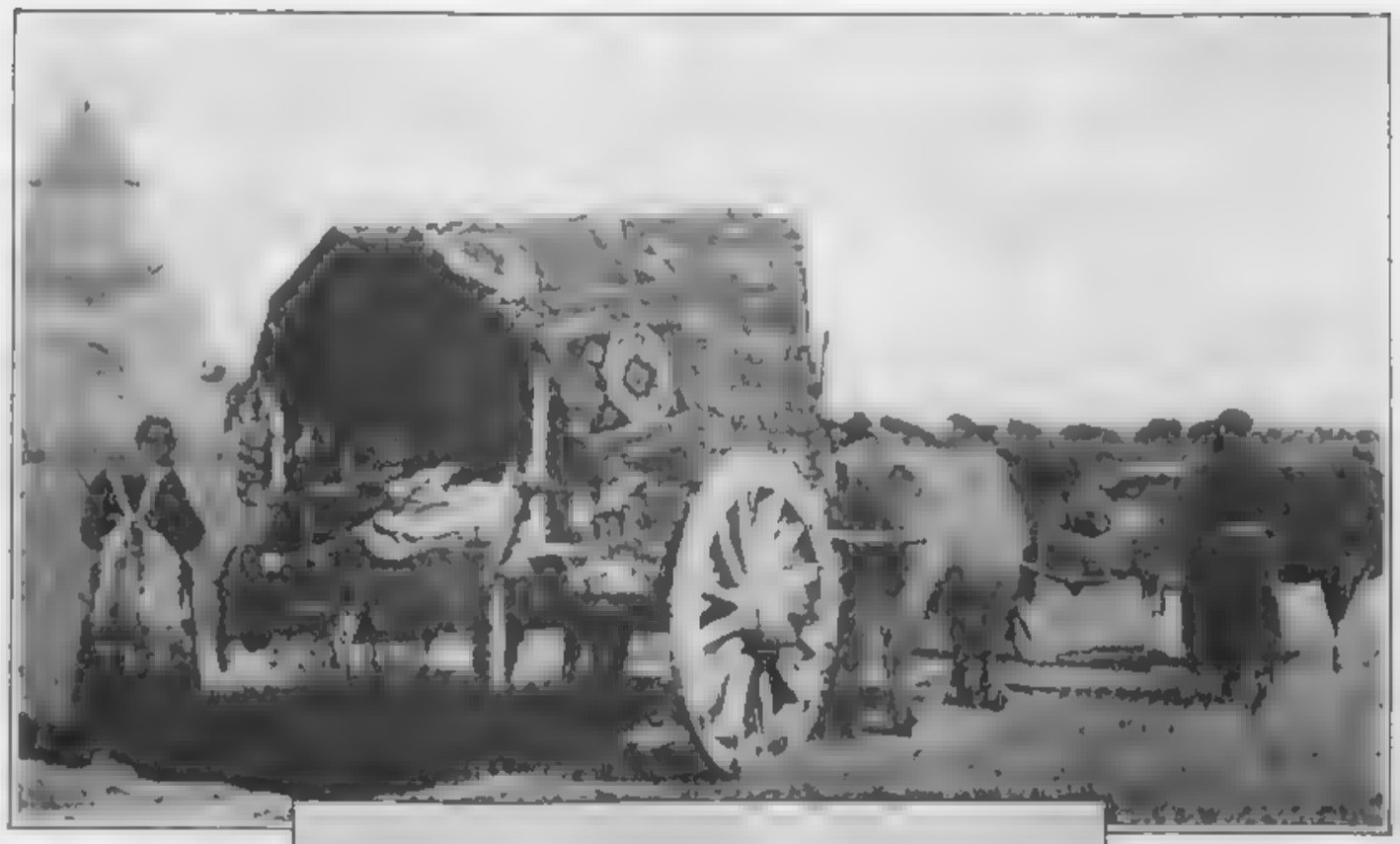
Type of Home and People in Northern Russia. Above—Winnowing Wheat

to the submerged working masses and not over one per cent belonged to the aristocracy, leaving a heterogeneous middle class that was quite as agrarian as industrial in interests.

The government of the czar was very bad. There was little personal liberty, no freedom of speech or of the press. The government from top to bottom was saturated with corruption, incompetent in administration and devoid of social conscience. Violations of law—whether classed as crimes against the political organization, the social fabric, the church or property—were punished with hideous severity. The secret police were on every street, in every home, in every industry. Labor was shamelessly underpaid; the standards of life of the poorer classes in country and city were wretched past description. Though the country was man rich, land rich and metal rich, nine-tenths of the people were submerged in poverty, degradation and suffering, though in the purely animal sense the people were warmly housed and adequately fed.

Ignorant and superstitious, the masses still retained, generation after generation, elemental traits of power, goodness and idealism that were very remarkable, under the total circumstances of their lives. Almost animalistic in mentality, the Russian could pass in a moment from the naïveté of a child to the ferocity of a beast. The systematic cultivation of alcoholism, encouraged by the state monopoly of spirits, had resulted in a lamentable physical deterioration of a naturally virile race.

Though Russia had great scientists she had no public sanitation. The great musicians, painters and writers of Russia drew from the unhappiness of her people the elemental material that gave to their creations their greatest qualities; but they gave little to the Russian people—they gave to the world and to the future. It is not an accident that the Russian communists have made daily use of the Marxian expression "dictatorship of the proletariat"; because of all Caucasian peoples Russia possessed a proletariat that corresponds to the definition of Marx.



Beggars at Fair. Good Bolsheviki Now
Above—A Farm Wagon on a Military Road

Foreign Control of Manufactures

IT IS necessary to recognize two streams in the development of events in Russia since the declaration of the great war. From the agrarian stream proceeded the soviet; from the industrial stream, communism. The different relations and reactions of agriculture and urban industry will control developments in the future.

Industry, in the modern economic sense of the word, was in Russia before the war practically in the hands of foreigners. The capital was partly foreign. The engineers, managers, organizers and administrators were largely foreigners. Several American producers, like the Singer Sewing Machine Company, the American Radiator Company and the International Harvester Company, had large plants in Russia. Labor was cheap and manufacturing organizations of the world were coming to the view that it was better to establish plants in Russia and, using Russian and imported basic materials, manufacture with Russian labor articles for the Russian trade than to ship in finished articles from abroad. But whether the plant was foreign or Russian, the men in control of operations were largely foreigners. A large percentage of these foreigners were Germans; certainly they exceeded in number any other nationality, and probably exceeded them all. These foreign men in control of operations were efficient in their operations downward—that is, in the actual running of the plants. Upward, in their relations to finance and government, they were often the victims of exploitation. All over the world Russian buyers played fast and furious with graft in placing contracts. Dishonesty in business was almost a byword in the country, except in the dealings of the foreign experts who gave to Russia the larger part of the efficiency that she possessed. When the great war broke out these engineers, managers, organizers and administrators began to leave Russia. The Germans naturally had to leave. The British, French and Americans were gradually withdrawn as industry in Russia declined and as their services at home became more imperatively needed. The British and French representatives were withdrawn relatively early; the Americans remained longer. But within the last year practically all the Americans have left the country.

Now these men were the brains of Russian industry; through them alone Russian labor found an effective application. They understood costs of production. They were able to adapt their processes in distribution to the exigencies of Russian transportation.

Industry Shot to Pieces

THEY understood the market requirements of each section of the huge country. And they were experts in credits and finance. Having largely created these Russian industries, when they left Russia the efficient management of the great industries almost disappeared. Coincident with this inevitable deterioration in the civilian industries the government undertook a huge program of manufacture of implements of war, and the best brains that Russia possessed were placed in war work. The deterioration of the civilian industries was continuous and progressive. Lacking external control, graft raged more riotously than ever, in both civilian and military industries; corruption became the rule rather than the exception, applied to quantity and quality of output as well as to price.

This deterioration found its most severe expression in the operations of railways and mines and in the manufacture of agricultural implements. The railway equipment was largely of foreign model and the upkeep was principally in the hands of foreign experts. The mines were dependent upon foreign equipment to an appalling extent. The efficient instruments of agriculture were to a goodly extent manufactured in Russia by American plants. There were, however, large German plants in Russia; and they imported also finished implements, principally from Germany, Austria-Hungary and the United States. With each month importations dwindled and manufacturing receded. Primarily as the expression of the incapacity of the Russian people, the machine equipment of the nation has progressively deteriorated since 1914.

The government of Kerensky failed to effect any improvement. Under the government of Lenine and Trotzky the deterioration has been still further aggravated. One must be fair on this point—the communistic government did not ruin the industries of Russia, these had been previously incapacitated by incompetent management; but the communistic government

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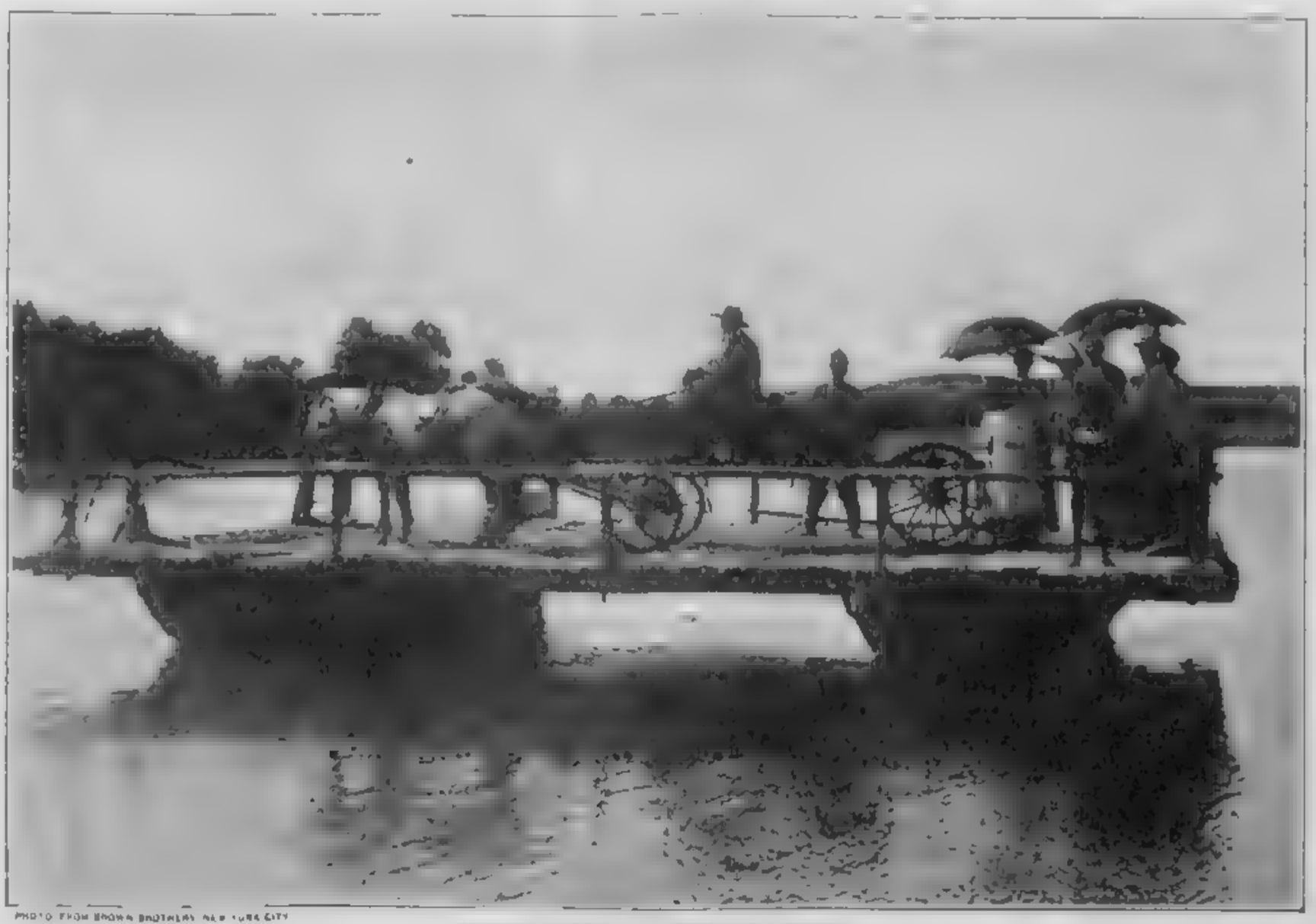


PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Crossing the River at Nikolskoe, Siberia

BRAWN VERSUS BRAIN

By Albert W. Atwood

A COLLEGE professor once gave his class a hypothetical question, as the lawyers say, in the problem of wages. He asked what would happen if business ability became very common while at the same time the human race so deteriorated in physique that only a few men remained capable of holding a plow and handling a pick.

"As in the days of Achilles the huge warrior was the admired hero," said the professor in answer to his own question, "so in a society where common labor was scarce the much envied person would be the brawny workman. He would be highly paid . . . and that which is scarce and paid for at a high rate commands general esteem. No doubt the muscular laborer would look down with contempt on the rest of mankind; precisely as the capitalist business man regards with contempt the day laborer. Social lines would be turned topsy-turvy."

We haven't quite reached that stage. Business ability has not become a drug upon the market, and muscle is still fairly common. But freight engineers in numerous cases are getting larger wages than the salaries paid to the governors of thirteen states. Thousands of clergymen receive less than day laborers or window cleaners. Assistant secretaries of state receive no more than skillful machinists.

After seven years of university education and the grueling examination for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, instructors in universities often draw down the same wage as the men who rake leaves and remove ashes on the campus. The pay of these instructors in one of the largest and richest universities in the country is less than that of motormen, though the latter learn their trade in a few weeks or months. When this great and famous university promotes its instructors after perhaps years of service to the rank of assistant professor it pays them almost exactly the standard wage of carpenters, and when the highest peak of the profession, full professorship, is reached, the pay just about equals that of a locomotive engineer.

In an Illinois coal town miners averaged $217.78 a month recently and the fifteen teachers in the schools were paid $55 a month each. In Philadelphia one boarding-house keeper who preferred to cater to school-teachers had to give them up and take laborers because the teachers could not afford the price of her board.

The manager of an employment bureau for soldiers, sailors and marines received two phone requests within a few minutes of each other, one for laborers at $37.20 a week and the other for a college professor of mathematics at $1000 a year, or $19.23 a week.

It Can Never Profit the State to Underpay Its Own Workers, for They are the Guardians and Protectors of the Whole People

We Laugh Because It's True

GRAVEDIGGERS in New York recently struck for a higher wage, though they had been getting more than many elderly bookkeepers in the same city had ever received. But why multiply instances? One need but read the want columns in the daily papers to collect a whole arsenal of such cases. One may read of such instances as that of the schoolboy who was so defective mentally that he was forced to leave school and at once secured a job which paid only a dollar a year less than was received by the school-teachers who tried to instruct him. Or if you prefer to observe the social revolution more gayly you can do it through the humorous weeklies, where a typical joke reads like this:

EMPLOYER: For this job you've got to know French and Spanish, and the pay is eighteen dollars a week.

APPLICANT: Lord, mister, I ain't got no edication; I'm after a job in the yards.

EMPLOYER: See the yard boss. We'll start you at forty.

What we apparently observe all about us is that brawn and no training enjoy greater rewards than brain and years of training. Literally of course the mere possession of an average strong physique does not enable a laborer to earn big money right at the start. He must have some training and apprenticeship. In a few exceptional cases this is very long indeed, almost as long as that of the college professor. Perhaps the longest is that of the locomotive engineer.

But in the vast majority of wage-earning occupations the period of preparation is a mere nothing as compared with that of those who follow so-called brain occupations. Often it is only a few months; in numerous cases only a few weeks. Certainly it is true that strong men learned to drive rivets in ships in a few weeks or months, thereby earning wages of $60 a week and more. A glass manufacturer recently stated that he had men who were earning $100 a week, and that their trade could be learned in three weeks. Probably his statement is one-sided and prejudiced, but at least it reflects general tendencies.

Apparently the intellectual leaders of society—professors, teachers, clergymen and all manner of technicians—are falling far behind in the money race as compared with wage earners. More than that, the physical supports of society—the policemen, firemen, army and navy officers and government and municipal employees generally—these also are falling far behind.

How long, it may be asked, can power, prestige and dignity run counter to financial status? How long will it be before the flannel shirt rather than the white collar becomes the badge of social position? Will not the job instead of the position admit one to society? Can professors who receive less than cotton-mill help continue to impress high standards of culture if they lose their relative social standing? Will men toil and study to become authorities on water supply and electrical systems if they are paid less than coal miners?

For if the professor and technician cannot afford automobiles and servants and the wage earner can and in time does learn to buy and hire these luxuries the social differences and distinctions seem bound slowly to shift.

It is true of course that there are many reasons, many explanations for the curious and spectacular discrepancies in pay cited in the first few paragraphs of this article. That a locomotive engineer receives slightly more than a governor may prove of course that the governor receives too little. But that is by no means the whole story.

There are many thousands of men in every state who would actually pay a salary to be made governor because of the prestige, power, position, influence and connections afforded.

But we can throw aside all these extreme cases and still find ourselves in the midst of great changes. One of the assistants in a soldiers, sailors and marines' reëmployment bureau, which has found positions for nearly 25,000 men, told me before discussing the subject of this article that he had in his business lifetime placed 75,000 men—35,000 in the last few years.

Curiosities of Wage Scales

"WHEN I started in business in 1908," he said, "bookkeepers had to be really good to get $75 a month, and a machinist had to be good to make $20 to $22 a week, working fifty-two hours. That is, the pay was almost exactly the same, the machinist receiving only a trifle more.

"Now the bookkeeper receives $30 a week, and the machinist ninety cents an hour, which is $40 a week if there is no overtime. But he gets time and a half for overtime, and double pay on Sunday. If he works overtime to any extent he makes a good deal more than $40 a week. But that is not the whole comparison, for the bookkeeper probably gets nothing for overtime. The failure to pay salaried workers for overtime is a great abuse and becoming a more serious problem every day."

"But doesn't the bookkeeper have a far better chance of promotion than the machinist?" I asked.

"That is the common idea," was the reply; "and the employer excuses his failure to pay a decent salary to the bookkeeper by always impressing upon him the big business viewpoint, by trying to teach him his connection with the man ahead of him whom he is going to succeed. But the fact is that the machinist has just as good, in some respects a better chance to go ahead. He is in direct line for toolmaker, and the toolmaker is in direct line for foreman.

"Employers come to us even now with the high cost of living and try to get clerks for $14 and $16 a week, though we can get $18 a week for any boy to learn the rubber-tire business, and the shipyards pay forty cents an hour to learners.

"One of my friends, a prosperous business man, keeps telling me that I am doing a bad work because I will not place anyone at less than $18 a week. 'What are we coming to?' exclaims this man, who believes I am adding to social unrest by refusing to place men at small wages.

"There are commercial concerns in this city where one must be a crackajack penman to earn $18 a week. There are bookkeepers fifty-eight years old sitting on high stools still getting $25 a week. One of the largest concerns in the country recently offered $25 a week to a man thirty-one years old with nine years' experience to be assistant to its credit manager."

All the teachings both of common sense and of economics would lead us to expect that too great a shift in the financial status of, let us say, college professors and window cleaners will tend in time to right itself. Let us suppose that college instructors continue to receive $1200 a year, and window cleaners push their wages up to $100 a day. Will not the ranks of professors be thinned out and those of window cleaners enlarged? In time there would not be enough candidates for professors and too many for window cleaners. Then the financial compensation would adjust itself accordingly.

Such contrasts are extreme and impossible. I conjure them up merely to raise the question as pointedly as possible.

In actual practice there is already a considerable shift from clerical to manual work under way, as shown by the reëmployment of service men. More than 1300 men who were clerks before they entered service have consented, in response to the suggestion of the reëmployment committee in New York City, to change over to manual labor. Young service men came into the bureau and when asked what their previous occupation had been, replied "Clerical." They were directed to a vocational counselor, who as likely as not suddenly felt of their muscle.

"Say, buddy," remarked the vocational counselor, "you're a husky young fellow, all right. Why don't you go into the shipyards or the glass works? We've got some motion pictures of those lines right here. You'll enjoy seeing them anyway, even if you don't go into the works, and if you do go in you'll be earning from $40 to $60 a week before long."

Of the 1300 clerks who fell for this argument many have become machinist specialists, lathe workers, electricians, and workers on telephone installation, jewelry, flat silver, and the like.

One soldier had been a professor of mechanical engineering before the war, on a salary of $2400 a year. He was persuaded to take a position as supervisor—a sort of under superintendent—in a shipyard, where he will receive from $1.20 to $1.40 an hour and much more for overtime.

A big husky Irishman, twenty-nine years of age, had been a bookkeeper. He had taken an accounting and financial course in an Irish college, but the best bookkeeping job he could get as he left the service was for $25 a week.

He was persuaded to go into a shipyard, where he will receive fully as much as an apprentice as he would as a bookkeeper, and probably $60 a week after he learns the trade, which will not be more than three months at the most.

One boy announced that he hoped to sell gas engines some day and said that he knew gas engines and mighty little else. He was readily persuaded to take a job in the factory of an automobile company. When the arrangement had been made he said: "That's all right. My father says office workers are underpaid fools." It later proved that his father was a man worth three-quarters of a million dollars.

More Jobs Than Soldiers to Fill Them

IN THE newspapers and even more in conversation one reads and hears much in the way of complaint at the uppish attitude of ex-service men when they apply for jobs. They are said to be unreasonable in their demands, rejecting all working conditions that fall short of perfection.

"Why, they won't take a job now," said one disgusted businessman, "unless it's on the same block where they live."

It is of course a well-known fact that many young officers, especially, have had an awful comedown since they left the service. This has been even more true in England than here. Many majors and lieutenant colonels attained their positions in the British Army through being promoted on the field. The casualties were greater naturally than in our forces, and many of these relatively high officers had been in rather humble walks of life before the war. At any rate they had been wage earners.

A favorite story in Great Britain a few months ago had to do with the waiter in a café who made a courtly bow to an especially considerate customer, and remarked in a low voice as the customer handed him a tip and started to leave: "Three weeks ago a lieutenant colonel; now a waiter."

In England and France many officers have had to go back to relatively humble occupations. The same is true here to a less extent. But the problem is rendered more difficult by the fact that officers leaving the service often overrate their executive ability. They feel that because they have handled men in military life they can run a factory. Disillusion has awaited many of them.

While older professional men, such as physicians and lawyers, often gave up good practices to enter the service, and find that they must make a sacrifice to get back into their professions, the real problem is with the younger officers, especially with young men who had graduated from college just about the time they entered service. These boys now feel in many cases that they cannot take anything less than $3000 or $4000 a year to start with.

It is natural of course that men should expect to better their positions in life after serving their country, and especially after having held responsible positions. But employers are rare who will pay such salaries to men whose only business experience has been as second lieutenants. The adjustment between the natural desire to pave the way for service men and the hard facts of the market is a delicate one. But it is only fair to say that much of the criticism of service men for their refusal to accept many of the jobs or positions offered to them is wholly unfounded. There is an entirely natural explanation of the attitude of these men toward the average opening which they refuse.

At the reëmployment bureau in New York City there has never been a time when available jobs did not exceed by three to four thousand the number of applicants. This is what has given rise to the widespread criticism of the supposed unreasonableness of the service men. But the character of these jobs is very significant. Many are poorly paid clerical positions where the salary is too low to live on. More important, however, is the fact that there is always a surplus of jobs at cleaning windows, cutting grass, tending furnaces and the like. But these are pieces of work which the great majority of men simply will not take because they are blind-alley jobs without any future.

"A man with brains, who has been in an occupation where brains are essential or who has had anything from a high-school education up, can be persuaded to go into manual labor if you show him where he is going to make big money at it in the future," is the way Major Warren Bigelow and his assistants in charge of the New York reemployment bureau put the case.

"Men who have had a high-school education simply will not cut grass, tend furnaces, clean windows or do any of these other common garden variety of jobs. They can be persuaded to sacrifice the æsthetic, to take the cash and let the credit go, as Omar said, if you can show them where there is real money at the end, such as riveting in the shipyards or toolmaking."

At another reëmployment bureau in the same city, run by the Knights of Columbus, it was said that a tendency for former clerks and accountants to go into manual work was plainly discernible. Many instances were cited, one case being that of an applicant who had no money and only the shabbiest of old service clothes. He said he had been an accountant, but at first was not believed because of his uncouth appearance. His beautiful penmanship, however, proved the truth of at least part of his story. He had no desire to go back into clerical work and was readily persuaded to take a job in a printing office involving manual work.

As I entered this labor hut of the Knights of Columbus I noticed an especially large crowd of men surrounding a table. Most of them looked like manual workers and had been such before the war. But quite a few were clerks. These men were being employed by a manufacturer of phonographs for factory work. The day before ninety had been accepted, and fifty up to noon of the day that I visited the place. The representative of the employer was very frank in relating the drawbacks of the work as well as its advantages.

"You have to work in a room which is hot all the time," he said. "We have two thousand fans to keep it as cool as possible, but it's round eighty degrees. You have to pay your own fare up there"—fifty miles away—"and we pay you nothing until you have worked a week. That is, we hold back the first week's pay. Also it will cost you $3 a week in advance to get a bedroom. But you don't need any previous experience, and we pay you forty cents an hour while you are learning. I learned in three days. Of course a few people never do get onto it, but the average time is only ten days. Then we put you on piecework."

Piece Workers Decline to be Foremen

"WHEN you get on piecework you can earn from $5 to $10 a day. A great many of the workers make from $6 to $7 a day. That is fairly common. One man worked last Sunday and made $25, at the double-time rate for Sunday work."

"Is there any future in this work?" I asked as more and more applicants gathered round and listened to our conversation.

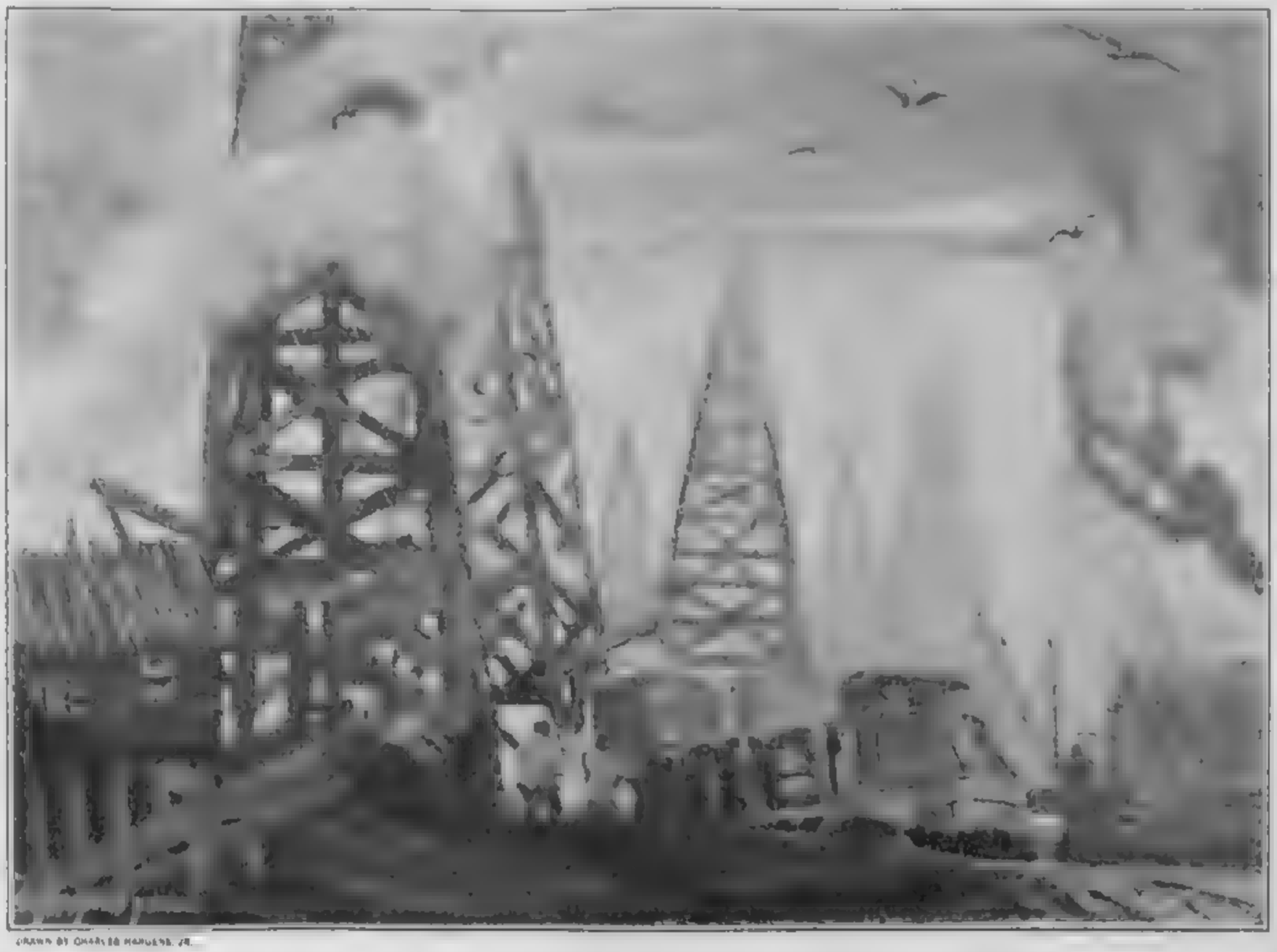
"We can't get people to take foremen's jobs," was the reply. "The faster ones make so much on piecework that they don't want to become foremen on salaries."

"But is the work regular?" I persisted. "Aren't there any slack seasons and unemployment?"

"We have never had any yet, and there won't be as long as people buy phonographs and records, and the Du Ponts and Rockefellers continue to invest their money."

But as far as can be learned the shift from clerical to manual labor is mostly confined to men who are out of jobs, to service men. There are not many evidences of a change among workers who are already placed. Certainly the defection of a few thousand clerks in the largest city in the country is hardly going to starve the clerical occupations in the metropolis enough to push salaries upward. After all it is only a drop in the ocean. Indeed, the plain fact is that as yet there is no noticeable rush of men from professional and clerical life over into manual work. The black-coated salariat is not pouring into the ranks of the proletariat by any means.

During the war a few professors and clergymen worked as common laborers in the shipyards, and the newspapers made a big feature of it. Photographs were published in the Sunday papers of a distinguished preacher standing in a shipyard with a pick in his hand.



It is true also that a few society women in New Haven worked in munition works, and the local papers expanded the incident in a breathless manner. Patriotism led quite a number of persons temporarily out of their normal grooves. Efforts were made likewise in several localities to force men out of women's jobs and into men's jobs.

"Many men are still tearing ribbons in a dry-goods store who ought to be pulling a bell cord over the back of a mule," said Cliff Williams, in charge of the labor recruiting work in several Southern states.

But the war did not last long enough

(Continued on Page 165)

THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

"Not So Loud," She Continued. "The Fog Carries Sound, and You Never Know Who's Behind the Hedge"

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XIV

COLONEL RYKER, bolt upright, square-shouldered, stern-lipped, a martinet, looked through stony eyes at the head of the house of Lingard and imperturbably waited to hear what dot his fiancée was to receive. Roger, owllike, solemn, wished to bellow laughter at a scene which seemed incredibly a burlesque. Dorothy's guardian. And a marriage portion not asked but demanded. He bristled with antagonism and wished to challenge the successful wooer on every ground, including that of birth. He had a strong but not unbiased conviction that Bickley Ryker was mercenary and that he would not make Dorothy happy. The situation was the more ridiculous for the reason that Roger was in khaki, had begun the interview with a respectful salute, and was plainly expected to remember that he was a private addressing a colonel.

"When I left here before," Colonel Ryker explained, "I told you that Miss Lingard and I hadn't hit it off."

"That," Roger answered dryly, "puts it mildly."

"People gossiped and exaggerated," the colonel said. He explained that there had been a bit of scene, that letters of apology had crossed. "Dorothy slanged the army," he said, "and, like a good sportsman, wrote to say she was sorry. I had slanged her, and I wrote. That's the way the letters began. We've understood each other these two weeks now. I've not seen her yet; I shan't see her if you don't do the proper thing."

Roger bent forward and stared incredulously into the stern, steady eyes. "You'd throw her over if I didn't make her an allowance?"

He rapped out the words sharply.

Colonel Ryker shook his head. "She wouldn't call it that," he said. "She'd say I was playing straight. We couldn't live on my pay. If you don't do the usual thing I shall have to write and tell her, and of course she'd call it off. She'd have to."

"But you say she's fond of you?" said the surprised Roger.

"She is, and I of her. But my position and hers have got to be kept up. When peace comes I may revert as low as captain. We couldn't do on the salary."

"Suppose," the curious Roger said, "that I take the American view and refuse any allowance, do you really mean that you'd go away without seeing her?"

"The only fair thing," the colonel said. "It would upset her no end if we met. It wouldn't be easy for me. It's on the cards that we might lose our heads."

The colonel paused. He came so near to showing emotion that Roger became slightly more sympathetic.

"That's the truth," Ryker resumed. "I can't trust myself, and if she was equally weak we might do the impossible romantic and go off and get married. That would be taking advantage of her."

Roger conceived further respect for this imperturbable suitor, who no doubt was playing the game according to the English rules.

"In the States we take a chance," he said.

"You can lose your place in the line over there, and come back. Not here. I'm a soldier, nothing else. I am of humble birth. She couldn't marry me if I gave up the army when peace comes, and tried to make money. She'd lose her friends. She'd lose her caste. My uniform redeems my birth. I must stick to soldiering, and she must have a marriage settlement."

"Even love," Roger said, "goes by rule in this country."

"We think ours the better way," the colonel rejoined. "Over there if you care for a girl you and she gamble with fate. If you fail she pays the price, not you. She breaks her heart over petty economies, and her back over servant's work."

"We work together—and win," Roger cried indignantly.

"Have it your way," the colonel answered. "Over here it's different."

Roger was struck by a bright idea. "Suppose I were to ask you and Dorothy to manage the property," he suggested. "I want to live over there, not here. We could fix up terms." He was pleased. Dorothy would still be mistress of St. Dyfrigs. "What would be your policy?"

"Not yours," the uncompromising Ryker answered. "I've heard of your concessions. You're on the wrong tack. You don't see that this lawless spirit will die away as times get settled. The man who holds the whip hand now will be the man who holds it then." The colonel bent forward and snapped his jaws hard together twice before resuming. "I should drive every dissatisfied man off the estate—farmer, farm laborer, cottager, no matter who. I should show them that there is one landed proprietor in the country who is ready to stand by his rights. You pour oil on flames. I should turn on the cold water of common sense." The colonel's lips set sternly in a hard straight line.

"You are more Tory than the duke," was the surprised Roger's comment.

"The duke," the colonel retorted, shrugging his square shoulders, "is managed by a frightened lady. In the long run the British people will stand by authority and look up to their superiors."

"Of whom," Roger asked, "you are one?"

"Of whom," the unmoved colonel answered, "I am one. War has given me my chance. His Majesty's commission and my marriage fix my standing."

"It seems to me," Roger said bluntly, "that you are marrying for position and money."

The colonel shot a significant glance and bowed coldly.

"Please say it out," Roger politely begged.

"If you care to hear it," was the response. "I expected of course to have to put up with a lot. You Yankees are a crude people, who fancy yourselves so much that you despise customs different from your own. .Not one of you ever comes to Europe to see what he can learn."

"Every Britisher," Roger interrupted sarcastically, "who ever went to the United States went to learn of course!"

"The older and more polished civilization," the colonel responded, "does not go to the younger to be instructed. A mother does not visit the nursery to learn."

"Nevertheless, wisdom has been known to fall from the lips of children," Roger said with perfect good humor. He had an odd respect for this man who came to ask for money and yet declined to bend one inch to get it.

"Anyhow," the colonel pursued, "I couldn't accept your suggestion. Dorothy cannot stay here. She would be coldly treated by some of her friends who would not accept me. In India, for instance, I am a soldier only. Everybody will know that I am the son of a cottager, but I shall have an established standing."

Roger nodded. "What would the usual thing be?" he asked.

"Any solicitor accustomed to family matters," the colonel explained, "would tell you that you should settle a thousand pounds a year on trustees for Dorothy's benefit. You would be one trustee. The lawyer might be another. The sum would be paid to her, and on her death the principal would be divided equally among her children as soon as the youngest should reach the age of twenty-one."

"You look far ahead."

"Better that than to look behind with regret."

"All right," Roger agreed. "I'll do what you want."

"Thank you," the colonel said, rising. "I hoped you would do the fair thing."

Roger smiled at thanks so casual. "I will see Dorothy," he said. "I will do what she wants. It will rest with her—and with Miss Turle."

The colonel looked as much surprised as he could. He had been so strenuously checking emotion through years in order to get the correct manner that he had in part lost the power to feel.

"You told me that you had turned Miss Turle down," Roger reminded him. "If you treated her unfairly ——"

"It is not usual to refer to the lady in these matters." Colonel Ryker had the patient manner of one who explains to a child. "There is nothing about Miss Turle to explain or to regret. There was a mutual interest. Conditions changed. The incident was closed."

A little girl came with a telegram. It ordered Sergeant Kellie Hill to report in London the next morning for final medical examination in connection with his application for discharge from the British Army.

"I've a lot of things to see to, colonel," he said. "I accept your word about Miss Turle, of course, and shall not speak to her. When I come back I will see Dorothy. I congratulate you."

"Thank you. Good morning." The colonel saluted. Roger returned the salute and hurried away to an appointment with John Smith, of the Elvers.

This forceful and eccentric farmer gathered each April from an estuary of the Severn an incredible crop of elvers, which are baby eels the size of worms. Boiled on the beach and lightly pressed into bricks they were eagerly sought for as a delicacy by all the country about, and were as highly appreciated as had been the Severn lampreys which killed King John. The Admiralty's operations near the estuary had been supposed to interfere with the spring run of the eels, and Farmer Smith demanded the aid of the estate in formulating a claim for compensation.

But when Roger arrived at the isolated farmhouse he found that other things than eels absorbed the farmer's attention. An automobile was leaving the farmyard. It bore three ladies waving blue flags and a large placard which said "Vote for Pritchard." In the middle of the farmyard burned a huge bonfire, consuming a solid old cellar door. Farmer John Smith stood with folded arms watching the flames as a high priest might stand watching a funeral pyre. The attitude of this broad-shouldered John Bull, his set face, his absorption, were indications which made approach seem intrusion on some sacrificial rite; so Roger sidled round behind a hayrick and came plump on Miss Elliott. She put a finger to her lips and looked at him from eyes of laughter.

"His wife's first vote under the new law," she murmured. "The Liberals have come for her and she's gone with them. He's Tory, and he's gone mad, simply mad. His language!" Miss Elliott's tone expressed awe and condemnation; yet her eyes expressed admiration.

"Dorothy's engaged," was his hardly apposite answer.

Miss Elliott's little start and tiny frown preceded a smile. "My sincerest congratulations," she said.

"Why congratulate me?" he murmured.

He could distinctly hear her sharp intaken breath. She bent forward and searched his eyes. He tried to look like a sphinx and felt unaccountably happy.

"The Hull Just Seemed to Fall in Two Parts by the Bridge. I Fell Right Into the Opening"

"Not—not ——"

"Yes, he. You are a seeress. You are a prophet. I'm no Lingard. I'm degenerate. I could not go after her with an ax, and so I have lost her. Yes, it's Colonel Ryker."

Miss Elliott was unable to hide the fact that she breathed with difficulty. She even put her hand over her heart and Roger promptly seized it. She took his in a friendly grasp.

"You have played the game," she commended, speaking a little jerkily, "and now—now you are free for the real girl, for Charity."

A crash from the fire, a cry from the farmer, a running to the rick and a stamping on ignited hay. Roger's arm was seized by a great hand and he was led to the bonfire. The lintels had burned through, the door was warping and the old hinges were red hot.

"Fifty year ago," Farmer Smith bellowed, "my father laid down some '51 port. The day before I come of age he wanted to get some and decant it and they said as my mother had the keys to the cellar and was gone to the vicarage for a meeting. He had the cellar door—look, there's what's left of it—dug out, posteses and all, and put in a wagon; and he sent it to the vicarage. 'Tell Mrs. Smith,' says he, 'you've got the keys and here's the door for you likewise.'"

The farmer paused and gazed mournfully on the burning symbol of bygone mastery.

"We kept the door in the shed ever since," he went on dejectedly, "and rainy days I rubbed it over with linseed oil, and when I was married I took the missus there and told her the tale, and she was a little blue-eyed girl then, and she put her arm through mine and she says: 'John, you must always keep the cellar key yourself,' and I says: 'That's the talk, lass.'" The farmer wheeled and spurned with his boot the burning door. "And now," he cried with a sudden change of manner, "she's got the damned vote, and she's gone and voted Liberal!"

He turned to the house, hesitated, came back. "There's three bottles left," he said. "It's got to be finished to-day. You're welcome to help."

"Steady on," the tactless Roger pleaded. "It's no crime to vote Liberal."

Farmer Smith glared at him, turned away and stamped into the kitchen. The sound of crashing bolts rent the air. The port was to be drunk alone, and the wife to be locked out.

Roger hurried back to the rick. Miss Elliott's head was projected round its corner and her face was all laughter. "I came to beg a glass of milk as I was passing," she explained, "and stumbled on this scene. Alas for the departed glory of man." They walked together out of the farmyard in silence. A November mist rolling from the river behind clammily surrounded them and gave them a sense as of isolation from all the world.

(Continued on Page 69)

FORTUNE'S DARLING

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

Driven Through What Had Been Their Bed, Quivering, Stuck the Long Blade of a Spear

AT DAWN a high tandem cart with two cobs jumping and jingling awaited Dan Towers and Runa La Flèche in the garden by their veranda. Some liveried shadow drove it, a man from the Ibrahim stables. And as it clattered off carrying them through dead streets a wagon driven by another shadow of Ibrahim's followed, with Amra Khan cross-legged on a peak of baggage. They went spanking out from town; hoofs and harness chain made music along a road concealed by bluish vapor. It was passing music, unregarded, for the rest of the world lay abed.

"We can understand how she got so clear away," said Dan.

"How, yes," his friend, wrapped to the chin against morning mist, replied fretfully. "We do not understand the why."

Cockcrow rang through the woods, a succession of bantams far off repeating their high, thin challenge. Now and again the cart whirled past a village—thatched boxes on the clean-trod floor of a grove where some old man who could not sleep wandered alone, smoking tobacco and considering the dawn. At sunrise Ibrahim's horses forded a little brown river like a narrow pond shut in by forest. Afterward came green leaves by the mile, thick, dark, motionless, covering a road which had become plain earth and which the sun, though piercing hot, rarely shone upon or even blurred with patterns of brightness. The cobs began to sweat. Amra Khan's wagon overtook them and followed close at an easy jog.

"Not far to the wilds," declared Runa. He had thrown off his wrappings of care, and lolled barefoot, very cheerful, in helmet, shirt and trousers. "With the rotten cities behind, one is free."

Indeed they now passed fewer and fewer dwellings, farther apart, more humble. The last and greatest kampong, a mere lane of tawny bamboo houses peeping from ladders through betel and plantain ambush, disgorged men, girls, naked children, who swarmed down to admire Ibrahim's horseflesh, and were herded by a lanky Sikh, the tallest man in town, his red turban quietly presiding over all. Even this crowd gathered only to flee at once; for here the noonday rain broke, turned the woods black as night, filled the road with blinding spray and drove everybody to shelter.

Our travelers took refuge in the headman's house and, lying on his slippery splint floor, heard him drone out his griefs: how the last durian fruit crop had been plentiful, the love scandals therefore abundant, and feuds grown worse daily; how a certain Romeo, climbing another man's ladder by moonlight, had his fingers chopped off on the topmost rung.

"And her husband is not satisfied yet, tuan," complained the graybeard. "There is no end to my troubles, keeping the peace."

Runa condoled with him.

"Do you see many shooting parties go by, like ours today, father?"

"Oh, no, tuan. This is not the hill Orang Datang! We are jungle. No one comes."

"I heard men talk of a rich mem-sahib," said Runa, "who lately came this way with her people to shoot wild beasts."

The headman showed mild interest.

"No such lady has passed, sir," he replied. "I would know."

Then Leda had gone through by night, thought Dan; and somehow it troubled him, this proof of her secret haste.

Underneath the floor, among the horses, Amra Khan's voice flowed on, modestly chatting with the Sikh policeman.

After this nooning came a drive through wet forest till sunset; a picnic dinner by lantern light under trees; a long sleep in a house of green thatch hastily built; another start at dawn; a second day's journey like the first, and at sunset again a halt by a broad and muddy stream.

Here they found a small ferry that looked older than Noah's Ark, some huts clustered about her landing place, a few tilled fields, and a last lone policeman stalking his beat on the verge of wilderness. A tall, bearded, hawk-nosed man, he somberly greeted the travelers and fixed his dark eyes on their servant. Amra Khan, sliding off the wagon, returned his stare. The two circled near each other like dogs bristling for a fight.

"Look out. Trouble!" said Runa quietly, and jumped to the ground.

The hawk-nosed man scowled and murmured something. Amra Khan did likewise. Then suddenly, instead of flying at each other's throats, they seemed to strike an eternal friendship and began to talk as if they would go on forever.

"He is of my country, sirs," said Amra Khan, grinning over his shoulder. "But there was no feud."

The red-turbaned one saluted them proudly. The village and all within it, said he, belonged to these vicars of the Lord. He scattered commands among the bystanders, who, rushing to obey, had horses out and carts unloaded in a trice. That night Runa and Dan owned the best house by the ferry, and as they dropped asleep could hear two northern exiles talking without pause, their quiet voices coming and going from end to end of a starlit path beside the river.

Next morning Ibrahim's lordly drivers turned back for home. Each impeticoaed a private fee without objection, but laughed to scorn all offer of regular payment.

"No, tuan," they crooned, gathering their reins. "Are you not our master's friends? He takes no money from you. It is an order."

The tandem trotted off into the woods, the wagon lumbered after and vanished, leaving Runa dumfounded.

"Ibrahim's moonstruck," he swore. "Fey. In his dotage. I believe Mosul did soften his brain. What has this girl of yours put on the old scoundrel? And they called her Lidah Pahit, the Bitter Tongue!"

He went down to the river bank shaking his head. Aboard that roofless Noah's Ark, the ferry, Amra Khan's fellow countryman stood in command of everything. He crossed with them the fog that covered the river, saw their baggage unloaded, and ushered them grandly to a native cart with four ponies, hired overnight.

"*Sub tiyar hai.*" Leaning on the front wheel the policeman smiled favorably as the travelers took their places. "Good shooting, gentlemen. May you eat *gaina* beef!"

The cart rattled uphill over rocks and freshet gravel into misty green bamboo. Upward and upward the ponies tugged, round many a turn, continually climbing. The smoke of the river grew thin, drifted down in streamers that clung to every leaf, and sank below. Ferns choked the narrowing road. Heavy timber rose on both sides toward the morning sky—tall trees and straight, their boughs hung with orchids like birds' nests full of flowers.

"I have never done such a thing," declared Runa, while he and Dan climbed on foot to ease the ponies. "Our job is the secret of Polichinelle. Everybody knows more than we do."

"Why?" said Towers.

"That lollman's joke about young heifer meat. Rather broad, but *il était fin*. At least we're on the right track."

All day with this vague assurance they climbed higher and higher, till over the treetops they could see, as from a precipice among billows of dark leaves, the country they had left behind and below—a green map unrolled in the sunshine, bordered with the azure of the western sea. At last their tough hill ponies brought them to where the road ended, cut sheer off by a chasm of rock, deep down in which a river foamed and whispered among evening shadow. This gulf they crossed on a dizzy footbridge of black rope, which swung like a hammock. The next day and the next after they followed a string of bearers downhill through perpetual twilight in a forest which as it slanted lower grew sopping wet. The travelers' clothes hung heavy and dripped. Leeches tormented them; the path ran to nothing, left them smothered in jungle; and they were glad when by chance they could follow a broad lane where an elephant had crashed through, leaving trampled wreckage, wilted boughs and huge footprints.

They were filing through a more open region of woods, into which the sun beat fiercely, when Dan caught Runa by the arm and pointed forward.

"Thought it was a jack fruit," said he; "but the thing dodged. There! See it?"

From behind a tree trunk something round and black popped into view. Next moment it was gone. When they reached the tree they found nothing there.

"Again!" cried Runa, peering ahead.

From another tree, not far distant, bobbed another or the same round silhouette.

"Gone again," said La Flèche. "A man."

"*Nanti s'kit!*" Dan hailed. "We are friends! Wait!"

Twice more the thing ducked and vanished. At last it stayed motionless, and as they drew close it revealed human features—a scrubby head of hair, a brown face, doubtful watching eyes.

"We are friends," Dan repeated.

The lurker slipped out and met them, cringing among the leaves. An old man in a breech clout, with skin withered like a baked apple's, he leaned on a bamboo staff. Round his neck by a thong he wore a greasy little box of brown wood, in his hair a tuft of white kapok floss.

"Sirs, I am lining bees, that is all," he explained humbly with a toothless grin. "The light falls bad. I could not be certain. I thought you were Nata Kasuma's men."

His eyes, keen, slow, and cunning with a light of old innocent craftiness, roamed while he spoke and seemed to see everything yet nothing.

"A beeswax hunter," said Dan. "Where is your village?"

The old man waved his staff roundabout.

"I am of the woods, tuan," he replied. "My name is Aladdin. I have no home. The village nearest you is Nata Kasuma's."

"Can you take us there?"

The beeswax gatherer weighed this question with care. His eyes flitted from Dan to Runa, from Amra Khan to the bearers, from them to the dirt, in which with leathery toes he drew a thoughtful design. He looked shrewder than the occasion demanded; too shrewd, almost surly.

"I can, tuan. After dark."

"Why not before?"

Aladdin turning his back on the servants whispered to Dan and Runa: "Send them away."

"Go forward to the big rock yonder," commanded La Flèche, "and rest."

The bearers obeyed and marched on. Aladdin watched them well out of earshot.

"Because I fear Nata Kasuma," he murmured at last. "I am poor and weak. Nata Kasuma is all-powerful. You are friends to the great white lady who came?"

The two companions exchanged a glance.

"Yes," they answered. "What of her?"

Aladdin completed the drawing with his toes and studied it.

"She met me here in the jungle," said he. "O beautiful and kind of heart! I will take you to her house, then. But in the dark. Nata Kasuma must not see me or know. Men say he is her enemy; there will be a killing."

It was no habit of Runa's to give outward sign of care; all his lighter emotions, whimsical joy or anger or impudence, came quickly to surface, not any of the deeper. He always burned his own smoke. But now he turned upon Dan, for the moment, a face careworn, grave, almost foreboding.

"Secret of Polichinelle again," he said. "I don't like this, Dan. We're not reaching her a day too early. Let's hope to heaven ——"

He broke off and, shrugging his shoulders, began to question the bee hunter. It proved useless. Old Aladdin's far-sighted eyes grew dull and blank; he took refuge in darkest ignorance. On only two points had he a faint clearness. Was it far to this village? No, not far. Why then wait till nightfall before entering it? They must; men were not to see him, Aladdin, going to the great white lady's house. The rest was a silence that threatened to become surly.

Late afternoon found them advancing, therefore, at Aladdin's pace. Limping on spindle shanks, a naked old figure of mystery, he squinted far ahead, mumbled a handful of tobacco that Dan had given him, and said nothing. Through country more and more open he led the way, where sunset shadows poured downward before them and filled every sloping glade with a torrent of green-gold splendor and undulating darkness.

All this was gone, the sun below tree tops, when they came to Aladdin's camp. A hut among saplings, it looked down from the crest of a low hill to where some strip of water glimmered and dissolved in bottomless twilight.

"We wait here," sighed the beeswax gatherer.

"Well and good, Master Ready-to-Halt," said Dan. "Where's your kampong?"

"Across the valley below. Not dark enough. We wait."

Sitting before the hut in a litter of petroleum tins, old Chinese jars and potsherds, they ate their supper. Twice Aladdin spoke, but only to condemn the beeswax trade and to curse a Luk-Chin merchant, thief and idolater.

"What in the world's coming there?" Dan suddenly asked.

Over the ground of this hill platform toward them a small object fluttered and staggered; some wounded fowl, perhaps. It dropped, rose, tumbled on, dropped again, lay kicking feebly, rose again, and so drew near in the dusk.

"Who did that?" Dan jumped on foot. "Who did it, you?"

"Ah!" cried Runa, like one in pain.

Both men had seen such things done before by Bengalis to crows.

This which arrived and fell, gasping, had been a gamecock. Now, with bill cut off, unable to eat or drink, it was a poor feathered body of death in life. Having struggled as near as it could come it lay and stared at them, hopeless, yet imploring mankind to help.

"A pet of mine," sighed Aladdin. "The crowing annoyed Nata Kasuma. He grew angry. No one must touch until it starves."

While he spoke out flew Dan's revolver. One good merciful shot ended the dumb agony. The bird lay still on the ground.

"Oh!" squealed Aladdin in a fright. "We have broken Nata Kasuma's order!"

Towers flickered out the cartridge shell and put his weapon away. His face was pale.

"To hell with his orders!" he cried. "Lucky for the beast he ain't here himself."

From where the coolies, apart, squatted round their supper came stalking Amra Khan to learn what had been shot.

"Is it permitted to ask?"

Runa explained in few words.

"Don't tell our bearers," said Dan.

The northern gentleman bowed to his master.

"It is well done," he affirmed. "I say nothing."

He retired to his post, and stood there presiding over the servants' mess, aloof and gravely watchful.

This episode caused more delay, for Aladdin sat terrified and refused to move.

"I cannot show you the way now," he mourned. "You have made a great enemy for me. Leave me behind; go down, tuan. Look, there is the kampong."

A few lamps blinked in the valley below.

"You will find her house. I dare not come with you now."

The lamps went out; it was late starlight before the old man would hear persuasion or take a bribe. At last very unwillingly he scrambled down the hill, and followed only by the two white men and Amra Khan—for he would have no bearers tagging after—took a level path which curved roundabout in the dark. With many pauses to listen, many whispered warnings, many sighs, Aladdin brought them to a place blacker than the surrounding night, floored with earth beaten smooth by bare feet. The village, if this might be one, lay asleep or empty. Nothing moved here; there was no sound.

Aladdin twitched Runa by the sleeve.

(Continued on Page 78)

"Banged Him Round the Posts and Then Choked Him," Said Amra Khan. "Too Hard. But in the Dark You Couldn't Tell——"

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Little Brighteyes

RECONSTRUCTION is a big vague word that the world has been mouthing in a big vague way. It has become so important a problem that no one smaller than a Statesman dare touch it—and nothing smaller than a nation is a proper subject for it. In short, it is so big and so important that little except some deep thinking and tall talking has been done about it. As in the case of the Singer Building, people do not look at the bricks in it but at the mass of it.

During the war and right after, the world was of the opinion that with the signing of an armistice everyone would immediately begin Reconstruction, though almost everyone used the word in a different sense. Some European countries thought that it meant making a big touch on America; some Americans thought that it meant making big loans to Europe that would finance undertakings from which they would derive large profits; and a lot of women thought that it meant rebuilding the houses of the peasants and distributing charity picturesquely. The reds, of course, have all along interpreted Reconstruction in terms of destruction.

Few saw that it meant first of all that everyone had to get down to hard, productive work, and that loans were only for the purpose of putting everyone back on the job of earning a living.

The cessation of hostilities found the people lined up at the tape, waiting for the word to go, they knew not exactly where; to do something, they knew not exactly what. As this is written the world is still waiting for the word to go. The Statesmen, who are the official custodians of Reconstruction, have been gathered round political ouija boards, receiving messages from Machiavelli, Talleyrand, Metternich and Bismarck, in a conscientious effort to overlook nothing that will make trouble later.

Meanwhile the Deep Thinkers have been holding parlor sessions nightly, listening to spooky Bolshevistic rappings about the economic hereafter, until between the Statesmen and the Deep Thinkers half the people have been confirmed in a belief that Reconstruction is something that is going to be done for them, instead of something that they must do for themselves. This is of a piece with the current nonsense that is being proclaimed by pseudo-scientists, and others who are only pseudos, to the effect that we can fathom the mysteries of the Almighty and communicate with the dead through Little Brighteyes, the Indian Control.

Little Brighteyes is a busy little person these days, for she is not only supplying the pseudos with their data on the hereafter but she is furnishing the Deep Thinkers with their economic theories, and a large part of the population with their views on work, hours, play and profits. She is a cheery little optimist, for though the spirits who speak through her are hazy as to particulars they are always "very, very happy." Viewed dispassionately the Little Brighteyes school of economics, as it is practically exemplified in Russia, is the logical complement to her spiritual activities. It has enormously increased the number of people "over there" who can tell us through her that they are "very, very happy," and the number of people over here who are very, very unhappy.

In its present state of mind the world will believe anything except facts, do anything except work—and Little Brighteyes is its high priestess. The three wise men of the ages, Solomon, Franklin and Lincoln, speak a half-forgotten language. But they said everything that there is to say about Reconstruction. The world needs not only their homely common sense but a taste of Solomon's rod. Children are spoiled and a lot of their elders are spoiling—and despoiling.

Reconstruction is a problem of individuals before it is one of nations; of character before it is one of credits. Crooked thinking begets crooked ethics and crooked business, until finally we have a nation on the loose.

Destruction is impersonal. Statesmen destroy a country and stand from under. Mobs destroy a city and melt away. Reconstruction is personal. Not Statesmen, nor mobs, will reconstruct the world, but the individual. When enough men think right as individuals, cities, states and countries will begin to think right. In the very act of preparing for it Reconstruction will be accomplished.

The world was not made in a day and it will not be made over in one, except for the worse. Reconstruction is a long, hard, personal job. Sooner or later it must be taken in hand—and the later the harder. Whether you are one of Lenine's dupes, hearing through fair-haired Olga, his Tartar Control, of the glories of his promised land; or one of the parlor Bolsheviks' simpletons, drinking in from Little Brighteyes the details of their pink paradise, sooner or later you must come out of the influence and get down to work—and the sooner the easier.

The basic proposition on which all theories of Reconstruction must rest can be summed up in a sentence: If it takes eight, nine or ten hours of steady work to make the food and the goods necessary to the support of an average family the time is coming when those who are working six and seven hours, or not at all, must work ten, twelve and fourteen hours or starve. For beyond the day-to-day requirements of the world there must be a certain dependable surplus, and the loafers on the job, and those who will not take a job, have already consumed that surplus in many countries and have gnawed it down to the danger point in others. In a few months Bela Kun and his crowd blew in the little surplus of Hungary, and it will take years to rebuild it. These new inheritors of the kingdoms of earth are spendthrifts and they have met a quick and inevitable bankruptcy. A national bank roll has precisely the same limitations as a personal one.

One of the amusing developments in Russia is the way in which Lenine is throwing overboard, one by one, the principles for which the Revolution stood. Working hours are being lengthened to ten, twelve and fourteen a day, the right to strike is being denied, and skilled managers are being employed at enormous salaries to run the industries. The new political autocracy makes the old one look benevolent, while beside the new industrial autocracy our Steel Trust is shockingly radical—and Judge Gary almost red. Fair-haired Olga has, we fear, rung in a confederate and a wireless telephone on the earnest little circle of Deep Thinkers in her parlor.

The real problems of Reconstruction are in your factory, your office, your block, your home, and probably in your wife, your children and yourself. If you do not find them there you are a very unusual man with an almost too perfect family. The Statesmen cannot tell you half so much about these problems in their speeches as you can find out in a first-hand survey of your neighborhood.

In our own survey we talked, among others, to the employment manager of a large manufacturing concern. From two to three hundred applicants for positions pass through his department every day. Your first conclusion is, of course, that there is a surplus of labor; but, on the contrary, there are good openings in almost every department of this business, both office and factory. More competent men and women are needed everywhere. This particular manager had just finished interviewing two hundred sixteen-year-old girls in an effort to find one who would start as an office girl at ten dollars a week, with the prospect of early promotion to clerical work. He could not find one among them who would take the place, not because they were qualified for something better, but because they wanted something better in spite of their lack of qualifications.

High pay for skill and intelligence is the best spent money in a business. But during the war there was wild competition between our governmental activities and private enterprise for any kind of labor and extravagant wages and salaries were paid to the unskilled and the unintelligent. Peacetime industry cannot afford those salaries except to people who know their business or are willing to learn it. Neither can it afford the tremendous labor turnover that results from employing these restless, careless, slacking incompetents.

Before the war applicants for a position usually asked two questions: Can I get a job? and What chance have I to work up? They are still asking two questions: What do you pay? and What are the hours? These are both perfectly proper questions and the answers are important to the applicant, but as they are put to-day the attitude of the beginner to his work is crystallized in them. He is not only asking How much can I get? but How little can I give in return for it? And that is just what this class of employees give.

A boy of eighteen, with a grammar-school education, without training and experience except as a shell passer during the last six months of the war, applied to this employment manager for a place in which he would have had steady work, a chance to learn a skilled and highly paid trade, with promotion to anything higher for which he could fit himself.

His first and only question about the place was: "What do you pay?"

"Twenty dollars a week to start with," was the answer.

"It isn't cigarette money," returned the youth as he passed out.

This boy, with overtime, had made sixty dollars a week as a shell passer. He has been loafing since the day of the armistice, waiting for someone to hire an uneducated, inexperienced, unskilled and unwilling boy at sixty dollars a week. That is bogey with him.

Later in the day a young girl, with six months' training in a business "college" on top of a grammar-school education, and with six months' experience as a stenographer in a government job on top of all that, applied for a position. On trial she proved to be under the rather simple requirements of the place.

"What do you pay?" was her first and only question.

"We start this grade of stenographers at eighteen dollars a week," was the answer.

"I didn't come here to be insulted," retorted the girl as she flounced out.

There are thirty-five and forty and fifty dollar a week secretaries in this company, and women executives who have come up from the ranks and are earning from five to eight thousand dollars a year, but they are women who know how to spell, who are trained, efficient and are not afraid to work—who are, in fact, rather fond of their work. There are men in the same company who started in at anything and for anything they could get, who are making from five to twenty-five thousand a year, but they worked hard to fit themselves for the better jobs. As almost any of the young disciples of Little Brighteyes will tell you, "That sort of stuff don't go any more; it's too slow."

But it will, children, because in the end it has got to go or the world has got to go hungry—and when a showdown and a shakedown come it is the incompetents who will go hungry first and stay hungry longest.

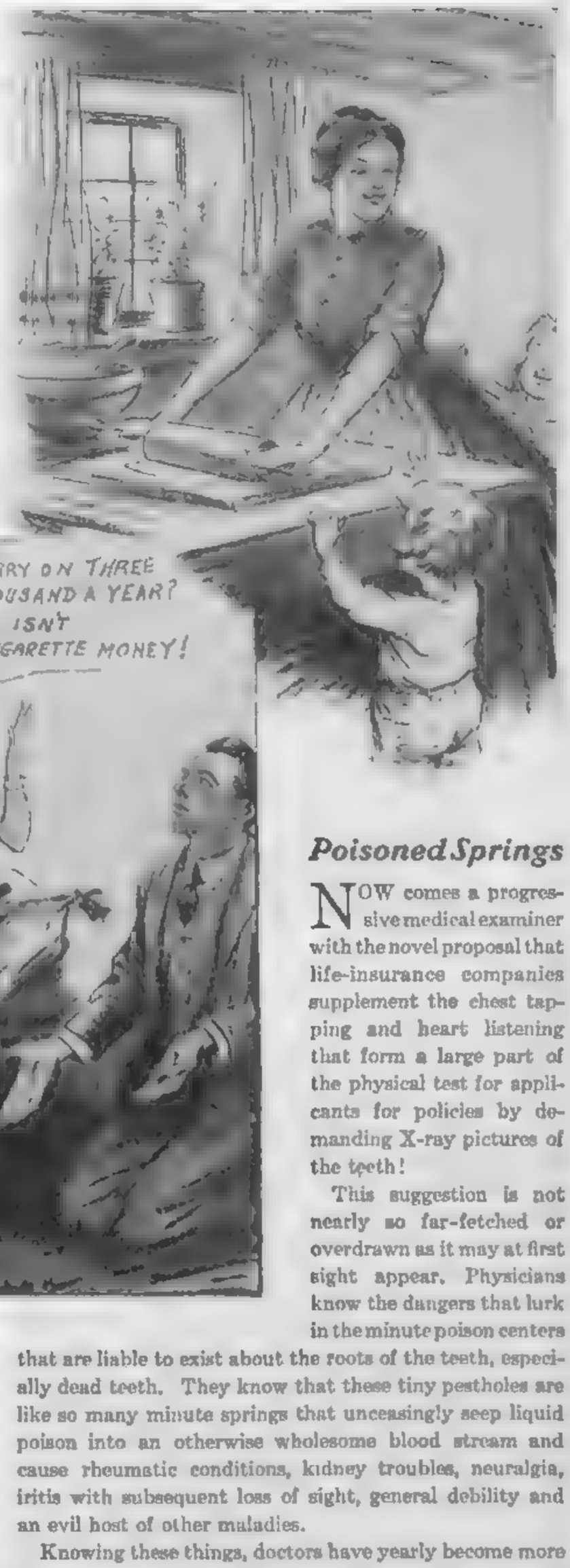
If you will look round you will find that Little Brighteyes is talking to a mob of this half-grown, half-baked and wholly incompetent labor in terms of the undeserved and unearned wages that they received under stress of conditions that obtained when four million he-men went out to fight. Though we were told that the returned soldier would be the great problem of Reconstruction, that he would come home restless, lawless and unfitted for work, it is the stay-at-homes, who profited in big wages through his withdrawal from industry, and not the soldier, who are the Reconstruction problem. With only the normal exceptions to be found in any large body of men the soldier is settling right down to business and keeping an eye on would-be disturbers of the peace.

Even people who work for work's sake want all the money that they are worth, and properly insist on getting it. No wise employer objects to paying a high price for skill and competence and ambition, but this flood of grammar-school kids, without practical experience—who at best have had six months in a business college—with their eternal What do you pay? and What are the hours? make even the mildest boss yearn to spank them and to send them home to learn something, if only decent manners.

The old breed of Americans were seasoned oak and hickory. They learned in a long hard school, and they stood up under fire and lasted under strain. There is a big admixture of the kiln-dried in the present generation, and judging by the experience of the employment manager—and it is fairly typical—the coming generation runs strongly to sapwood.

These experiences of the employment manager simply indicate the beginning of the trail. Follow it through your neighborhood and into your own house and you will have a fairly comprehensive idea of the first and most pressing problems of Reconstruction.

Too many youngsters want to begin at the top, to cut out all the intermediate steps; too many grown-ups want to make five years' profits in one. The boy wants the good job without learning the poorer one; he demands the wages of skill for his capital of ignorance. The young girl wants to be the confidential secretary of the boss before she has learned how to spell; she expects to draw down the pay of experience while still a blundering amateur. Many young men are slow to marry because they do not care to share with anyone, least of all a wife. Many young women do not care to marry unless they can start in where their mothers left off, and have a "suitable establishment." They do not want to work for anyone, least of all a husband. But what can we expect so long as their elders, and presumably their betters, set them an example of grab, of ignoble ambitions, of competitive living? Reconstruction for them must come from above, by precept and example, from parents and employers; but the precept that one hears oftenest is, "Get it while the getting is good." While this continues true of the exemplars, it need surprise no one that the new children's crusade is forcash!



You will find all this and more in looking round your neighborhood, but you will also find a quiet majority of sane, sensible Americans who are fed up on reds, professional and parlor; on profiteers, big and little; on incompetents, loafers and wasters of all sexes and ages; on fair-haired Olga and her cussedness and on Little Brighteyes and her foolishness. They want to see a little deportation that will deport, a little Reconstruction that will reconstruct and a whole lot less of this prodigal spending. Once a program of personal Reconstruction gets under way—and there are signs that the country is waking up to its importance—there is no knowing where it will stop. The old parties might profitably spend a little time searching their souls. If they do not, they will wake up some fine morning between now and the next election and find a new party, armed with a search warrant, at the front door of the Capitol.

Poisoned Springs

NOW comes a progressive medical examiner with the novel proposal that life-insurance companies supplement the chest tapping and heart listening that form a large part of the physical test for applicants for policies by demanding X-ray pictures of the teeth!

This suggestion is not nearly so far-fetched or overdrawn as it may at first sight appear. Physicians know the dangers that lurk in the minute poison centers that are liable to exist about the roots of the teeth, especially dead teeth. They know that these tiny pestholes are like so many minute springs that unceasingly seep liquid poison into an otherwise wholesome blood stream and cause rheumatic conditions, kidney troubles, neuralgia, iritis with subsequent loss of sight, general debility and an evil host of other maladies.

Knowing these things, doctors have yearly become more and more insistent that their patients go to the dentist and the X-ray man for examinations that will assist in arriving at a positive and clean-cut diagnosis. To the lay mind the connection between a bad tooth and a stiff knee is so remote and inconceivable that medical men too often find themselves laughed at and their advice unheeded until alarming symptoms have become apparent.

Your dentist can tell you whether or not an X-ray examination is worth while; and knowing your mouth he can indicate with considerable precision where localized infection should be looked for.

The detection and location of these poison centers by means of the X-ray is not only certain but simple, painless and not very expensive. Fifteen minutes in the office of the X-ray man—or Roentgenologist, as some of them call themselves—should suffice. With the results of your visit in his hands, your dentist will know precisely and without any guesswork what ought to be done to rid you promptly and positively of a hidden menace to health and life.

The relief that follows expert attention to these tiny poison pockets is often almost spectacular in its swiftness and completeness.

THUMB MINUS BARLOW

Dawson Sat Up at Once, But Tolifully on Account of His Bruised Stiffness; and Having Got Hold of Her Hand, He Began Talking to Her Gently Out of a Full Heart

By KEENE ABBOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

YOU had only to see her to know what she was—a truck driver. Her business with Davis of the legal and claims department, as some of us overheard, was to let him know that she would "like it, please, twenty dollar damage." He, a self-important young man, owlish and severe, almost impressive with his big horn-rimmed spectacles, had condescended to inquire what he could do for her and then had gone right on penciling memoranda along a page half filled with his small, pinched, hasty, concise handwriting.

That she was comically mangling the English language was doubtless understood by the claimant, that blue-eyed Amazon with yellow hair, greasy overalls and vast earnestness. Possibly, too, she may have been aware of covert winks and smiles passing about among office employees. But with the stubborn determination of her race she ignored all ridicule.

We saw her deliberately draw off a greasy gauntlet and watched her rub her forehead with the back of her hand in an effort to get hold of the right words for making the Tri-City Traction Company understand what a remarkable cat Whitefoot had been. It was true that she had paid nothing for the animal; true, likewise, that one might have thought him nothing better than a big, sorrel-striped, mongrel-bred, ordinary cat. But he was like no other. He would eat lettuce, he would open the screen door for himself, he never chased chickens and—and ——

"We need him, dose cat," said Hilga Nelson.

One merit was emphasized above others. Every morning he used to go along with her to the trolley line when she went away to work. In that he was like a dog—affectionate. Painstakingly the girl related that there had been a hole between the tracks—an animal hole of some kind or other. Maybe a meadow mouse lived there, or a snake. Whitefoot watched the hole.

"Yes, sir," the girl asserted, "he scrooch down; he watch dose hole. Someding run out, car come 'long, cat yump. Car no strike whistle or blow gong."

While titters of merriment sounded all over the office the cheeks of the girl paled, then flamed brighter than ever.

"My language—sometime—get balled up," she needlessly stammered, and managed to smile a little. She made it clear, however, that Whitefoot had been hunting. "Dat's it—hunting," she insisted. "Not watch car—watch animal and yump to catch someding."

"And caught his death o' cold," humorously muttered one of the clerks.

The girl moistened her lips, stood silent for a time, then once more insisted, "So, please, twenty dollar—twenty dollar damage."

While she waited, mutely patient, to see how her demand was to be met, she stood with folded arms, immobile as if she were something of heroic proportions hewn out massively from a weathered block of Norwegian pine—a figure uncouth, strong, dignified, symbolical of toil.

She listened without a sign to all the glib talk of our young Homer Davis, who tried to make her understand how very unreasonable was her claim of twenty dollars. Cats, he told her, are not killed by a trolley car. They are nimble and quick; they get out of the way. The swiftest automobile, going at top speed, cannot run over a cat. Dogs or other animals—yes, but not a cat.

At the close of his shrewd, logical and persuasive endeavors Hilga Nelson deliberately unfolded her powerful arms and she said to the young man with the deepest modulation of her contralto voice, "Ay yust tale yo' wan ding—we got to haf dose twenty dollar damage. Yes, sir. Got to!"

Then a dry heavy sound whacked loud. A fist had fallen. It smote the solid wood of Davis' desk with jarring emphasis like the stroke of a bronze hammer. But the voice of the girl remained singularly quiet.

"Got to!" she repeated.

All of us gave a start. Davis jerked back in his swivel chair. In his astonished discomfiture he must have regarded it as distinctly fortunate that one of the accredited shock absorbers of our department should have brought his professional jauntiness and ever-ready smile into the office during this very stressful moment. It was Dawson who had come in—Fifty-Dollar Dawson—and to him as a deliverer Davis turned with an air of absurd helplessness, also with a sly wink.

"Here he is now—our claim agent," the lawyer announced in suave conciliation. "He is to be instructed at once in regard to this matter, and you may depend upon it, madam, that the company will do what is right."

None too well satisfied apparently with this assurance, the girl looked at the two men, glanced at the clock, thrust her hand into the greasy gauntlet and withdrew.

After she had gone out, followed by the appraising stare of Dawson, we presently heard him observe, "Not a bad looker, even in that get-up. Some chick!"

Now it may be that employees have been jealous of our colleague's high-salaried efficiency, and such a prejudice might account in a measure for our dislike of him. Yet I recall that at the very moment of my introduction to Dawson I said to myself before I knew anything about the fellow: "One shakes hands with such a man once—never twice, if it can be avoided."

Is it merely contact with a flabby palm which occasions such an antipathy? Or does one feel a moral shrinking, as if the thing clasped were not merely repulsive in its softness, but bloodless and crafty?

Instinctive mistrust he seemed to rouse, whether you touched him or merely saw him about, yet I concede that nothing in the least predatory was ever suggested by his mild manners, his fictitious geniality or his persistent smile.

For the most part my acquaintanceship with him was merely that of business association and propinquity. Why he should ever have talked to me about his boyhood I do not know, but I remember his saying that as a youngster in frail health after scarlet fever he had been deaf for a term of years. When able to go back to school again he was much older than others of his class. Dummy Dawson they called him. I have a vision of the lad, tall and gawky, slow to learn, taunted, suspicious, resentful, sullen, aggrieved by injustice and permanently embittered.

Whether this will adequately explain the pride he took in the meanness of his maturity I do not pretend to say. I only know that he was called Fifty-Dollar Dawson for having settled many a death claim at that figure. One such triumph resulted from the sudden demise of a trackman.

"Didn't hear the car. Thick cap down over his ears. Got smashed last January," so the claim agent told me; and added, well pleased with his skill in effecting a settlement: "Suited the dago's old girl first rate to have the company pay his funeral expenses. Masses to be said, candles to be burned, all manner of pious formalities—and none of it costing her anything, not a cent!"

Creases deepened about Dawson's mouth.

"In such a case," he went on, "you want to show nice feeling. I spoke of the earrings poor Tony wore—such nice little gold earrings! But they don't help any, such things, to hear a trolley car coming. She said that was true. *Madre di Cristo*, but that was true! And then she had a crying fit!"

Past achievements, however, were not to save Dawson the bother of "taking a run out there" to see about a dead cat. From the letter written to the traction company he understood that there were two claimants—Hilga Nelson for one; and for the other, some person with a scrawled signature which appeared to be Thumb Minus Barlow. The two had signed the unanswered communication which reported and asked damages for the taking off of the unfortunate Whitefoot.

(Continued on Page 30)

"With joyful boyful stealth
I burgle the bank of health
And you ll allow that I know how
To pilfer this wondrous wealth"

Get the right combination

Eating for health is like opening a bank safe. You need the complete "combination."

You may eat "the best of everything" yet fail to obtain sufficient nourishment because your diet is not correctly balanced.

This is where you benefit by

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It is a carefully balanced combination.

We include fifteen choice vegetables, also barley, alphabet macaroni and a nourishing stock made from selected beef.

Body-building elements of vital value are supplied by this tempting soup. And the whole family enjoys it every time.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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"We like it, please," the letter announced, "when you pay twenty dollar, thank you, because pet cat haf unfairly get killed on account of car no was whistling or strike gong, contrary to law."

Possibly to make plain the fact that the Nelsons were a reputable family with no nonsense about them, the sender of the letter had naïvely added in a postscript, "I, Hilga, drive truck for Crown Oil Company ever sense my brother Nels he go for a soldier, because he no try to keep out of it."

Over this bit of information Dawson cackled into his dry and crepitant little laugh. Then he said to the filing clerk, who had given him the letter, "So we owe it to the young lady, eh, on patriotic grounds to pay twenty dollars for a dead cat, seeing that 'brudder Nels no ask to keep out of it'?"

Snapping shut the clasp of a leather portfolio, the claim agent added, "If she's trucking for the Crown people that means she's there with the strong-arm stuff. Juggles those four-hundred-pound playthings—oil drums, you know."

Not realizing that in handling weighty oil containers it is dexterity that counts far more than physical strength, Dawson's curiosity about the girl whom he had appraised as "some chick" was much enhanced. A special interest had long been his in what he called "the buxom kind." It was known for a fact that the walls of his bachelor apartment were cluttered with a display of the sort admired as buxom. What photographs there were, what half-tone engravings and colored prints of chorus girls, gymnasts, divers, rope walkers, dancers and so-called artists' models in unblushing poses wholly ungarmented!

Once he showed me the autographed picture of the fair contortionist, Dainty Daisy.

"A swell looker, ain't she?" he asked, and added with evident regret:

"Wasted a lot o' money on her. Once I got her a ring—engagement ring—costly too. Diamond in it as big as a boil."

She might, he told me, she really might have wanted to settle down to home life.

Hardly possible though. He didn't believe she would ever be able to put it over. That Dawson's predilection for a Dainty Daisy could have anything whatever to do with prospects domestic—how very astonishing!

It was easy to understand, however, that it would be something besides a business consideration that caused him to time his call at an hour late in the afternoon, when he supposed Hilga Nelson would be getting home after her day's toil. From the address given him he assumed that she lived in a district of the South Side chiefly tenanted by packing-house workers and people employed at the stockyards. But it was quite beyond the last row of begrimed cottages, away out yonder where the open country begins, that he came to his objective point—a slate-gray dwelling two blocks eastward from the trolley line, with door and windows standing open to the good warm air of springtime.

An orange glow the sunset had imparted to the sash curtains, idly wafting in and out as if they were delicate golden fleeces languidly stirred by an arrant puff of breeze. While drawing near the door he heard a crispy stir as of starched linen. There were two brief swishes hastily accomplished and then a chuckle resounded from the interior of the house.

"Oh, thought it was somebody else!" a feeble masculine voice saluted, and added in explanation—with another chuckle, "First off, thinks I, it's Hilga. But I see now—come in, come in."

Unable at first to see much in the darkened room, Dawson made out an armchair, an uncouth head against pillows and a pair of eyes looking at him, and then someone propped himself up on a broomstick cane.

"Thought she was goin' to ketch me again without my pillers," he added with a shamefaced laugh when—having shaken hands with the visitor—he laboriously eased himself down between the wide wooden arms of his seat. "Before she leaves of a mornin' gets me all trussed up. Wants me comfortable. But Lord, I gotta have some hardness. Wait till she's gone, then chuck the pillers. Bad for my spine, she says. Got to have cushions—doctor's orders. Goes on the prod, Hilga does, and lights into me if I get ketched without my pillers."

The claim agent consulted the signatures of her communication as he inquired, "Are you Mr.—Mr. ——?" He held the sheet of paper slanted to the light to puzzle out again the scribbled name. "Are you Thumb Minus Barlow?"

"I put that in—the Minus.

"My own idea. Sounds more reasonabler and gets at the facts. But the boys of course and in general everybody what knows me up yonder in the range country makes it just Thumb Barlow."

Said Dawson, "You're a stockman, I presume."

"Correct."

Barlow held up a pale emaciated right hand which lacked the member whose absence—as he thought—entitled him to the Minus, in order to "get at the facts."

"Awful onreasonable," he avowed, "to nick a body with the wrong kind of a nickname. You stand for it of course if they get it wrong. You gotta stand for it. But you don't need to encourage it, do you?"

"I see," Dawson replied.

"No, you don't—and same here. I don't see what makes folks so onreasonable. Call me Thumb when I got no thumb. Nickname don't belong. No sense to it. Ought to be modified and come at the facts. Not bad though in some ways. Short."

Dawson shifted impatiently in his chair, uncrossing his legs and crossing them again, and with some brusqueness interposed a question: Was Miss Hilga Nelson at home?

No answer.

The fancy of the stockman, as is so often the case with sick people, held obstinately to the point he wanted to consider and discuss—the absolute unreasonableness of the misnomer.

"Round up. Outlaw steer. Wouldn't stick with the herd," he explained in the fragmentary way he had of talking. "Critter kept chasin' hisself back on the range. Stump Mills busted a rope fetchin' him back. Next Slim Carrol took a try. Couldn't make the riffle. Horse bad gored. Then me—my turn. Would 'a' been all right, too, only I fouls my rope. Off goes that white-faced steer again head down and tail a-flyin', hittin' it up like a four-legged bat out o' hell.

"I gets down and gives a good look round where the prairie was tore up considerable with hoofs. Finds what I was lookin' for, gives her a shove in my vest pocket and gets to town a few hours later with cigarette papers stuck on and a handkerchief twisted tight to stop the juicin'.

"'Doc,' says I, turnin' out the thumb from my vest pocket, 'seems like my rope got fouled on me. So this here—that's how it come—got yanked clean off.' And doc says, 'Huh!' says doc, and brisked up, opening his tool case and gettin' water into a basin. Doc Weaver—that's who it was. Got a wart on his chin.

(Continued on Page 32)

"Hae, Now," Said the Stranger, and Petulantly Fluttered a Document in Front of Him. "Ye' Get Him to Sign One Like Dis Hae. An' Dis One You Want Him an' Me to Sign"

REPUBLIC TIRES

With STAGGARD *Studs*

Users of Republic Tires enjoy two distinct and definite advantages.

One, of course, is the longer wear due to the wonderful toughness of Prodium rubber.

The other is the added mileage, *and the greater security*, of the Staggard Tread—the really scientific non-skid.

Prodium rubber itself is a scientific compound which wears down very slowly, and very evenly, like good steel.

Mainly because this is so, Republic Tires do last longer.

But the Staggard Tread, by its design and its sturdy studs, also contributes much to increased mileage and lengthened tire-life.

The studs are long and oval, so placed that they always roll with the road.

Their shape, their size, and their position, are calculated to offer the least resistance to forward motion, and the greatest resistance to side motion.

They provide not only positive traction on any road, but positive skid-protection when roads are bad.

It is our earnest belief that tire-money cannot buy, elsewhere, such value in wear and skid-insurance.

Republic Inner Tubes, Black Line Red, Gray and Grande Cord Tire Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio

Export Department, 149 Broadway, Singer Building, New York City

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

(Continued from Page 30)

All right though. First rate surgical man. And doc says—where was I at? Oh, yes—doc says he'd fix me up. Put on a dressin' right off and afterward he'd have to treat it.

"'Treat it? Treat hell!' says I. 'What I want is to get that thumb growed back on again!'

"And it was doc—man of fifty, blue eyes, wart on his chin—it was doc, near as I can figger it—and no way to act—doc started folks a-callin' me Thumb Barlow."

Dawson cleared his throat.

"Miss Nelson?" he pointedly suggested.

"Know her? Friend of hers?" the stockman inquired with avid interest.

"Wouldn't say that. I've seen her, but not acquainted."

"Seen her how? What kind o' togs?"

"In her working clothes."

"Then you ain't seen her—not really. She in them clothes—that's only a masquerade of Hilga. Thought mebbe you used to board at Mrs. Dugan's."

"Miss Nelson worked there?"

"That's it—pie artist. Waited table, too, but all the bear track and sinkers was made by Hilga."

"I suppose you mean doughnuts and biscuits."

"When it comes to biscuit shootin'—say, Sampson! Ain't nobody can bake no hot bread no lighter nowhere than what Hilga can. But it ain't what she can do as a kitchen mechanic that gets folks goin' south and warmin' up. No, it's what she is. You wouldn't try to get too numerous with her. Nobody would, not even the brashest kind of a travelin' man. You wouldn't call her Miss Nelson. Too stand-offish that is; nor yet again you don't call her just Hilga. That's too near. But it's smiles and 'Good mornin', Miss Hilga,' from everybody when she comes totin' in the hot cakes and sirup at breakfast time."

"Respect," said Dawson.

"That's it; now you're tootin'. Me and Cam and Tuck—us boys always et there at Mrs. Dugan's and roomed there, too, when we come in with a shipment o' stock. Get business off our hands and stick in town a few days. See the sights. Spend. Enjoy. Paint up. That fall when I hurt myself it was the barber shop for the three of us right prompt as soon as we got through down in the yards. Haircut, singe, shampoo, tonic, shine, nails fixed, shave, massage—everything—and wishin' there was more. So clean when we got done and bathed and prettified and sweet that it would be worth five dollars of any man's money just to step up and smell us. Know what it was all about, don't you? Hilga. Wanted to show up genteel and parlorfied and do some spendin' on Hilga if she'd let us."

Dawson shifted chairs, for the one he had impatiently occupied was rather unsteady, the back having come unglued. Reseating himself with the smug self-satisfied manner habitual with him, first spreading open the tails of his coat and afterward pulling up his creased gray trouser legs, he inquired, mindful of the errand that had brought him here, "Do you know, I wonder, who I am?"

"Somebody to talk to," Barlow replied, and smiled, but it was a spoiled smile, for the muscles on the left side of his pallid face did not move at all. And yet the clear cordial look of the smiling brown eyes was not at all spoiled. One could see that company was welcome.

Dawson briefly introduced his mission.

"Claim adjuster," he announced. "Traction company."

"And a lawyer, too?" the stockman inquired with a certain eagerness.

Yes, the visitor was of the legal profession.

"Then you ought to be all right," Barlow surmised—"all right as a talker. Smooth and persuadin' like these fellers what sells oil stock. And that's what I want. Need somebody like that worst way. Might not be quite in your line. Seems like a preacher's job really. But I tried him and he fell down on it. Same with Hilga's brother. Tried him and he couldn't cut no ice neither. But you, mebbe—worth tryin'. Pay lib'ral if you pull down the bacon."

"What," Dawson languidly inquired as he wiped his spectacles with a silk handkerchief after fogging them with his breath—"what is the bacon?"

"It—well—a long story. A mouthful and then some. Not quite up to it right now."

"Some other time perhaps," the claim agent hastened to interpose, glad to escape from the possibility of a long winded discourse. Meanwhile he was thinking, "Queer duffer. Fearfully thin and wasted, yet somehow rugged. Deep hollows above his temples. Feeble, but still so very much alive. Sheer nerve, no doubt."

At the sound of an approaching tram with its grind and growl of wheels and the scrape of its trolley Dawson questioned in jerky restlessness, "Will she be on that car?"

"Maybe."

"You mean, it's time for her to be coming along?"

"I'll say it is!"

The ardor of the stockman's tone let one understand how never-ending were the hours that had to be got through every day until Hilga Nelson should finally return from her work. He chuckled as he added, "If she was to show up at the door and take a look in and see you here, do you know what? She'd come red in the face—red as sumac after frost. Funny for her to be like that—ashamed to be seen here at the house in her men's clothes, her overalls. About her work, that's different. Don't mind it then. Ain't thinkin' about her looks. But here right off must get washed up, get into a dress, get her hair done nice and a ribbon in it. That's her. That's Hilga and that's what fetched us boys.

It Was Impossible for Him Long to Remain Silent With Anyone Present Who Would Listen to What He Had to Tell of Hilga Nelson

"Always at Mrs. Dugan's like that—neat and fresh in her gingham dresses. A home body. We'd rag her sometimes and have her say tongue twisters. 'Dree dousan' dree hunder and dirty-dree'—that's the best she could get it. And all color up and hang her head on one side and smile, bashful as a kid, but not mindin' if we laughed. Knowed we was plum mellow about her. Couldn't help knowin'."

"I see," Dawson observed, and he really did see that despite the coarsening influence of hard toil she liked to keep herself modestly feminine. Must get into a dress first thing and have a ribbon in her hair. Well, well!

"Blue-checked gingham or pink," said Barlow. "Or—of a Sunday—a white dress. Hair like a harvest field—a good rich color. One big thick braid down her back. No style. Not carin' a cuss about style."

After a pause he said, "Shucks! Hear me a-goin' on as if you didn't know!"

"I don't," said the claim agent. Having passed to the window, he pushed up the shade and stood gazing out.

"Yes, I remember now. You said so—not acquainted. Only seems like I got it into my head that the whole world ought to know Hilga and be friends with her."

"And you?" Dawson inquired, tapping with his pink-nailed fingers on the window pane. "A relative of hers?"

"Not my fault if I ain't. Tried to be. Lord knows I did. And now, if you're a good talker—there it is! That's the bacon you're to pull down. For she, Hilga, ain't on the marry."

Dawson noted a crooked one-sided grin on the stockman's face.

"When I got smashed up," Barlow went on, "and her a-takin' care of me there at Mrs. Dugan's I come awful near cashin' in—so near that the landlady took my piller away. Bad luck, you know, for anybody to croak on your piller. Well, and it peeved Hilga right smart for me to lose my piller that-a-way. So she waltzes out and hunts up this house and gets ready to move me. Doc wanted me sent to a hospital. She wouldn't hear to it. Her brother was in a hospital once when he hurt his foot. Bad grub. Had him in a room with too many others. Yes, and kept his bed clothes tucked in too tight. Enough of hospitals for Hilga. I shouldn't go there."

The caller listened badly; he fidgeted; he appeared so little interested that Barlow stopped talking. For when one rather prides himself on his gift of gab and is in truth accounted an effective spinner of yarns about camp fires he is not likely to be at all encouraged by such a bored look as Dawson had taken on.

"You didn't, then, go to the hospital?" the claim agent inquired with languid politeness.

Barlow shook his head; and other questions following, he answered them with concise brevity. Yet the point was brought out in any case that after his injury, "when his head got tidied up a little so that he could think straight," he had talked over the situation with Hilga's brother and with the Swedish minister. It appears that a satisfactory consultation had followed. They were told that they could communicate with the bank where Barlow had been transacting business for a term of years; that they could also write to merchants of the county seat. Yes, "to get a line on me," as he expressed it. He would have it established that there was nothing against him and that he was financially sound. Dawson's inquiries finally elicited the assertion:

"If they found me O. K. and everything as stated, why, then, marriage would be the thing, wouldn't it? Nels thought it would and the preacher thought it would, but not Hilga. Should say not! Cried and went on. What did I take her for? Was she out after the money? Is that how I had her sized up?"

Barlow was silent for a time, and then ventured the assertion that it does beat all how the best intentions in the world will sometimes get a man into hot water clean up to his ears. He lit a cigarette, irritably speared a smoke ring with his finger and then let out a grunt.

"It all comes down to this—she hadn't picked me for a husband. Not carin' a tinker's cuss whether I had a head o' stock on the range or a shirt on my back. No, sir, that wasn't it! I tell you what was it. She found out that it was over her that I got smashed. And that bein' so, she figgered that she ought to take care o' me."

Mild interest Dawson showed in desiring to be told in what way it had been over her that Barlow had been injured, but the stockman's thoughts were centered not upon that point but upon something else.

"She'd do the same, I reckon, for either of the other boys, if it was one of them instead of me that got all busted up. Likes us all, for once when she needed help we chipped in, the three of us, and she—mighty grateful. Don't forget a good turn. Didn't amount to much, what we did, only she don't forget it. That's what she's like."

It appears that the methodical course taken with her brother and the Swedish minister had not pleased her and that she had even been terribly cut up about his good intentions. Barlow now confessed that maybe he had "gone at it wrong." His promptness in striving to turn mere benevolence into a matrimonial achievement and his most unsentimental procedure in taking everything for granted had resulted in a painful outcome.

"Cried!" Barlow exclaimed. "Yes, she did. And I'm here to tell you that I don't ever again want to see

(Continued on Page 34)

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AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 32)

Hilga Nelson cry—not never! So awful quiet about it. No gulps or sobs. Held back everything except the tears. If only she would let loose! The miserablest thing is for a woman to cry and not let loose."

His voice scarcely made itself heard as he deliberately added: "When she was crying like that—guess what? She bends down quick and kisses me on the forehead and says she—hum, never mind about that. Good words, though—good kind words. Some Swedish words, too, and I don't sabby what they were, but I know they were nice words."

He took a deep breath and expelled it in a prolonged sigh—a sigh over the mystery that women are. Afterward while staring long at the wall his hand presently went up and touched wonderingly the place where the girl's mouth had been pressed to his forehead.

"The only one," he whispered. "The only kiss I ever got from Hilga."

Constraint came to both men, a long awkward interval of embarrassment, as if each had been made aware of a deep masculine tenderness which he would fain keep not merely hidden, but smothered. Dawson even yawned affectedly to show indifference, and he inquired with a bored tone, "Who were they—the other two?"

"Oh, they? Same as me, a pair of junipers from the short-grass country. We used to think, Cam and me, that Tuck Whalen was her favorite. Undersized, is Tuck. Short neck. Head twisted a little to one side. A sawed-off thick man. Jolly though. Funnin' all the while. Not much of a drinker, but when the state went dry he got a good start. Come wabbly one night to Mrs. Dugan's. Found the staircase all right, but didn't like to go up. It jumped so. He's used to pitchin' hosses full o' frisk and frolic, but a staircase that pitches won't do. Said it was dangerous, so he wouldn't go up, not whatsoever! Wouldn't try. Stretched hisself on the floor in the hall. Hilga found him there and h'isted him off to his room. Then she—this was before the war—she rousted out her brother and gets little ol' Tuck put to bed."

In the shadow the eyes of Barlow smiled, but not brightly. They were dull, tired eyes, for he was taxing his strength too much and yet could not stop talking. After an interval of rest he added, "They got to be a sweet pair o' pansy blossoms over Hilga—them two. One time Cam—right name Campbell—goes to the highfalutinest store in town and fetches back everywhich kind of silk junk with lace on it. 'Langeree' is the name it goes by. So skimp and thin would take a carload lot to pad a crutch for a lame louse."

He tried to describe what it was like, this "langeree." He said there was the pink kind that goes by the name of Teddy Bear and another pink kind that goes by the name of Billie Burke and yet another pink kind—be damned if he could remember what it was called, but Cam had found out that they were the kind that are to be "climbed into before you pile into bed."

Barlow scratched himself behind the ear as he murmured, "Tuck and me, we hardly liked to look at that stuff. Made us ashamed, that's what—made us ashamed to look at anything so naked."

It appears that Tuck in particular had been scandalized, and yet could see nothing amiss in the gift he had bought for Hilga—a pair of garters, blue-satin garters.

"Had buckles on 'em," said Barlow. "Buckles sixteen-carat gold. 'There now,' says Tuck, 'when I spends for Hilga I spends modest.'"

Barlow explained that he had to talk his durndest "to get them boys talked out o' that onrespectable junk." He had explained to them "very earnest" that Hilga was a lady. But Tuck had avowed—horribly stubborn, this Tuck—that he was as knowing as the next man about ways polite.

"The ladier they are," said he, "the more they wants sixteen-carat gold on their garters."

His intended gift, he insisted, was all right. Useful too. He peevishly asserted that "a lady, same as anybody else, has got to have somethin' to snub up her socks with. They have to be kept up, don't they? Sure they do!"

Eventually, however, both he and the buyer of the pink things had allowed themselves to be convinced that their costly presents would possibly be not well received by Hilga Nelson. Barlow even undertook the humiliating commission of returning the garters to the jeweler and recovering the money his friend had paid for them, but as for returning "that nakedness and facin' the lady clerk with it—no, sir! Let Cam tote it back his own self!"

Hearing this assertion made with head-wagging seriousness, Dawson emitted a brief chuckle. It was the first indication that he had been really entertained by Barlow's detailed recital, a narrative which was now rapidly brought to its point of culmination.

"Take that stuff back? Sure I didn't want to! And Cam didn't. Said it sweated him a lot and made him feel foolish to do that tradin' and be hanged if he wanted to undo it. Some sight, I'll bet it was, to see him buyin' them Billie Burkes and things! He would be lookin' awful stern and trying not to fidget and actin' as if he didn't see the saleslady gettin' her head turned round so he wouldn't ketch her laughin'."

With the definite conclusion that propriety demanded something else as a gift to Hilga, he bundled up everything, muddling with the strings, and finally started out with the parcels under his arm. Barlow called after him to inquire whether he had decided to return his purchases, and with that Campbell growled very huffily, "Hell, no! I'm going to hunt up a vamp and unload. That's me!"

This had appealed to him as much the easier course, but it did not prove so.

"Comes late to Mrs. Dugan's next afternoon," Barlow explained, "and et no supper. Victuals didn't agree with him. Looked fresh though. Had been steamin' hisself in a Turkish bath. Wouldn't talk. When we got up to his room with him he wouldn't say aye, yes nor no. Tuck had got hold of some corn liquor—four dollars a half pint—but Cam he wouldn't even wet up. He'd get out his toothbrush from his vest pocket, and his comb, and go wash his teeth every little while and slick up and sit down disgusted and scrape away at his finger nails. A pretty leather-hided cuss is Cam, generally speakin', and no morals to hurt. But somehow Hilga—a man likes to feel clean when he's round where Hilga is."

"I know," said Dawson, but he was thinking of the contortionist girl, not the least of whose charms was that she permitted herself no grossness of manner or vulgarities of speech.

After a time Barlow informatively asserted, "Oldest of four children, was Hilga. Parents dead. Her brother and her two sisters—mothered 'em, sent 'em to school. Awful cut up when the flu took the girls and the war took her brother. He's over there in that sauerkraut country—Army of Occupation. Well, and us boys when we come to town cheer her up and make her laugh, and she somehow wants to look after us and watch out for us. Has to mother somebody. It's her nature, Lord," he exclaimed suddenly, "ain't she comin' yet? Do take another squint down to the car line."

Laggardly, with a great show of indifference, Dawson went to the window.

"No," he said, "only some children passing, and an old woman with a basket on her arm."

Barlow shifted in his chair in an effort to find a more comfortable position, then he rolled a cigarette, neglected to light it and for some time remained with eyes closed. Doubtless he had tired himself out with talking so much. Yet it was impossible for him long to remain silent with any one present who would listen to what he had to tell of Hilga Nelson.

"We was about ready to leave town," he presently went on, rather wearily and with his eyes still closed. "So Tuck he braced hisself and took another whirl to see whether Hilga wouldn't let him take her to a show. Up to then she'd turned us all down. Shows—pouf! No time for shows. Cared about as much for shows as a coon for a coyote camp meetin'. But this time—yes—only not with Tuck alone. The three of us could take her to a ten-cent movie. Forty cents, that was the limit. We could spend forty cents on her, us sons o' guns, with our pockets all mumps with money. Lord a'mighty, cash for a whole trainload o' cattle no more good to us than if we was ol' Mr. Robinson Crookshank on his desert island of Sahara."

Dawson all at once began to laugh, but silently, for he was one of those men in whom robust and wholesome merriment seems never to have been born. Cynical snuggers were commonly the best he could achieve. But the fun of those three fantastic lovers and their enormous disgust over being allowed to spend, all told, but forty cents had finally warmed that chilled heart of his which had never really found its way to good refreshing gayety and full-lunged honest mirth. He sat down suddenly, all doubled up, but like the crying of Hilga Nelson his laughter was a soundless thing.

"Well, and did you take her, you three, to the picture show?"

"No, we—that is—hum! Foolishness! A silly thing. If we had played poker to decide it that would have been—Tuck wanted us to ride. Do some rough ridin'. That's it. A contest. Winner to take Hilga to the movie. There, that's how we was to pick the lucky juniper. Down in the yards four horses that nobody—hum! Wish they had all been butchered for dog meat! Outlaw stock. Kept for brash boys who come to town and swell round and make out that they're world beaters as busters. A bad idee, Tuck had—I'll say it was! For take Cam—he's really there, Cam is. Can crawl anything and stay—anything that strikes and bites and aviates on four hoofs. Didn't he carry off honors once on Pioneer Day in Cheyenne? Yes, he did. But the buckskin he straddled down in the yards—shucks! Cam throwed off on us. Didn't try to ride. All gummed up with remorse—that's why. Wouldn't win, 'cause he didn't think he was worthy after the vampin' he'd let hisself in for. Come my turn second. Subsequent proceedin's mainly, far as I knowed, was Hilga askin' the doctor very quiet, 'Hev he broke his back?'

"Found out afterward that when the ambulance landed me at Mrs. Dugan's Hilga wouldn't have me took to no hospital. Landlady herself wasn't so very pleased, the boys said, to have me in the house; but whether she wanted me or not, that's where I got laid up—all on account of Hilga. She wouldn't have it no other way. The boys they wired for Doc Weaver to come on. For a starter they gets me a mob of local surgeons and such. Awful talented too. I never see no doctors no more talented. If I was John D. Rockyfeller hisself they couldn't use up no more talent on what they charged me. Felt safer to have Doc Weaver show up. He couldn't—that's true—couldn't get my thumb growed back. All right though. Got a wart on his chin."

Dawson did not smile. He gave the injured man a steady look, not at all entering into the spirit of making nonsense of calamity. Out of the conscious silence that had come upon him he murmured coldly, "So—so here you are."

"What's left of me. A piece of a man."

"You don't have to stay in bed. You can even stand up. Don't the doctors hold out any encouragement?"

"In time; that's so, they agree that in time—be myself again, entire and complete. She pulled me through, Hilga did. Been lookin' after me from the first day till now. Done enough. Ain't right for me to be here any more. It's imposin' on her. What fun has she had with me on her hands? No dances, no young fellers, no good times. Jest hard work—and me. Gets finished up with lookin' after her own folks and then what? Then it's me. And now that I'm able I better clear out. Lay up a while longer at some institution somewheres, then get back to the ranch, get clean away and give Hilga some chance to be a girl."

Dawson consulted his watch, for he had a dinner appointment. A long while he looked at the timepiece and then looked at the shiny tips of his patent-leather shoes. By and by he said with the utmost deliberation, "Maybe you're what she needs. Maybe she—cares."

"Sure she does. It's the thanks she feels—she's grateful. For us boys, Tuck and Cam and me, when her sisters was downed with the flu—doctors' bills, medicine, nurses, all that—we paid it. And she don't somehow—she won't never forget it. But now she can let up on bein' grateful. I've had enough. I don't like it. Ain't what I want, not a-tall."

"It's more than thanks," Dawson asserted. "Must be that she—cares." To say simply, "She loves you," was something he could not bring himself to speak, for the word "love" belonged to his vocabulary for fleering and jeering purposes solely, and what it implied of reverence and loyalty and honest sentiment he was now combating with all the skepticism of his hurt soul. He struggled not to believe that the girl in greasy overalls, that rather comical creature, could be anything like the wonder that three rough men had made of her. But there is that in a man, in the meanest masculine heart, which makes him want to have faith in the beauty of womanhood as he would like to have faith in God.

Yet Dawson had but to perceive a growing softness in himself to grow suspicious of it, to deny everything and so get back to his normal state of mind. He had come here on business, the company's business—that absurd twenty-dollar claim about a dead cat. Bluntly the agent spoke of the animal—regrettable accident. Furriera, he believed, pay something for a common feline pelt in good condition. Now if Miss Nelson cared to accept two dollars ——

With portfolio across his knees and fountain pen in hand Dawson began to fill in a legal blank, a waiver of the twenty-dollar claim, which he expected the stockman to sign.

Meanwhile, as Barlow thought of the unfortunate Whitefoot he sighed deeply.

"A good cat," he declared. "Was for a fack. And got to be right friendly with me. Would fetch me in a mouse same as if I was a kitten; yes, sir, and hang round and purr and rub agin me and act awful proud. I'd take the mouse. Then I'd tell Hilga she ought to be accommodatin', same as me. I wasn't out for mice and she wasn't out for money, but she ought to take some, even if she had to take me too. Didn't make me so oneasy at first, us livin' here, for her brother, you see, was livin' here with us. But he's gone now and been gone for over a year and I ain't bedfast no more. I'm up and round and gettin' stronger every day. And first we know, if I don't clear out Hilga will be gettin' her name drug in the mire. Reverend Swanson don't like it. He don't call no more. And members from the Swedish church don't call. So you see how it is. She's located bad, ain't she?"

Barlow sat scowling at the puzzle life had become for him and for Hilga, and no doubt the puzzle wearied him even more than the fatigue of so much talking, for his eyelids drooped and his head also drooped and presently began to nod. He had gone to sleep.

Should he be wakened and be brought to discuss the silly claim about the dead cat? Dawson turned this question over in his mind and got up and trod quietly from one end of the room to the other. And as he went he cast resentful sidewise glances at the sleeper. It was the rancor of envy. He envied that man's spirit—the spirit that could be generous and laugh and be strong, even while the poor body was the wretched thing it had become. So when Barlow roused presently out of his brief nap the claim agent said at once, "Here is a waiver I'd like to have you sign. The company allows two dollars for the dead cat."

"Why two dollars? Why not twelve or twenty-two or two hundred and two?" the stockman inquired, and added with finality, "Hilga wants twenty."

"Oh, come now," said Dawson. "You must see how absurd is such a claim."

"Maybe it is. Maybe by rights the claim ought to be five hundred. If you was shut up here and wantin' company and had something alive to come in and be friends with you, would that be worth twenty dollars to you? Hey, would it? Maybe they ain't no sum big enough to pay for such free gifts as kindness and friendship and the comforts and goodness that comes unasked. Ever know anybody working any harder than the Red Cross nurses worked in French hospitals? Money couldn't buy that service, could it? No, and money can't pay—not really—for what that cat was to Hilga and me. We needed that cat."

"That may be. I don't deny it. But," Dawson stubbornly insisted, "twenty dollars can't be allowed."

"Can't, eh?"

"Really cannot."

"How much can?"

"Two dollars."

"Two?"

"That's it."

"Two hell! Twenty or nothin'."

"Then it will be nothing."

"So, that's what you're like! And me a-thinkin' all along that you was somebody. Told you all that about Hilga to get you on my side and help me out if you would to make her see things straight—I mean about her and me. That's what I was comin' at. But now I see where I've fetched up. You got no influence—can't have—not by no means. You ain't built right.

"Well, shove me your paper. I'll sign whatever it is. I'll sign, and then for God's

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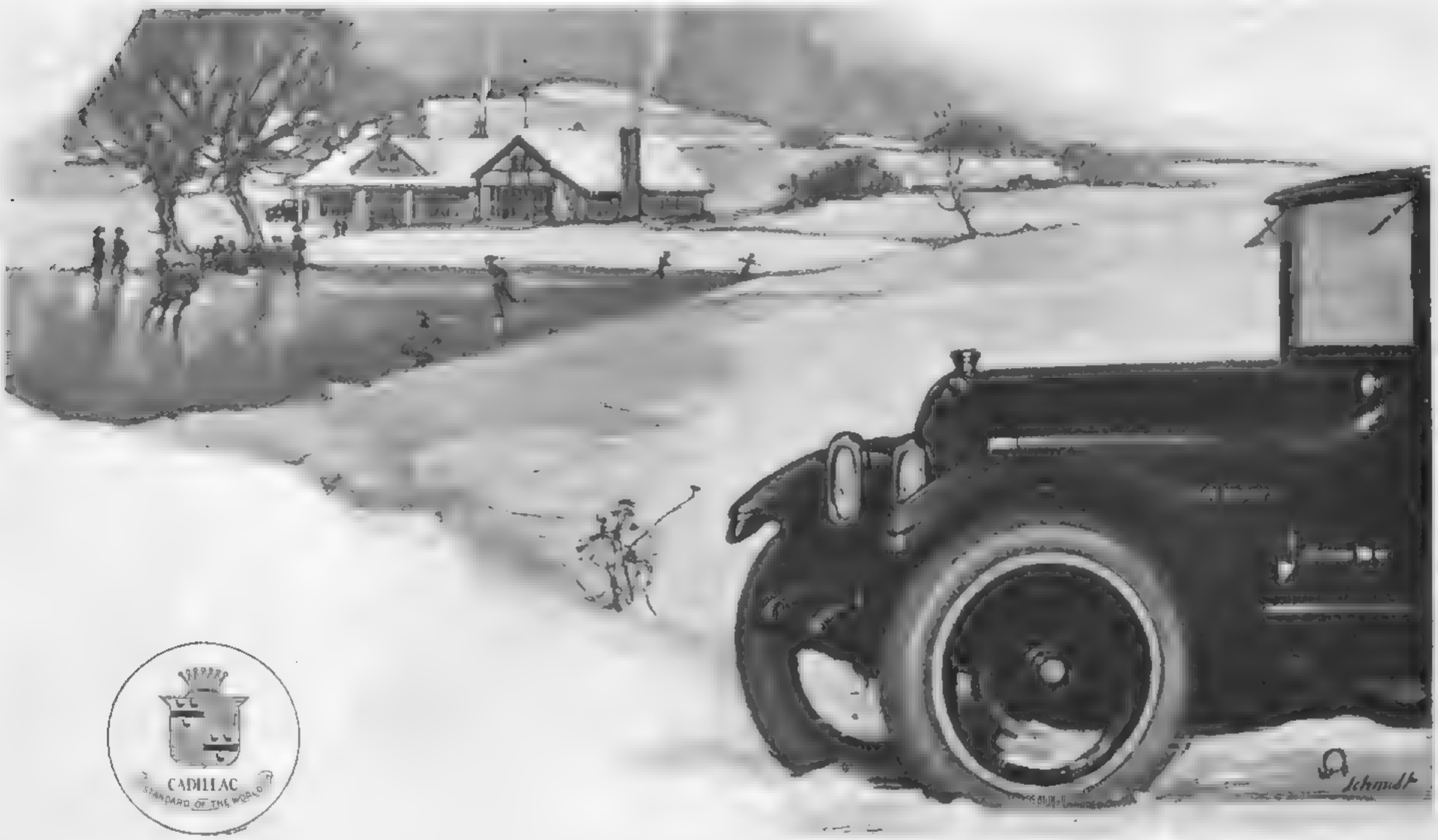

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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

The Future of Air Travel

By Floyd W. Parsons

WHAT are the possibilities of the airplane as a common carrier? That is one question uppermost in the minds of the thinkers in all nations. Railroad men are also wondering just what effect the development of aviation will have on the future operation of our great steam and electric transportation systems.

In many parts of the world the question is one of national moment. Years ago the Dutch led the world in maritime trade. This was due largely to the fact that the Netherlands possessed great natural waterways that gave the Dutch control over a large part of the commerce of the interior of Europe. Now comes the airplane as a commercial carrier and Holland is disturbed concerning the maintenance of her position in the world's trade. In order to avoid defeat through the development of a great new art the Netherlands Government has been quick to adapt her plans to the new order. The first aëronautical exposition to be held in Europe after the war took place in Amsterdam. The Dutch are frank in their avowal that they intend to institute aërial communication with Java and their other colonies, making international arrangement for the establishment of the necessary stopping points, or airship stations, en route.

Interior View of One of the Newest Types of Passenger Airplanes

The people of Holland are looking forward to the time when the airplane will reshape the transportation of Europe; when Germany will no longer have to use Dutch or Belgian seaports; when airplanes and aërial terminals will be the all-governing factors. They have set out to establish leadership on the Continent in commercial aëronautics. The present understanding is that the Dutch will coöperate with the British and use British aërodromes in the routes to the East.

Has commercial aviation arrived? Has the art of flying proved its utility and practicability? The battle plane of the great war is already obsolete. What, then, is the future of our plans for national defense? Is there a balanced relationship between commercial and military aëronautics? If there is, have we recognized the condition here in America? The report of the British Parliamentary Committee on Civil Aërial Transport issued recently said: "Cost what it may, this country—Great Britain—must lead the world in civil aërial transport."

It is ever true that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Air routes will always be the shortest highways of travel. The airplane is the swiftest means of transport. To-day these ships of the air are expensive, and as a consequence for the moment their use must be confined to cases where the demand for speed is sufficient to offset the expense. The demand of the present era is for the reduction of time; this alone insures the airplane an immediate service in the carriage of passengers and small and valuable freight. The transcontinental race showed that the United States can be crossed from ocean to ocean twice via the air in 50 hours' flying time—an average in excess of 100 miles an hour for the entire distance. This achievement also called attention to the fact that fleets of battle planes could be shifted from coast to coast for aërial defense in two and a half to three days.

The United States is a great natural field for the airplane, because as a people we are always in a hurry and we live in a country where great distances are the common thing. As individuals the airplane appeals to us; as a nation we show mild indifference. Last summer aërial taxi lines sprang up throughout the country. These pioneers in aviation found that passengers could be carried for a dollar a minute, or a dollar a mile, whichever basis was desired. Most of these lines are still in operation, except at northern points where summer travel has waned. The chief difficulty has been that most of the companies have lacked proper landing-field facilities.

Aërial transport has been in operation in the following places: New York, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Atlanta, various points in Florida, Albany, Schenectady, Providence, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Minneapolis, Louisville, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dayton, many points in Texas, Omaha; Grand Island, Nebraska; Tulsa, Oklahoma; Denver, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Riverside, California; and San Diego.

The taxi company which controls most of the taxi service in Chicago has purchased fifty planes for operation between Chicago and certain famous vacation resorts and to provide service for business men who wish to complete a day at their desks in Chicago before overtaking by airplane the Twentieth Century Limited, which train left Chicago hours earlier. A number of rich men now use their own planes for travel back and forth between the town and the country. The general manager of a Middle-Western airplane company frequently comes to New York on business via the air. Out in Seattle recently a busy man on an important mission failed to catch a steamer that had sailed. He phoned an airplane company and was told that they could start in thirty minutes to overtake the ship. The seaplane overhauled the water craft, alighted on the surface of the sea and the transfer of passenger from aircraft to vessel was made by boat.

Perhaps the most convincing illustration of the value of the airplane in business is the air mail service between New York and Washington. I am told that this aërial service will be extended to San Francisco by next May if funds are forthcoming. By spring fourteen cargo mail ships of two and three motors will be in operation between New York and Chicago. These ships will carry from 2000 to 3000 pounds useful load—that is, mail. Even now between Washington and New York and New York and Chicago eight planes are in the air daily, each carrying up to 450 pounds of first-class letter mail. Delivery is advanced to all points from sixteen to twenty-four hours, because distribution may be made at terminals instead of in railway cars en route. I am informed that airplane mail is cheaper than that by rail, and the Post Office Department expects to save hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly when the big ships are in operation.

At a recent conference in Cleveland it was stated by the chairman of the aviation committee of the Chamber of Commerce that an unsuccessful attempt had been made by the Cleveland banks to get the New York Central Railroad Company to adjust its New York train schedule so as to save a banking hour for Cleveland. Now comes the airplane and traverses the 410 miles in four and a half to five hours as against thirteen to seventeen hours by train. This has convinced Omaha bankers that literally thousands of dollars in interest can be saved by the transportation by air of negotiable papers and so on. On this assumption the Omaha Chamber of Commerce, through its representative at the Cleveland meeting, appealed to Otto Praeger, Second Assistant Postmaster-General, for a rapid extension of the aërial mail.

Airplanes have been used to beat the telegraph and cable. Reports of great length, which would have congested the wires for days, have been transported within a few hours. Nothing can exceed the speed of a telegraphed word, but it requires a good deal of time to wire many thousands of words. A scheme is being worked out for the combination of train mail, aëro post and telegraph for the speedier transmission of messages. This plan originated in England. One example of time economy occurred the day of the Willard-Dempsey fight, when New York and San Francisco papers carried the films of the bout by airplane. The San Francisco papers saved 24 hours over train time.

Forest-fire patrols are in operation in California and Oregon, where millions of dollars' worth of timber have been saved. One airplane has spotted as many as forty fires in one day, locating them at a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles to within half a mile of the exact spot. The plans for next year call for air patrols throughout the entire Northwest and the radio telephone will be used to report conflagrations. Maps made from photographs taken from the air are absolutely accurate. The lens records details that would otherwise go unnoted. In coast and geodetic surveys the airplane is fast proving its worth.

Bird's-eye-view lithographs are now out of date. The present vogue is airplane pictures. Certain large real-estate and financial concerns in New York City are sending their photographers up in airplanes when wide views of newly developed plots are desired. Down in Cuba one large mahogany company dealing only in the finest wood recently purchased a number of training-type planes for use in timber spotting. This was found to be the quickest method of locating the most desirable trees. Many of our war planes that were used last year for coast defense are now being employed as a coast patrol for life-saving purposes.

A large mining company operating in Canada has located ore at the summit of a mountain which cannot be safely reached even by pack horses. Up to the present time the precious ore has been carried out by men. Now the mining company sees in the airplane a solution for its difficulties. A survey is being made preliminary to the construction of a landing field on the summit and a number of planes will be used to carry in a ten-stamp mill and later to carry the output of the plant from the mine to tidewater. A number of mining companies having properties located in isolated mountainous regions of the United States and Mexico are planning a like utilization of the airplane for transport purposes.

It is conservatively estimated that no fewer than 600 airplanes are privately owned by residents of the United States. In addition more than 3000 training land and water craft are rapidly being sold by the Government at prices considerably below the cost of production. Many of these latter planes are going to Western ranchers and oil operators in the Southwest. In most of these out-of-the-way regions there is poor rail transportation and this condition affords the airplane a splendid chance. Numerous companies having industrial operations at points distant from the main lines of travel are finding that the airplane is an admirable carrier of pay rolls from near-by cities to the outlying plants. The chance of a hold-up in the air is less than it is on the ground.

One of our leading aviation authorities is of the opinion that the chief need of the moment is for a Federal bureau of aëronautics that could provide the research work necessary for the development of planes and motors. This technical branch could operate for the Army, Navy, postal service and other governmental departments, as well as for manufacturers. This same engineer predicts that the water flying machine will be used more generally in the near future than the land machine. He bases his view on the fact that just now the water is most available for landing places. Airplanes are being made weatherproof to-day and a man living near a body of water could easily moor his flying boat off shore. He says that cheap planes will arrive just as soon as a sufficient demand is developed so that the manufacturers can start quantity production and build stock planes instead of constructing each machine according to new and individual specifications.

During the war the comfort and convenience of aircraft passengers were subordinated to the speed and mobility of the plane itself. To-day in the construction of commercial machines the aëronautical engineer is giving much thought to the ease and contentment of the public who will travel by air. In basic principles of design the coming commercial planes will not be changed materially. Just as the

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Hits from Broadway on Pathé Records

A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody, *from Ziegfeld Follies of* 1919, Sam Ash, Tenor Dear Heart.....Turner Roe, Baritone	22219
There's a Lot of Blue-Eyed Marya Down in Maryland..Arthur Fields, Baritone Pretty Little Rainbow....Orpheus Trio	22215
Saxophone Blues, Ernest Hare, Baritone (Saxophone passage by Rudy Wiedoeft) They're All Sweeties, Billy Murray, Tenor	22213
Fast Asleep in Poppyland, Peerless Quartet I Might Be Your Once-In-Awhile, *from "Angel Face"*...Arthur Fields, Baritone	22214
Just for Me and Mary, James and Hart Every Tear Is a Smile in an Irishman's Heart, Charles Hart, Tenor	22212
Christmas Eve in The Toy Shop, Russel Hunting and Sterling Trio 'Twas The Night Before Christmas, Russel Hunting	22191
When the Preacher Makes You Mine, One Step .....Tuxedo Syncopators Buddha, Fox Trot..Tuxedo Syncopators	22209
Tulip Time, Fox Trot, *from Ziegfeld Follies of* 1919, Nicholas Orlando's Orchestra Cairo, One Step, Nicholas Orlando's Orchestra	22211
Oh, What a Pal Was Mary, Waltz, Nicholas Orlando's Orchestra Patches, Fox Trot, Nicholas Orlando's Orchestra	22210
Hawaiian Smiles, Royal Waikiki Hawaiians Shadows, Waltz, Royal Waikiki Hawaiians	22220

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(Continued from Page 36)

trend of automobile development has been in refinement, elimination of unnecessary parts, increased safety and durability and foolproof operation, so will the airplane be developed along the same lines of greater reliability, lower first cost and a reduced operating expense.

I asked one of our most noted authorities for his viewpoint on the future of aviation and got this reply: "Coming developments will produce extremely high speeds in the air together with low landing speeds so that a machine can be landed in small spaces on average ground. Also with a given expenditure of power and given operation expense heavier loads will be carried. Machines will be fitted with brakes to arrest momentum when landing on aërodromes. Planes will be so stable that they will practically be able to take care of themselves in flight. Control mechanism will be so refined that practically no exertion will be required to operate them.

"It has already been shown that with intelligent use the depreciation of the airplane is not excessive, and the new commercial designs, barring unfortunate crashes, will show just as little depreciation as the modern motor truck. The greatest present weakness lies in a lack of suitable and accurate navigating instruments. The experiences of the last year have shown that planes are capable of withstanding the rigors and difficulties of flight in heavy rain and snowstorms. The permanence and regularity of any air service therefore will rest solely on the speedy development of these navigation instruments.

"As to the mechanical efficiency of the aircraft power plant, we have found that aëronautical motors require less than one-half of a pound of fuel used for each horse power developed, whereas the average auto engine, and more particularly the motor-truck engine, usually requires about seven-tenths of a pound of fuel for each horse power developed. The best opinion at present appears to point to the desirability of the medium-sized cargo plane as best for commercial work. In other words, 600 to 800 horse power would represent the total power plant and the high speed would be in the neighborhood of 126 miles an hour maximum and 105 miles an hour as the commercial speed. The landing speed of each machine will undoubtedly be brought as low as 37 miles an hour. Between stations these planes would be able to maintain a schedule of speed of at least 90 miles an hour under all air conditions. The chief use of the airplane in the immediate future will be for carrying small and valuable parcels.

"And right here let us not forget that the airship possesses one great superiority over all common carriers which must resort to indirect sinuous routes; it has that great advantage known as the economy of the straight line. The possibilities of the use of the highways of the air are only commencing to be imagined."

Rubber! Rubber!

NOT long ago in conversation with a friend the talk drifted to the question of human observation. Said he, "Of all the traits we possess, the one showing the greatest deficiency is our lack of common everyday perception. We notice things without recording a definite impression. For example," he continued, "how many steps are there leading up from the pavement to the ground floor of the club where you lunch each day?"

I replied that I might guess, but I couldn't be sure.

"There you are," said he. "You have entered that building several thousand times and you don't know."

This same lack of close attention runs through the whole of our lives. We have come to accept things as they are, seldom questioning the why and wherefore of our most intimate associations. I saw a statement the other day that rubber was the fifth necessity of life, and as I picked up a rubber band to snap it round a package of letters I wondered if that declaration could possibly be true. Later, on the street, as the thousands of automobiles and motor trucks rushed along, I began to picture a world without rubber and many of the doubts concerning the truth of the assertion were swept out of my mind.

"If rubber is so important," thought I, "just where do we as a nation line up in the world's business in this essential material?"

Looking back hastily to the beginning, the answer appears to be about as follows:

Rubber was first discovered by the Indians living on the banks of the Amazon in Brazil. They called the substance cahuchu and used it to make pouches, shoes and to a very limited extent rainproof clothes. Columbus, on his second voyage of discovery, tells of having seen the natives of Haiti playing with balls which bounced amazingly. These balls—as he afterward learned—were made from the gum of some tree. In 1772 the English scientist, Priestley, found that the strange material would remove pencil marks from paper, which accounts for the present name—"rubber."

Following the investigations of Priestley, a fellow named Mackintosh discovered that if a piece of cloth was covered with rubber the material so treated would be waterproof. But the rubber-treated cloth was sticky, so Mackintosh finally found a way out of his difficulty by laying the sticky sides of two pieces of cloth together. This discovery gave birth to the handsome raincoats of to-day.

Next in order came a young chemist named Charles Goodyear, who was working with one of the companies that had been organized to manufacture mackintosh coats. This young man, like many other great inventors, passed through days of sore tribulation. He made failure after failure until at last his friends had all disappeared and he was thrown in prison for failure to pay his debts. One day in the spring of 1839, in a little house in Woburn, Mass., Goodyear started to expound the virtues of his discovery before a few indifferent listeners. In his hand he held a mass of his compound of sulphur and gum, and becoming excited dropped the mixture or ball onto a red-hot stove that stood beside him. On quickly recovering the mass he found that the hot stove had charred but not melted the compound. He was amazed by the fact that red-hot iron had not melted India rubber and in a few days he had completed further investigations that led to the discovery of vulcanization.

Up to this time all the rubber was called Pará rubber, named from the town of Pará in Brazil, from which place all the rubber was shipped. In certain other parts of the world, however, various kinds of tropical trees, shrubs and vines later were found to yield rubber, but none of these species seemed able to produce a product equal to that coming from the wild trees in Brazil. Furthermore the Brazilian trees were possessed of a rare and distinct virtue in that they would heal quickly and go on growing after they had been cut and bled of their precious juice known as latex. Experiments in transplanting were started, therefore, and it was discovered that under proper conditions the wild Hevea trees of South America could be made to thrive in other countries. As a result, and notwithstanding the fact that there are several hundred thousand square miles of forest—principally wild rubber—in Brazil, the bulk of the rubber production to-day comes from the cultivated Hevea trees on the comparatively new plantations in Asia, Africa and India, as well as in South America. To be exact, the wild trees of Brazil now produce about 33,000 tons of rubber annually, while the plantations of Africa and the Far East show a yearly production of approximately 240,000 tons. It was no longer ago than 1907 when the plantations of Asia and Africa were producing less than 1000 tons a year.

Down in Brazil the rubber gatherer, or seringueiro, still follows the ancient practice of pouring the latex on a paddle, or stick, which he holds over a hot fire. The stick is rotated as the pouring continues and the latex is hardened into a big rough ball, or biscuit, weighing about thirty pounds. Plantation rubber is not smoked, but is treated with an acid—lime juice is commonly used—which causes the milky fluid to coagulate, and the rubber separates from the water, forming into a soft, spongy mass, or biscuit, which eventually finds its way to the factory of the manufacturer.

From the time the crude biscuit of rubber reaches the factory the person of greatest importance in the remaining operation is the chemist. Pure rubber merely vulcanized would lack durability, so the staff of chemical experts employed by the manufacturing concern has to decide on certain treatments, where mixtures are added to produce grades of rubber having the desired qualities for the special work in hand. An entirely different compound would be used in making tires from what would be employed in making bands or belts. If the tires on your automobile stand up well under rough wear you can thank the chemist for having produced the right kind of compound.

Speaking of tires for automobiles and trucks brings up a story of marvelous achievement. It is of course true that the growth of tire output in this country runs parallel with the increasing use of the automobile for business and pleasure. In 1913 the motor vehicle registration in the United States amounted to 1,254,971 cars. In 1918 there were 6,146,617 motor vehicles registered. Allowing five tires per car per year, the annual consumption has grown from better than six million to nearly 31,000,000 tires. At an average of $25 per tire the value of the total tire production at the present time is in the neighborhood of $800,000,000 annually. In 1917 approximately 75 per cent of the rubber consumed in the United States was used for tires and tire sundries. Though the greater volume of increase has been in pneumatic tires under six inches, the greater rate of increase has been in solid and large pneumatic tires for trucks. Assuming twenty pounds of rubber as an average per car for regular equipment and one-fourth of that extra for one spare per car, it is evident that 153,665,425 pounds of rubber was being used last year in American tire casings alone, an amount equal to nearly 40 per cent of the United States crude-rubber imports for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1918. Though our tire exports are not large in comparison with what we consume ourselves, they have increased 254 per cent since 1913.

Natives Collecting the Latex or Milk From the Rubber Trees in a Plantation in the Far East

We Americans are great people to boast of our independence, but the more we delve into matters the more we discover that the earth is inhabited by other folks who have brains and money. The rubber industry is another business that brings this fact home. Conservative estimates for this year indicate that the plantations of the Far East will produce 84 per cent of the world's supply of crude rubber.

Of this total plantation output the British colonies will turn out approximately 80 per cent, or nearly 68 per cent of the total production of the world.

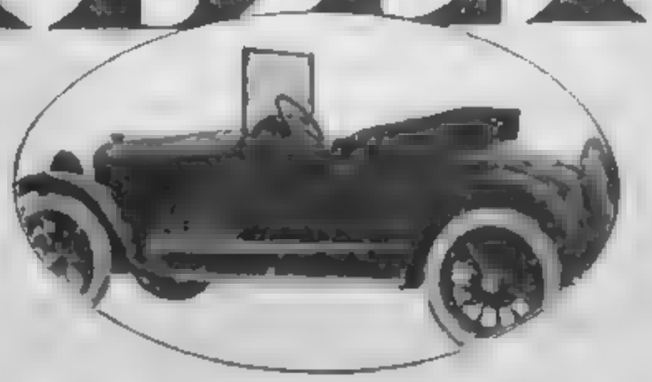
It is further true that more than 66 per cent of all rubber plantations are situated in British colonies, so that Great Britain exercises political as well as financial control over the supply of this very important raw material. Of the British acreage more than eight hundred thousand acres lie in the Federated Malay States. Next to the British, the Dutch are the big holders of rubber lands. Their principal plantations are in Sumatra

(Concluded on Page 62)

The Liberty lived in the minds of those who are building it, an unfulfilled ideal, fifteen years ago. Expressing their love of beauty, and all of their accumulated experience, it sprang full-fledged into immediate acceptance as a car of unmistakable quality.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX



THE CLINK OF THE SPURS

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

HERE—stop that! Ain't you got any sense at all?" "Why, what have I been doin', Chet?" Young Cliff Willett turned from his dishwiping and regarded his partner with surprise in his honest eyes. Old Chet Johnson was glaring at him like an infuriated animal. "Seems to me I been wipin' the dishes and 'tendin' to my own business same as usual. What have I been doin'?"

"What you been doin'?" old Chet flared at his partner. "You been singin', that's what you been doin'! You're always singin' in the morning—and anybody with brains knows that singin' in the morning is bad luck!"

"Aw, shucks!" Willett was flushed and manifestly he was struggling to keep control of his temper, but his voice was conciliatory. "You oughtn't to be so superstitious!"

"I ain't superstitious!" old Chet shot back, tremulous with the intensity of his unreasonable rage. "You hear me? I ain't superstitious!"

"Well, anyway, it seems to me that it's a little thing to get mad about."

"Who's mad?" demanded Johnson, his voice continuing to rise. "Who do you reckon's mad?"

"Why, you are!"

"You're a liar!" said old Chet bluntly, and waited, head thrust forward, red eyes hot with smoldering hate.

There was a convulsive twitching of the younger partner's big muscles and Willett made a slight involuntary movement forward.

But the next instant he caught himself and smiled, though his lips were white.

"Aw, shucks!" he said again. "What's the use of quarrelin' like a couple of yearlin's? Pardners oughtn't to quarrel."

"I ain't quarrelin'!" burst out Johnson. "I'm a peaceable man! But when a man's got a damn fool for a pardner ——"

"Here!" Young Willett's voice was still steady, but a different ring had come into it. "That'll be plenty! I know you're not exactly yourself, Chet, but no man can rub it in on me! You've gone the limit—and it ain't exactly safe for any man to go an inch beyond the limit with me unless he wants to get his nose knocked clear up into his cowlick! You think it over before you talk to me again!"

The Sudden Question Struck Chet Like a Blow Over the Heart. It Seemed That Every Fiber in His Being Was Betraying Him to the Keen Old Eyes of Tally Potter

Old Chet glared at the six feet of young manhood standing straight and steady in the middle of the floor. He muttered something under his breath and turned back to the stove. He was boiling a pot of beans for the noon meal. Cliff watched him for a minute or two and then gradually the flush cleared from the young man's face and he smiled.

"Aw, say, Chet," he said, "cheer up! I know we been gettin' on each other's nerves, cooped up in this little shack together ever since the first of November, but let's forget it. Spring's nearly here. First hard ride we make will clear up our livers and then we'll be good friends again."

He waited. There was no answer. Old Chet still stood motionless by the stove, intent apparently upon the beans.

"Ain't mad yet, are you, Chet?"

Still no answer.

The young man hung the dishcloth upon its nail and moved across to the door, his spurs clinking upon the floor as he went. He wore the spurs all the time, laying them off only as one lays aside his boots when he goes to bed, for the spurs had become a habit with the young cattleman. For some minutes he stood looking across the wide, deep cañon to the high slope of old Chanowah Mountain, a mile away across the river. The snow line was creeping toward the summit of old Chanowah, for though it was only the first of March there had been nearly two weeks of warm rains which had taken away all the snow from the lower altitudes.

Along the wooded slope of Chanowah Mountain moist little fog blobs moved sluggishly, unable to rise to the higher atmosphere and take on the dignity of clouds. Young Willett observed these with the understanding eye of the mountaineer as they crawled along, white lumps of foam against the dark green of the wet hillsides.

"Goin' to be some more rain, Chet," he called cheerfully, "by the look of the butter flecks driftin' along the ridges over yonder."

No answer. Johnson still stood with his strange gaze upon the pot of beans.

Low down under the scattered fog blobs a tiny wisp of vapor, thinner and bluer than the fog heaps, drifted up from Chook's Bar. Young Willett contemplated it wistfully.

"The Ellery folks are just gettin' breakfast," he observed, "judgin' by the smoke."

"Shut that door!" old Chet flamed at him with animal violence.

"Aw, say, Chet ——"

Old Chet Johnson's nerves snapped like a banjo string. He snatched the bean pot from the stove and hurled it insanely at his partner. The steaming kettle hit the side of the door, smashed like a bombshell and filled the air with boiling beans and fragments of the faithful old utensil. Cliff Willett jumped outside, but not soon enough to avoid the entire burst. The door slammed behind him and he stood in the soft mountain air, mopping bean soup from his face and neck and wondering if he would get any blisters out of the business. He listened. Inside the cabin old Chet was raging like a crazy man. Cliff hung about the door for a few minutes, undecided. Presently he grinned uneasily.

"Aw, say," he muttered, "what's the use? Chet ain't himself or he wouldn't act that way. So why should I go back in there and maybe start some more trouble? I'll talk it over with him to-night after he's cooled off. Right now I'll go out and saddle old Jaybird and take a little ride. Do me and Jaybird a lot of good."

The young man walked slowly out to the stable, his spurs clink-clinking upon the frozen ground, for the sun had not yet risen high enough to slant down upon the western slope where the cabin stood. All about was the promise of an early spring: the smell of the awakening earth, the intangible feel in the air of the growing things getting ready to burst through the ground. On the nearer hillsides the brush was beginning to lift itself again after the long months lying flat upon the earth with five feet of snow weighing it down. Willett saddled his horse and rode back to the cabin for his slicker, which hung in the covered veranda. He tied the slicker to the saddle and mounted. As he was about to ride away Chet Johnson opened the door.

"What d'ye say we bust up?" he said without other preamble. His eyes avoided Cliff's eyes.

"Why, Chet—why, I——" the young man's gaze was full of consternation. "What's the matter? Ain't I been a good pardner?"

Johnson did not answer. He still stood motionless, his eyes on the ground.

"I've tried," went on the young man. "Didn't I nurse you through a bad spell of mountain fever? Paid all the expenses myself too. Glad to do it—for my pardner."

He waited again. A covert sneer appeared about old Chet's mouth, but the man continued silent.

"For the matter of that," went on Willett, resentment rising within him—"for the matter of that, you got to admit that this is my business—lock, stock and barrel! I thought you'd make a good pardner, so I took you in with the understanding that after five years you were to own half of the cattle. After five years—remember? I been livin' up to my part of the contract. I been doin' my share of the ridin' for two years. And for the last six months I been takin' things from you I wouldn't have stood from any other livin' man! I don't know what's the matter with you, Chet. But if you ain't satisfied here, why yonder's the same trail you came in on! You was carryin' your blankets then and you seemed mighty glad of the chance to come in with me. You're free to cut loose any time you like. More'n that, I'll pay you the same wages for the last two years that I'd have paid any other rider."

He waited, his face flushed and his lips white, for the injustice of his partner's behavior was hurting him keenly.

(Continued on Page 43)

A Joyful Surprise for Christmas Morning

The Gift of a Phonograph Is Always Welcome
Doubly So If It Is the World's Greatest Phonograph,

The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

THE phonograph is a real Gift. It increases the joy of entertainment and musical education to every one who receives it. The thrill of pleasure felt by those who find a phonograph amongst their gifts this Christmas, will be intensified if the instrument is an Aeolian-Vocalion.

For the Vocalion is not merely the finest of all phonographs. In addition, it holds a delightful surprise—a gift all its own for those who love to take part in making music themselves.

The Graduola —

an exclusive feature of the Vocalion, is the most important invention ever developed in connection with the phonograph. Holding this simple device in your hands, you can sit a few feet from the instrument, listen to the record and as that innate desire to *express* the music comes to you, you move the Graduola gently, and picture in clear, artistic tone-colors your own instinctive music-thoughts.

Besides this exclusive playing-feature, the Vocalion possesses many vital points of superiority as a phonograph—points which reflect the prestige and success of the great music house behind it.

Vivid, Life-like Tone Quality

of the instrument or the voice it is recreating, is a clear and outstanding feature of Vocalion supremacy. It possesses verity of tone-production that holds the interest of the musician as well as the layman; its capabilities reaching from the depth and resonance of a bass viol or deep baritone voice to the airy delicacy of a flute or a boy soprano.

Cases of Striking Beauty

Connoisseurs of good cabinet design appreciate at a glance the superiority of the Vocalion cases. The conventional models express a simple elegance that is the essence of refinement.

The famous line of Period Vocalions, executed by America's foremost cabinet makers, are replicas of the best designs from classic masters.

These and a number of important, though less conspicuous, features have brought the Vocalion to a position of importance in the musical world far beyond the former standing of the phonograph.

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Canadian Distributors: The Nordheimer Piano and Music Co., Ltd., Toronto

Makers of the Duo-Art Pianola
Greatest Development of the Piano

Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World

The Christmas Gift of Year 'Round Joy

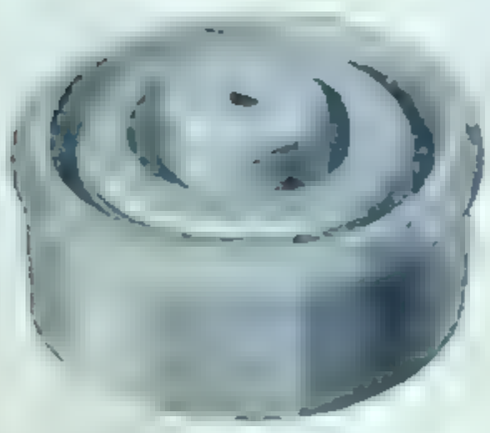
IS your home limited as to the good things you can cook or bake because the gas main does not reach you? Have you wished for delicious cakes, pies, roasts and things that need *lots* of heat?

Then let the whole family join in giving mother a "Red Star" Detroit Vapor Oil Stove for Christmas.

Here is the advanced type, all-the-year-'round oil stove that bakes, boils, roasts or fries—*anything* that can be done on a city gas range.

RED ★ STAR

Detroit Vapor Oil Stove



The Red Star Burner

One of the great achievements in oil stove construction. Converts kerosene, gasoline or distillate into gas. Mixes gas with proper proportion of air like an automobile carburetor. Produces a double ring of hot gas flame. Burner becomes red hot, adding intense heat. Consumes all smoke and odors. Made of grey annealed iron. Weighs 8½ lbs. Impervious to effect of constant heating and cooling. Saves 25% of fuel.

The home that has a Red Star enjoys as deliciously cooked meats, vegetables and pastries as does any city home.

These amazing results are due to the wonderful Red Star burner which automatically converts kerosene, gasoline or distillate into gas. Burners are directly under cooking utensils. Heat is regulated by turning the valves. One gallon of kerosene lasts 19 hours. Over 25% of fuel is saved.

Go see the "Red Star" Detroit Vapor Oil Stove at your local hardware or furniture store. Look for the Red Star. Write for copy of our Red Star Book of Cooking Tests.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE CO.
DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A. 41

No Wicks—No Wick Substitutes

(Continued from Page 40)

Johnson did not change his motionless attitude, and when at last he spoke his words seemed entirely irrelevant.

"Where you goin'?" he asked abruptly.

"I thought I'd go down to the summer camp and ride up to the fish-dam cabin. From there I'll come back over the Silver Springs glade. I'm takin' a salt bag along. I figure I'll find the cattle round Silver somewhere, and if they're there I'll salt 'em."

"Not goin' down to Ellery's?" Johnson's eyes were still on the ground.

"I ain't aimin' to go to Ellery's. It'll take me too far out of my way."

Without another word Johnson went inside the cabin and shut the door. Willett sat in the saddle irresolute for a few moments, staring at the closed door, a nameless fear beginning to whisper about his heart. Was Chet going crazy? Then he touched the horse with a spur and jogged away down the slope toward the river.

The fog blobs were growing larger now and they dragged sullenly through the treetops beyond the cañon. In the gulches that seamed the vast slope from top to bottom they lingered heavily. Willett cast an eye up to the southwest and noted a filmy haze that was crawling over the crest of Chanowah Mountain:

"Goin' to storm sure!" he said. "Jaybird, it'll storm before night, and if we go clear round by the fish-dam cabin and back by Silver Springs glade we'll be lucky to get back home without a fine wettin'. I'd give a good deal to know what's the matter with Chet. He's been actin' queer for a long time now. I—I wish I'd known him a little better before I took him in with me. And I wish we had our partnership down in black and white. Not a scratch of paper between us! That ain't business. Why, if he wanted to he could claim half the cattle right now—and I couldn't prove that he wasn't entitled to 'em! No sir, that ain't business! I always was easy, I reckon. But he seemed all right when he came here couple of years ago. Aw, shucks! Of course he's all right! Just got a long grouch on, maybe. Shut up for five or six months with a big kid like me—it's got him runnin' in circles. Sure Chet's all right! Come on, Jaybird, let's kick a few rocks about! That haze slidin' up over Chanowah means business."

Nevertheless, when he reached the point where the trail forked, one branch going on down to the summer camp and the other bending to the right and leading to the Ellery cabin on Chook's Bar, the young man stopped and wavered, for he had not seen little Jennie Ellery for a week. But the wind had freshened suddenly and it now blew chilly upon his cheek. He threw a glance up toward the southwest and sighed.

"We can't risk it, Jaybird," he said. "We'd lose two hours and two hours would throw us way after night. It won't be any fun travelin' that ridge trail in the dark with a storm blowin' across the hills."

Resolutely he turned his horse into the trail leading down to the summer camp, singing softly to himself. But the song soon died on his lips, for try as he might he could not get his mind away from the disquieting episode of the morning. The quarrel was but the culmination of a series of petty bickerings, always started by old Chet and dating back some three or four months to an evening when the older partner had hinted strongly that he was entitled to an even share in the cattle business, ignoring the arrangement by which young Willett had first admitted him to a tentative partnership. Willett knew but little about the man, though when he first came to the Chanowah, Johnson had been jolly, good-natured apparently, and very companionable. Willett had a good start in the cattle business at that time. Moreover, he stood well with the service men and to stand well with the service men means a great deal to a man when he is running cattle on the forest reserve.

"I'm worried," said Willett again, rousing from his deep meditation. "Seems like I can't figure it out plain and easy. Either Chet's goin' crazy or else ——"

He was not singing when he dropped down and took the up-river trail.

Something along the trail caught his eye and he stopped his horse, leaned over and studied the ground attentively.

"What d'ye make of it, Jaybird?" he asked. "Fresh too—not an hour old."

II

FOR an hour after Cliff Willett's departure old Chet Johnson moved about the little cabin muttering under his breath. When a mountain man begins to talk to himself it is time for people to watch him. He tidied up the kitchen, working in a mechanical manner, muttering always. From time to time he would stop and stand motionless, his red eyes staring at the floor.

His housework done, Johnson took his heavy rifle from the deer-horn rack above the fireplace and set about oiling and cleaning it with meticulous care. This accomplished, he filled the magazine with cartridges and tested the sights minutely. The man had a skill with the rifle that was almost uncanny. To such a man the care of his rifle means more than the care of his own body. While he worked over the gun old Chet talked incoherently to himself. His eyes were inflamed and sullen and the hair growing low upon his forehead twitched convulsively up and down like the low brow of an angry gorilla.

When at last he was quite ready Johnson took the rifle and left the cabin, locking the door behind him by means of a bar which slid across the door inside the building and was operated by a lever outside. The location of this lever was known only to Chet and Cliff. He cast a slow look about him, then set out toward Silver Springs glade. But he did not travel by way of the trail. Instead he kept to the deep forest, where the carpet of pine needles left no footprints visible behind him. He was hardly half a mile on his way when it began to rain. He looked across to the southwest and for the first time noted the ominous weather signs which until now he had been too infuriated to observe.

"Ought to have my slicker," he muttered. "Goin' to get my rifle all wet!" He stopped, hesitated, then went on.

"Bad luck to go back!" he said. "Cliff'd say that was superstitious too. But any fool knows it's bad luck to go back after you're started."

It was three miles across the mountains to the Silver Springs glade. From the dense thicket of young firs where the man hid himself he could look down across the glade, a naked space of perhaps three acres—moist, springy ground where soon the new flowers would be spreading a carpet in yellow and blue and white. At the lower edge he could glimpse the waters of the little creek, where the trail crossed among the alder bushes. Beyond the creek was the forest—massed green of firs, the bare branches of leafless oaks showing among the evergreens. Over in that direction sounded the tinkle of three bells. Chet listened.

(Continued on Page 45)

"I Don't Know What's the Matter With You, Chet. But If You Ain't Satisfied Here, Yonder's the Same Trail You Came In On! You're Free to Cut Loose Any Time You Like"

All Seek What Hudson Controls in the Super-Six

It is Freedom from Vibration—Greater Endurance, 72% More Power and Mechanical Simplicity. No Other Car Can Use it. So Hudson Holds Records None Have Equalled

Consider what led to the Super-Six.

It was vibration, which limits a motor's power and quickly undermines its endurance.

Engineers worked for years to solve that problem. Some added cylinders and increased weight.

But without more cylinders or weight, Hudson engineers discovered the principle that added 72% to power and increased endurance to limits unmatched in any motor, as proved in countless official records.

So nearly did they reach the ideal, that were it not for the Hudson patent we believe all fine car makers must surely adopt the Super-Six.

But as Hudson has the sole right to it, the Super-Six is the largest selling fine car in the world. It has held that leadership for four years, because men know no other type has shown such proofs of supremacy.

In this Particular, too, It Has No Rival

All Hudson records were made by early model Super-Sixes. The stock car one hour and 100 mile records, with top and windshield up, and carrying passengers; the stock chassis twenty-four hour record, which in traveling 1819 miles was 347 miles better than the best previous performance, were established in its first year. And it was a touring car of the earliest Super-Six type which made the record 7,000 mile double trans-continental run between San Francisco and New York in 10 days 21 hours.

Hudson records in mountain climbing, like the race up Pike's Peak, and in winning the American Speedway championship were all established with early Super-Six specials.

Those records still belong to Hudson. And yet such advancement has been made in the present Super-Six we have no doubt it could easily excel those performances.

But since those early Hudson records established the endurance we sought to prove and are way beyond the best attempts of rivals, we two years ago withdrew from contest work.

Note How its Improvement Came About

Every speed and endurance test taught ways to make a better Super-Six. And as the number of users increased, they added to our knowledge. So before the present Hudson was ready, 60,000 owners of earlier models had done their part in its development.

Every detail has been brought up to the standard of the Super-Six motor. The endurance of the motor has been built into every part of the car. In this new model we have attained a completeness in mechanical perfection that makes Hudson unrivaled in quality.

Naturally Such a Car Is Always in Demand

The qualities distinctive to the Super-Six are obtainable only in Hudson. Consequently buyers who want such a great car have but the one choice.

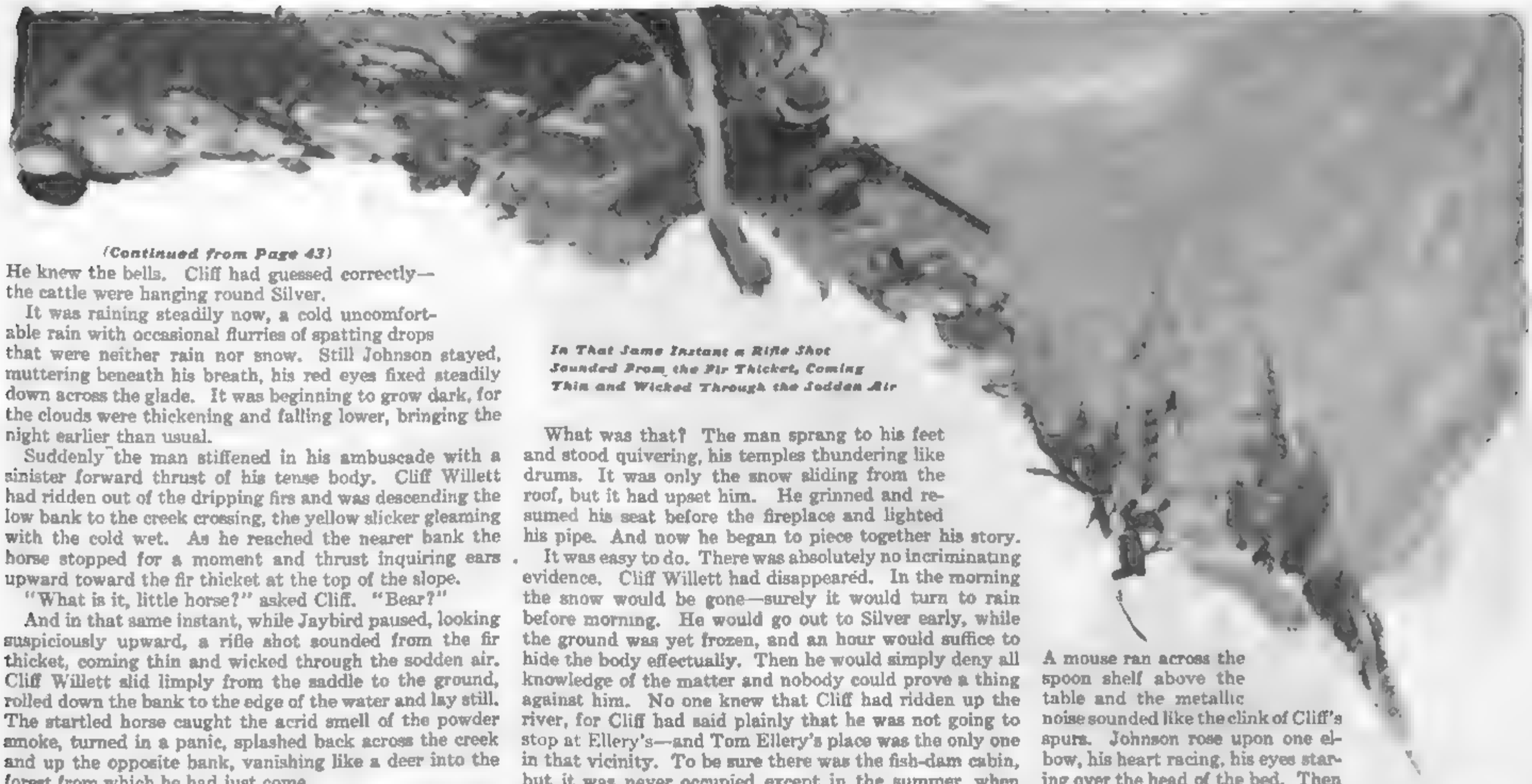
Everyone knows how Hudson owners prize their cars. It accounts for the high second hand value of Hudsons. The Super-Six retains its mechanical efficiency through so much hard service, and its models, being usually the forecast of what will later be standard with other makers, make it first choice in that market.

Thousands have waited months to get delivery of certain models.

So you would be wise to order your Hudson now.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit

(2011)



In That Same Instant a Rifle Shot Sounded From the Fir Thicket, Coming Thin and Wicked Through the Sodden Air

(Continued from Page 43)

He knew the bells. Cliff had guessed correctly—the cattle were hanging round Silver.

It was raining steadily now, a cold uncomfortable rain with occasional flurries of spatting drops that were neither rain nor snow. Still Johnson stayed, muttering beneath his breath, his red eyes fixed steadily down across the glade. It was beginning to grow dark, for the clouds were thickening and falling lower, bringing the night earlier than usual.

Suddenly the man stiffened in his ambuscade with a sinister forward thrust of his tense body. Cliff Willett had ridden out of the dripping firs and was descending the low bank to the creek crossing, the yellow slicker gleaming with the cold wet. As he reached the nearer bank the horse stopped for a moment and thrust inquiring ears upward toward the fir thicket at the top of the slope.

"What is it, little horse?" asked Cliff. "Bear?"

And in that same instant, while Jaybird paused, looking suspiciously upward, a rifle shot sounded from the fir thicket, coming thin and wicked through the sodden air. Cliff Willett slid limply from the saddle to the ground, rolled down the bank to the edge of the water and lay still. The startled horse caught the acrid smell of the powder smoke, turned in a panic, splashed back across the creek and up the opposite bank, vanishing like a deer into the forest from which he had just come.

All in that one awful instant. Chet Johnson crouched in his ambush, straining his congested eyes down the darkened slope, his breath whistling in his throat. The cloud thickened with incredible swiftness and the air filled suddenly with snow. In a few moments the man could no longer see the still figure sprawled pathetically at the edge of the creek.

Right in the trail! The body lay right in the trail! It must be moved and hidden! Johnson sprang to his feet and took a step forward, then shrank back, breathing convulsively. For now that the form no longer moved—now that the mysterious something was gone, the something that had made it a sentient thing—Johnson was afraid of it. It was horrible in its stillness. Like a ghost! The murderer's instincts were primitive and he was controlled like a savage by his fear of the unknown. But It must be hidden.

Resolutely he strode forward to the edge of the thicket and once more he shrank back, a fresh horror flooding his guilty soul. Already the ground was white! His tracks would show, advertising his guilt to the world! And then suddenly he was as much afraid of that white silent glade as he was of the white silent body, lost now in the darkness but which he knew was there! Abruptly he turned, left his ambush and vanished in the thick woods, running. He still left no tracks, for under the dense tree tops the snow had not yet begun to reach the ground.

Chet Johnson's nerves were somewhat quieter when at last he sat alone by the open fireplace, listening to the soft pad-pad of the heavy snowflakes beating upon the little window. And yet he was haunted by a certain feeling of uneasiness. Before setting out on his enterprise it had seemed a very simple matter—no hazard at all. Why, he knew of a hundred places out in those hills where a body might be buried with the chances a thousand to one that it never would be discovered! But who would have dreamed that a snow flurry would have whitened the glade three minutes after the shot was fired? There was something about it that made it seem almost humanly prearranged, and he did not like it. He had struck his victim down—and the snowstorm had put its hand across his kill, shutting him away from it more surely than iron bars, for he had not dared set a foot upon that pure white field!

He cleaned his rifle carefully, wiping away every trace of moisture from the barrel, inside and out, oiling the gun lightly afterward and then hanging it upon the deer-horn rack above the fireplace. He was triumphantly gratified to find that he had not pumped the empty shell out mechanically as he usually would have done. That shell, he reflected, might have betrayed him had he left it in his ambush. What luck! He threw it into the fireplace. In the morning he would shovel out the ashes and fling them into the brush. A burned shell never would betray him.

How still it was! In the silence he could seem to hear Cliff walking about the room singing to himself, his spurs clink-clinking upon the floor. Somehow he could not think of Cliff without hearing the clink of Cliff's spurs. How still it was! And the ghostly pad-pad of the snow at the window ——

What was that? The man sprang to his feet and stood quivering, his temples thundering like drums. It was only the snow sliding from the roof, but it had upset him. He grinned and resumed his seat before the fireplace and lighted his pipe. And now he began to piece together his story.

It was easy to do. There was absolutely no incriminating evidence. Cliff Willett had disappeared. In the morning the snow would be gone—surely it would turn to rain before morning. He would go out to Silver early, while the ground was yet frozen, and an hour would suffice to hide the body effectually. Then he would simply deny all knowledge of the matter and nobody could prove a thing against him. No one knew that Cliff had ridden up the river, for Cliff had said plainly that he was not going to stop at Ellery's—and Tom Ellery's place was the only one in that vicinity. To be sure there was the fish-dam cabin, but it was never occupied except in the summer, when the forest rangers used it as a rest camp on their way up and down the river. Yes, he was quite safe.

The telephone rang—three sharp rings. It was his call. Johnson turned and stared back fearfully at the dark corner behind the door where the telephone was. A coat hung beside it with a battered old hat hanging upon the same nail. Coat and hat were Cliff's. Seen in the half light of the dark corner they reminded him startlingly of his dead partner.

Presently the call was repeated—three sharp rings. Old Chet got to his feet and nerved himself. What was there to shake him? The telephone rang frequently every day. It was a common thing for the dwellers in the forest reserve to visit with one another over the service telephone, which had a box in the house of nearly every settler for fifty miles round. He swaggered back, but his hand trembled as he took down the receiver.

"Hello!" he said gruffly.

"Hello!" replied the wire. "Tom Ellery speakin'. This you, Chet?"

"Yes. Hello, Tom!"

"Say, Chet, tell Cliff to come to the phone, will you?"

Something rose and clutched at old Chet's throat, but he beat it down again.

"Cliff ain't here any more," he said. "Cliff's gone."

"Gone? When? Where?"

"This afternoon." Johnson's faculties were alive now; he was talking for his life. He was alert to keep intact the fabric of his carefully planned story. "I don't know where he went," he said. "He's been talkin' of leavin' for a long time, so this afternoon we settled up and Cliff just naturally piled on his horse and lit out."

"Well, well!" There was a short silence, and when Ellery spoke again Johnson could detect amazement, perplexity and genuine regret in his tone. But no suspicion! Chet exulted, for there was no suspicion! Ellery believed!

"Say," Ellery said, "I'm sorry. I—I liked Cliff. But it sure looks like he'd have come down and said good-by—say, I'm sorry! We been mighty good friends. Nice boy, wasn't he, Chet?"

"Sure was!" said the murderer. "I was mighty sorry to see Cliff go, but ——"

The coat hanging at his elbow touched his hand and he flung it aside as though it had been a snake, uttering a hoarse noise half cry, half execration.

"What'd you say?" asked Ellery.

"Nothing!" Johnson struggled and held his voice steady. "I just coughed. Got a little cold."

"Well, good night, Chet."

"Good night, Tom."

Johnson walked unsteadily back to his chair. He glanced at the dollar clock tick-tocking cheerfully upon the smoky mantel. It was bedtime. He turned down his blankets and undressed. When he blew out the light the fire made writhing shadows on the wall. He crawled into the bed and drew the warm blankets comfortably up to his chin and prepared to sleep.

Pad-pad, pad-pad—the snowflakes beating at the window sounded like ghostly hands rapping for admittance. A mouse ran across the spoon shelf above the table and the metallic noise sounded like the clink of Cliff's spurs. Johnson rose upon one elbow, his heart racing, his eyes staring over the head of the bed. Then he lay down again and chuckled.

"Ellery believed it!" His great hairy hands relaxed. "I'm all safe! Safe as a church!"

He closed his eyes, determined to sleep. Somehow he could not sleep. Somehow or other his mind kept going back over the route under the deep firs, back to the ambuscade in the thicket. Through his closed lids he could still look down across the whitened glade and see an indistinct shape lying there. Cliff was not lying warm and comfortable in bed to-night. For an hour he lay there trying to compel sleep. In the end he rose, dressed and lighted the lamp. The fire had gone out and he rebuilt it. But even the cheerful crackling of the fire could not keep his mind from going back through the high firs. Bit by bit it traversed that lonely stretch of gloomy woods. And inevitably it ended at the fir thicket, to peer again down the slope of the white glade to where It lay. It was not remorse that caused the man's obsession—it was fear.

Toward morning the soft pad-pad of the snow at the window became a torture. He could not stop it and he could not forget it. Had it been a louder noise he could have ignored it. But whenever he seemed about to doze off in his chair that soft insistent beating at the window always brought him back. He went to the cupboard and brought out the whisky jug.

When day broke it was still snowing. Johnson could eat no breakfast, for his mind still insisted on retracing that dark journey under the trees. He tried reading, but with no success. He went out to the shed and chopped wood. Once he attempted to whistle and stopped in a panic when he found himself whistling the tune of the song that Cliff sang just before their last quarrel. And then his mind went back under the firs. It was as though it had worn a groove there—a black groove.

The day passed with the same monotonous beating at the window. By day the noise seemed innocent enough, the sound to which he had been listening at intervals all the long winter that he and Cliff had been storm bound together. But when night came again it changed mysteriously and became once more the ghostly pad-pad, pad-pad of a cold hand rapping for admittance. Johnson was drinking steadily, but the whisky did not make him drunk. Instead it seemed to key his mind to a keener dread. The evening was like an eternity, and when at last Chet went to bed his muscles twitched and jerked convulsively. He had eaten nothing since yesterday, for he could not keep his mind from going back through the black groove to look down at It lying there in the middle of the trail. All this night he lay awake, the whisky jug sitting within easy reach of his hand. And all that night continued the breathless pad-pad of the snowflakes beating at the window.

The second morning dawned clear. Johnson went to the door and looked out. The encircling mountains were white with a universal whiteness which was unbroken save for one gray patch on the lofty side of Yola Bola Peak, where a great rock scar fell sheer on the giant's side, a steep precipice to which no snow could cling. Otherwise the whole world was pure white—and silent. Johnson went inside and closed the door to shut the whiteness out.

Cliff Willett Had Ridden Out of the Dripping Fire to the Creek Crossing, the Yellow Slicker Gleaming With the Cold Wet

It was growing dark when Johnson heard steps coming round the house. His scalp prickled and a cold terror crept about his heart. But what had he to be afraid of? It was not yet pitch dark and the ghostly pad-pad had ceased. He drank from the jug and when a knock sounded he went boldly to the door and pulled it open. The visitor was old Tally Potter. He had a heavy string of traps over his shoulder and he seemed very tired.

"Lo, Chet!" he grinned.

"Hello, Tally!" The perspiration stood out on the murderer's forehead with the revulsion. He had not been expecting anyone so innocuous as old Tally Potter. Added to his relief, however, was a new dread: Had Tally come in over the Silver Springs trail? If so, had he found It lying there under the snow? "Come in!" he said mechanically, for the old man still waited.

"One hell of a storm for March!" wheezed Tally, stumbling into the cabin and stamping the snow from his boots upon the hearth. "Nearly got the ole man, Chet! I been trappin' over in the Tehama Mountains and when it started snowin' day before yesterday I said to myself I bet you it's goin' to be a reg'lar whale of a storm! So I lit out, for my grub was too low to risk bein' snow-bound for maybe two or three weeks. But I busted a snowshoe before I was ten miles out and I've had to come all the way walkin' in snow up to my knees. I'm gettin' too old for that kind of stuff, Chet. I reckon I'll have to go down in the valley and get me a job as watchman or something.

"I used to be a policeman," he said wistfully. "I ought to make a fine watchman, for they said I was one of the best policemen they ever had in San Francisco. Where's Cliff?"

The sudden question struck Chet like a blow over the heart. He had been expecting it, yet when it came he was all unprepared. He tried to hold his poise, but it was hard to do, for his mind had slipped suddenly back into the black groove.

"Cliff's gone," he said.

To him it seemed that every fiber in his being was betraying him, yelling to the keen old eyes of Tally Potter that here lied a murderer.

"When did he leave?"

"Day before yesterday—just before the storm broke." Johnson had told the story to Ellery easily. He found it harder to tell it the second time and the phenomenon worried him. Why, it ought to grow easier with every repetition! "He just got tired of the place and beat it."

"Aw, say—I'm mighty sorry! Cliff's a fine young feller and he was always good to the old man.

"Many's the fine feed he's spread for me on that very table. That was long before you came here, Chet. Why, seems like Cliff's my own son! Why—why—durned if I can hardly believe it! Did he say where he was goin'?"

"No, just said he was tired of the place, so we settled up and he beat it."

"Walkin'?"

"No—he rode his horse."

"Rode ole Jaybird? Well, he wouldn't part with Jaybird, that's a cinch. He was always good to horses and things. Sold you his interest in the cattle, I reckon?"

"Sure! I own all the business now."

"Didn't have no row, did you?"

"Oh, no; we parted the best of friends."

And again it seemed to Chet that his very inmost hidden soul was shrieking his guilt to the childish eyes of old Tally Potter. His heart stood still, then raced again, and like a runaway thing his mind went back into the black groove.

"Have a drink, Tally!" he said desperately.

"I dassent, Chet. It's hell on my rheumatism."

"Well, then, here's how!"

"Drink hearty!"

Tally waited and watched while Chet drank.

A spring slipped in the wheezy old clock. There was a musical jingle and Johnson started violently. He caught Tally's eye and grinned.

"I been drinkin' too much," he said. "Least little thing scares me."

"Not much else to do but drink," said old Tally, grinning too. "Not till the snow leaves. Say, when that clock jingled like that, why for a second I was sure it was Cliff. Remember how his spurs always jingled when he walked? Say, I'm sorry Cliff's gone. I'm lonesome for him somehow. Place don't seem the same. But I reckon he's gone for good. Well, if my rheumatism bothers me much more I reckon I won't be long behind him. These here hills ain't got no mercy on a feeble man, Chet."

"That's right, Tally."

"If I could just get me a job as a watchman or something"—again the note of pathetic wistfulness was in the old trapper's voice—"I reckon I'd be plumb happy. Well, I got to be goin'. I reckon I'll stop at Tom Ellery's and rest up for a day or two. That trip in from the Tehama hills has just about found my limit."

He picked up his bundle of traps, flung them over his shoulder and stumped painfully to the door. Chet went with him. The old man stepped out into the snow. For a moment he stood and looked abroad at the world, a white glory, strange in the weird snow light, dropping away into mysterious depths there, heaving into the sky yonder, white as frozen moonlight—and just as cold.

"Like a white cloak on a wrinkled old woman," cackled old Tally, his childish old eyes regarding the other man's strained face. "Covers up all the wrinkles—but we know they're there, don't we? Well, so long, Chet."

"So long!"

Old Tally Potter trudged wearily down the trail toward the river. Johnson watched him go and gradually his panic left him. It was succeeded by another feeling of relief. Old Tally had not doubted his story! It had not even occurred to the old man to doubt! Say, it was a good story! Most natural thing in the world for a young man to grow tired of the monotony of the hills and beat it. Sure, he was safe! Safe as a church!

But It was lying out yonder under the snow! And only the best of luck had sent old Tally over the hills instead of along the Silver Springs trail! Whoever would have dreamed of old Tally coming across from the Tehama hills? Why, he thought he had heard that Tally was stopping down at the Watts ranger station. Strange that he hadn't heard about the old man going over into Tehama. News like that nearly always travels round. Oh, well, it was a very narrow escape, but it was an escape!

He looked over to the left where the high fir trees loomed into the sky, their heavy tops bending with their crowns of white, crusted snow. And as he looked his mind got away again and raced off along the black groove. Shuddering, he closed the door and went back to the whisky jug.

And still it was nothing of remorse, but fear. Fear of the Thing that lay out yonder, guarded by the white field—right in the middle of the trail!

III

THE worst-wrecked nerves will rally again and again if given sleep once in a while. They cannot, however, go on indefinitely. Even with sleep the limit finally arrives and then they collapse and refuse to rally. But when to mental torture is added insomnia and the loss of all ability to eat, the breaking point comes swiftly. A constant diet of alcohol hastens the end.

About midnight following old Tally Potter's visit warm showers came across the mountains from the sea and settled the snow. Along toward morning the sky cleared again, this time permanently, and it turned cold, freezing the surface of the snow into a hard crust. The sun came up and the crust thawed immediately. All that day the air was balmy with the positive feel of spring. Day after day these conditions continued.

On the evening of the fifth day after the tragedy Johnson began to hear strange noises. At first he attributed them to his overwrought imagination, but by and by it was borne in upon him that they were real. Desperately he strove to account for them along natural lines, but only partially succeeded. However, the beginning of his final collapse did not occur until the night of the telephone horror. Johnson's mind was now hopelessly in the black groove. He had even forgotten the elaborate story with which he was to avert suspicion. Twice he wandered into the woods, and when he came out of his abstraction he was frozen with horror to find that his feet had led him halfway to Silver Springs glade. Both times he had turned and fled back to the cabin, reckless of the tracks he made, his cunning wholly forgotten.

Johnson was lying in his bed, staring at the ceiling, the whisky jug close beside the bed. The lamp had burned low and the chimney was black. The evil light it made but intensified the gloominess of the cabin. Everything was still—absolutely still. He could hear the stillness.

Suddenly the telephone rang—three short sharp rings. It was his call, but he lay still and shuddered, for he had a presentiment that the message would be a sinister one. He hoped the call would not be repeated, but presently it came again. Then silence. He lifted himself and peered above his blankets at the telephone in its dark corner back behind the door. It seemed to be waiting, the nickeled bells resembling two great malevolent eyes watching him out of the half light of the corner. Again the thing rang—and waited.

Johnson got slowly out of bed, shivering with the chill and the jump of his shaken nerves. He drank from the jug and approached the telephone, taking down the receiver with a palsied hand.

"Hello!" he mumbled, his lips blue.

"Chet!" a voice shrieked in his ear. "Chet ——"

It was the voice of Cliff Willett! There could be no doubt—it was Cliff's voice, screaming as though in awful agony. Johnson dropped the receiver and staggered back, goggling at the telephone with the vacuous stare of a paralytic. Slowly he made his way back, walking half crouched, his hands groping mechanically for the bed, his fixed eyes never leaving the telephone. The thing's malevolent eyes stared back and from the dropped receiver the ravings continued, unintelligible but more horrible still as they guttered and shrieked inside the instrument. Johnson uttered a hoarse yell, plunged insanely into bed and gathered the blankets about his ears. But he could not shut out the sounds entirely. Then they ceased abruptly, but the man's fascinated gaze watched the motionless receiver steadily, vacantly, until morning.

It was nearly a week after the telephone incident when down at his cabin Tom Ellery was awakened by the shrilling of his telephone. He crawled sleepily out of bed, glancing at the clock as he lighted the lamp.

"Midnight!" he muttered to himself. "Now who in Sam Hill is calling me at midnight? Hello!"

"That you, Tom?" came back, the wire jangling with the shriek. Come up—come up! Tom——"

And then followed a jumble of incoherencies out of which the amazed Ellery could make nothing. Presently he hung up the receiver and dressed hurriedly.

"Jennie!" he called.

A door opened and Jennie Ellery appeared, wrapped in a dressing gown. Her young face was drawn and white as though from years of suffering.

"What is it, daddy?" she asked. "Is something wrong?"

"I think so," said Ellery, hurrying into his coat. "Chet Johnson just called ——"

"Was it something about—about Cliff?" asked the girl with desperate eagerness.

"No—I don't think so. Chet seemed to be in mortal terror as well as I could gather from the tone of his voice. But I couldn't make sense of what he said—only that he wanted me to come up. Tally Potter's at

(Concluded on Page 49)

Spark plugs foul quickly in winter

Overheating is a common winter trouble

Ordinary oil in the engine base is contaminated by fuel in cold weather. Serious trouble results from using ordinary oil that thins out quickly.

Cold weather engine troubles

Why excess carbon, overheating and burned-out bearings are common in winter

WHAT makes your spark plugs carbonize rapidly in Winter?

What makes your engine overheat—on a run of 25 miles or more—in cold weather more quickly than on a summer day?

Why do bearings burn out more readily in the Winter months?

Spark Plug troubles, overheating and burned bearings are more common in cold weather because cold, raw, gasoline goes into the cylinders as a wet mixture, and fails to explode completely, thus thinning out ordinary oil.

Ordinary oil causes damage

Ordinary oil aggravates these troubles because it loses its body quickly. It breaks down under the heat of the engine in the course of a few days' running and *forms large quantities of black sediment.*

The balance of the oil is so thinned out that it does not form a durable oil film.

Then, when the engine is started, the cold, raw mixture "cuts" that weakened oil film, and passes down into the crank case.

Thus, the whole oil supply is still further contaminated and thinned down.

With such thin oil in the crank case, even a few hours of steady running may cause overheating, fouled spark plugs, badly worn or burned bearings and other serious troubles.

The hidden danger of using "thinned out" oil is cumulative. It increases day by day.

Less sediment means durable film and less trouble

Notice the two bottles at the right.

This test shows that Veedol reduces the amount of sediment by 86%.

Thus Veedol, because of its superior body, maintains a durable oil film between the pistons and the cylinder walls. Neither cold gas mixtures, nor hot vapors can escape from the combustion chamber into the crank case. The gasoline cannot "thin" or "cut" the oil. Thus fouled plugs and valves, overheating and friction are reduced.

Take out the thin oil to-day and test Veedol

In cold weather, more than at any other time of the year, it is of the utmost importance that you make sure of a durable oil film.

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine refill with *one quart* Veedol. Turn the engine over about ten times; then drain mixture of kerosene and oil and refill to proper level with correct grade of Veedol.

Make a test run on familiar roads. Your car will have new pickup and power. It will take the hills better and show a lower consumption of oil and gasoline.

Buy Veedol to-day

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock. Ask for it to-day.

The new 100-page Veedol book will save you many dollars and help you keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

TIDE WATER OIL Sales Corporation

1505 Bowling Green Bldg., New York

Branches and distributors in all principal cities of the United States and Canada

* * * *

Ordinary oil may congeal in the engine base and cause trouble in cold weather if left standing in open in cold weather or kept overnight in a cold building. Veedol Zero should be used in winter weather for Buick, Cadillac, Chalmers, Ford, Maxwell, Dodge and all automobiles using the splash system of lubrication. Now is the time to change your oil for winter running.

Ordinary oil after use *Veedol after use*

Sediment formed after 500 miles of running

Make It A "Cracker Jack" Christmas

Cracker Jack
is America's
Famous Food Confection

The Wax-Sealed Package

(Concluded from Page 46)

the fish-dam cabin. You call Tally while I saddle up. Tell him to come up to Chet's too. I've got a hunch there's big trouble of some kind up there."

Ellery ran out and saddled his horse. As he rode past the house Jennie appeared in the doorway.

"Tally doesn't answer, daddy," she called.

"I don't understand it," said Ellery. "Tally's a mighty light sleeper. Maybe he's out with his traps—no, not at midnight. Well, I haven't time to wait to figure it out. Try him again, Jennie, and then go back to bed."

"All right, daddy. And be sure to telephone if it's anything about Cliff," she called as Ellery vanished up the trail.

It was very dark, for there now was no moon. Nor was there any snow to lighten the night. The warm days had cleared the ground and now only a few scattered drifts remained lying in the shaded ravines on the north slopes.

All was silent about the little cabin when Ellery rode up and dismounted. The little window on the north side showed that the interior was dimly lighted. Otherwise there was no sign of life. Ellery was a practical, cheerful mountaineer with not a grain of superstition in his make-up. Nevertheless, there was something about the lonely little cabin that sent a cold wave up his spine and prickling along his scalp. He paused just outside the door and called. There was no answer. Inside the cabin the silence was like the silence of a tomb.

"Hello, Chet!" Ellery called again. "This is Tom Ellery!"

And then presently Johnson's voice came back, strained and unnatural, half muffled as though coming from beneath piled blankets:

"Come in, Tom! Come—wait!"

There came a sound as of feet thumping upon the floor and scuffling across the room. The bar slid back inside and the door swung open. Ellery went in and Johnson pulled the heavy bar across the door again, his clawing fingers working with frenzied haste. The door barred, he plunged across the room and into bed, turning bloodshot, terrified eyes upon the telephone. From the telephone they darted to the window, from the window to the door and then back to the telephone. They were the eyes of a cornered rat.

"What's the matter, Chet?" asked the ranger. Johnson's gaze had suddenly fixed itself upon the door, where it remained, vacuous, unwavering.

"It's coming!" he whispered, though his eyes did not for an instant leave the door. He held his breath and listened.

"Did you hear anything, Tom?" he whispered again, then held his breath and listened.

"Crazy as a loon!" thought Ellery. "Poor devil—crazy with the solitude! Sure I don't hear anything!" he said aloud cheerfully. "Buck up, old-timer—you been dreamin'!"

But the cheerful words went over the man's head unheeded.

"First was over the telephone." Chet was speaking in the low droning monotone of a sleepwalker, though his eyes were now full of intelligence and terror. "It called me up!" He capitalized "It." "I knew the voice. It was dead—but It called me by name and begged me for God's sake ——"

He held his breath and listened. Again Ellery felt his stout nerves quiver and again a cold wave prickled along his scalp.

"I muffled the telephone," the man said, still speaking in the level dead monotone of a sleepwalker, "and It couldn't call me again. But It began to tap on my window—three taps. My telephone call, you know! Over and over and over—three taps! It'd stop and I'd think It had gone away. Then It'd begin all over again—tap, tap, tap, over and over and over—tap, tap, tap! Sometimes It'd tap on the roof, but generally It was at the window.

"And then the clink of the spurs! I forgot to tell you that these tappings always started with the clink of the spurs. They'd come up the hill or else down from the woods—clink, clink, clink—spurs! Dead man's spurs! And then the tap, tap, tap—callin' me to the telephone! But I wouldn't go to the telephone.

"It looked in the window once, a white face—the light was bad but I saw It! I saw It, I tell you!" The man's voice rose suddenly to a scream, then fell with uncanny abruptness to the deadly monotone. "And every night since then, Tom—every night It has come up to the door with Its spurs clinkin' on the frozen ground—always the clink of the spurs first. Then tap, tap, tap—listen!"

"Aw, hell, old-timer!" broke in Ellery with a rough heartiness he was far from feeling, for fear is contagious. "Just a wood rat prowlin' round up in the attic—that's what you been hearin', Chet! There ain't any such things as spooks!"

"I saw It!" It was as though Ellery had never spoken. "And I heard It—over the telephone! It was Cliff Willett's voice and the spurs was Cliff's spurs! I ain't slept for nearly two weeks, Tom! Nor I ain't had hardly anything to eat. I been lyin' here listenin' for Cliff Willett's spurs and hearin' Cliff Willett callin' me to the telephone!"

"Well, say," broke in Ellery again, "what if Cliff did call you up? Cliff ain't goin' to hurt you, is he? What you so afraid of him for?"

"Because I killed him. I thought I told you that. He's layin' down at the edge of Silver Creek glade—right in the middle of the trail! I shot him the evening it began to storm. Here It comes, Tom!"

The man's face purpled and his vacuous eyes fixed themselves upon the door. Ellery listened, and now the cold wave froze him immobile and the hair stood up on his scalp, for he heard It too! A mysterious, musical clink, clink, clink of spurs and the half-muffled thump of feet approaching the cabin over the frozen ground. They were Cliff's spurs—he could have sworn to it! The steps seemed to hesitate before the cabin, then slowly they passed round the corner and stopped.

For nearly a minute there was silence. Johnson's eyes were apoplectic as he strained them at the door and the breath labored in his throat like a death rattle.

"Look!" he panted hoarsely. "It's comin' in!"

Ellery caught a cry of terror in his own constricted throat, for operated by the mysterious hand outside the bar was moving slowly from before the door! Slowly, noiselessly, drawn by the Thing out in the night, the bar slid back and stopped. Chet's head fell back upon the pillow. The eyes continued to glare at the door with the vacant look which is the expression of horror that has gone beyond all human apprehension. But the man was unconscious.

For fully five minutes Ellery sat motionless, his own eyes staring fearfully at the door. His ear caught a slight clink of the spurs and his glance shifted to the window. He seemed to see indistinctly a face outside, and his hand slid swiftly to his belt.

"Don't shoot, Tom—it's me!" came from outside the window.

The door opened and old Tally Potter came clinking in, wearing Cliff Willett's spurs.

"You old hellion!" said Ellery, white and trembling. "Was it you?"

"Sure!" grinned old Tally, highly flattered.

"All the time?"

"Sure!" Old Tally grinned wider and worried off a chew of tobacco. "Confessed, didn't he?" with a jerk of his head toward the bed.

"To shootin' Cliff? Yes!"

"I thought I heard him. Well, I'll just telephone the sheriff."

The old man toddled spryly across to the telephone.

"That you, Jim?" he asked presently. "Say, I got a fellow for you. Shot Cliff Willett. You'll be glad to get him! Hey? All right. I'll meet you at Ellery's. Aw, I'm too busy to tell you now. I'll tell you when I see you at Ellery's. G'by, Jim."

Down at Ellery's cabin old Tally Potter had just finished getting supper when Sheriff Jim Eckart came in. It had been a long ride and the sheriff was hungry and chilled.

"Where's Tom?" he asked as he sat down at the table.

"He's up at the cabin, guardin' the prisoner," said old Tally, pouring the coffee.

"Where's Jennie?"

"In there."

Tally indicated a door leading off the kitchen.

"Go ahead now! Tell us all about it!" commanded the sheriff. Old Tally grinned proudly and sat down opposite.

"I gave him the third degree!" he said.

"The third degree?"

"Sure! I used to be a policeman, Jim." Again the note of wistfulness. "I was a good one, too—and I learned a lot of things. So—well, I reckon I better begin at the beginning.

"The day Cliff was shot I went up to the cabin at the fish dam, plannin' to stay there a couple of weeks and do a little late trappin' and maybe spear a few spring salmon. About an hour before sundown Cliff Willett came ridin' along. I told him it was goin' to storm and asked him to stay all night, but he said no, he'd breeze along.

"I was just gettin' ready to go to bed when I heard a horse come tearin' up. It stopped and I went out. It was Cliff's Jaybird horse and after I got the lantern I found blood on the saddle. I knew then that Cliff had been hurt some way, so I climbed on top of Jaybird and went back. I found poor Cliff layin' at the foot of Silver Springs glade with his feet in the water."

"Dead?"

"Hell, no! But there was a neat furrow plowed along the top of his skelp. He was just comin' out of it when I found him. I got him back to the cabin—and one whale of a job it was, too, believe me! The night was dark and it snowed and Jaybird was nervous and scared to death—and me with a half-dead man layin' across the saddle. Well, I got him bedded down all nice and comfortable and then I sat down and lit my pipe and started to figure it out. I used to be a policeman, you know, and I figured it out clean as a hound's tooth.

"I never liked this Chet Johnson. His eyes were too red and his hair growed too low down on his forehead. It wiggled up and down when he was mad—like a gorilla's. I'd seen him somewhere, too, or else I'd seen his picture. I've felt that ever since the man came to the Chanowah, but I couldn't place him—not for the life of me. But I knew he was a bad one.

"While I was thinking it out Cliff began to talk—delirious, you know. He began to beg Chet to be a good feller. He said over and over that all he wanted was for them to go on being good pardners and that at the end of the five years they'd go share and share alike. And every once in a while he'd scream 'Chet! For God's sake ——'

"And then I knew they'd had some sort of a row. It wasn't hard after that to figure that old Chet had sneaked across and ambushed the boy on the Silver Glade.

"Well, there it was. I was pretty certain, but I had to be sure. Next day Cliff was ravin' and I had my hands full. But the day after that he fell asleep. I gave him an opiate to help keep him that way, then I took a bunch of traps, circled round over the mountains and came up to Chet's cabin from the east. I told him I'd been trappin' in the Tehama hills. When I asked him about Cliff, why, he said Cliff had left. Said he had bought Cliff out.

"That settled it, for of course it was a lie. I went back to the fish dam and thought some more. 'If I tell the Ellerys,' I thought to myself, 'they'll spill the beans. If Cliff dies that skunk up there will get the cattle, for there ain't any evidence against him.' You see I thought Cliff was goin' to die. Looked a heap that way.

"So the only way was to get a confession out of Johnson. I thought a lot and after a while it came to me. I remembered that Chet was superatitious. I knew he thought Cliff was dead and layin' over there under the snow. I knew he'd be afraid to cross the snow to hide the body, for his tracks would give him away. I planned to scare him into a confession. It was a long shot, but I figured that if the snow stayed on long enough I had a chance.

"So after Cliff got a little better I went up to Chet's regular every evenin'. Along about the third visit I had him all tuned up, for Cliff was delirious that evenin' and I called Chet to the phone and let him hear some of it. I reckon it stirred him up quite considerable.

"Jim, I want to tell you it wasn't good for my rheumatism climbin' up there over the snow crust every night and tap-tappin' on Chet's window! But she worked Lord a'mighty, how she worked! And that last night"—old Tally paused to indulge a fit of cackling laughter—"Cliff was better and I worked out of him the secret of the slidin' bar. And when I pulled that bar back after clink-clinkin' them spurs all over the place, when I pulled that bar back I reckon poor Tom Ellery was scared as bad as old Chet Johnson. But anyway he'd heard Chet's confession—and so it was worth it. But that's the way I worked the third degree, Jim!"

The sheriff had forgotten his supper. Open-mouthed, he stared across the table at the old trapper.

"You're sure Cliff's alive?" he asked.

"And kickin'!" said old Tally.

"And how soon will this Johnson be able to travel?"

"Oh, in a couple of days—soon's he's able to eat a little. And say, Jim, last night when I looked at him layin' on the bed I remembered. He's the feller that robbed the First National Bank, down at Coliso in '94!

"It came to me all of a sudden. I'd seen his picture when I was a policeman. There was a reward of two thousand dollars offered by the Bankers' Association for him. I reckon the offer still stands!"

For several minutes the sheriff stared as though dazed. When he spoke there was a note of unbounded respect in his voice.

"Tally," he said, "all these years this county has thought you a joke. You ain't, Tally, you're—you're a ring-tailed squealer! And say, I ain't told anybody yet, but I'm going to tell you. My term of office is up next month. I ain't going to run for sheriff again. I want to build a hotel and settle down. That is, if I can get hold of about a thousand dollars. Now, I'm going to back you for sheriff, Tally! I can't tell the county about how you worked your third degree—you ain't an officer and it wouldn't be according to Hoyle. It might even make trouble. But never mind. The news'll leak out! I'll see that it leaks out! And, Tally when the boys hear about you and your third degree, why, they'll elect you sheriff for life!"

For a long time poor old Tally sat stunned. The realization of a lifetime of wistful ambition! The slow tears started down his wrinkled old cheeks and he stretched his gnarled paw across the table.

"The two thousand dollars reward—it's all yours, Jim!" he said tremulously. "Build two hotels!"

"Where's Cliff?" inquired Eckart presently. Old Tally tiptoed across the floor and opened a door very softly. One short glimpse the sheriff had of Cliff Willett lying in bed. Jennie Ellery sat with his head in her lap, a look of wonderful happiness transfiguring her face. Softly old Tally closed the door and tiptoed back to his chair.

"Well," he grinned happily, "maybe my third degree wasn't exactly accordin' to Hoyle, Jim, but she got results! You get your hotel, I get to be sheriff and Chet Johnson gets what's comin' to him!"

"And from the looks of things," grinned the delighted sheriff, "Cliff Willett gets a new pardner that'll stick to him till hell quits smokin'!"

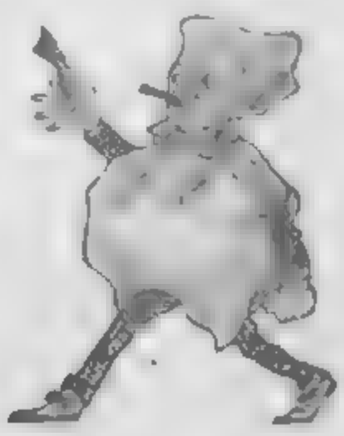
Old Tally Potter slipped a hand back to his hip pocket and pulled out a flask of dark rich fluid.

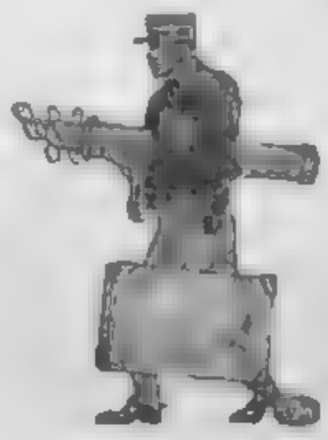
"I wouldn't drink with Chet Johnson the other evenin'," he grinned, "because it was bad for my rheumatism. But it never yet hurt my rheumatism to drink with an old friend!"

He handed the bottle across the table.

"Here's how!" said the sheriff, and closed his eyes for a long beautiful season. He handed the bottle back.

"Happy days!" sighed old Tally, and did likewise.





GETTING YOUR GASOLINE

The Motor Cars Will be Kept Running

By LESTER B. COLBY

WHEN the gasoline's gone! There are some among us, dismal men, who fear its early end. They picture our motor cars dead, our tractors rusting in the fields, our ships turning backward to the use of coal. They even see the revisitation upon us of the hansom cab with its oat-burning motor and its gallon hatted chauffeur. An earth returned to type!

Some dozen times in recent weeks some man, ordinarily level-headed, has come to me to seek my knowledge upon the subject. I am beginning to think that gasoline is about the most talked-of topic of the day. So when my worried brothers ask me if gasoline is to follow the bison, the great auk and the goose step, and how then we should ride and reap and sow, I speak to them:

The motor is going to run. We have plenty of gasoline. We shall have plenty of gasoline for many years to come. Yet even if there should be no gasoline the motor cars would still move. For haven't we our straw stacks, our forests, cornstalks, fish, mustard weeds, sawdust, sugar, molasses, our Rocky Mountains, coal measures and apple orchards?

New Possibilities

MOTORS can be made to run on the forces impounded in any of these. They ran thus in some instances during the great war. Canadians distilled a near-gasoline that did the business from waste straw piles. Greeks ran motor cars on a liquid distilled from forest trees. The Danes and Norwegians found that an internal-combustion engine could be made to go on fish oil.

In Australia, when the gasoline pinch came, the people there learned that alcohol made from sugar and molasses would do, not exceptionally well but in a way. Remember the explosion of a tank of molasses in Boston a year or so ago? It burst with a fatal bang. Nature had distilled in the tank a sort of saccharine gasoline.

The Turks moved motor cars on mustard oil. An airplane recently flew from Chicago to New York, carrying mail, without gasoline. For the present these facts are interesting but not important.

We have a hundred billion barrels or so of crude oil, potential gasoline, locked in the vaults of shale in our western mountains. It is waiting only for us to turn the key. Utah and Colorado hold vast storehouses of it; 3,600,000,000,000 gallons, or about eighty-eight billion barrels, of it, according to some of our government statisticians.

There are some petroleum experts who think we may have to turn seriously to these deposits in, say, twenty-five years. But they base their predictions upon the estimated yield and life of the present known fields.

These men do not take into consideration the possibilities of new fields at home or in Central or South America or perhaps of discoveries in Mexico; of the results of coming deep tests in Canada, Alaska and Siberia. And Siberia, sir; what do you know of Siberia?

Out there, yonder, lies an almost unexplored basin, twice the size of the United States, reeking with better indications of oil than some of our richest fields in America ever revealed to the wildcatting pioneers.

There are burning gas wells in Siberia, and formations whispering of oil. In one far valley beyond oceans of tundra lies a great lake which probably no white man has ever seen. The Mongol nomads who come out of that land say that it is a lake of some strange black oil that has no fish or life in it at all and that it "stinks to heaven." All this great valley is untouched, primeval. No man has ever drilled for petroleum there. We find wells in India, still good, which have given up oil for centuries; and there are other wells, along the Caspian Sea, in the Baku country—oil wells and gas wells—where the fire worshipers bowed in homage before the days of Babylon and back beyond the fame of Zoroaster; wells that to-day are turning out liquid power.

A patriarch of the Bible once set himself up in power by pouring water on wood and making it burn. With something akin to glee some modern hard-headed scientists have discovered that on his back forty, in the Holy Land, gasoline-producing oil can now be found.

A well yielding 1200 barrels a day was drilled in our own aged eastern fields only a few weeks ago at about the time the oil folk of Pennsylvania were celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the bringing in of the first commercial oil well in the United States by E. L. Drake. Wells in that region fifty years old are still producing.

Then why should we fear that we are dragging at the dregs? Three years ago, after twenty years of continuous drilling, there were not more than 8000 acres of "proven" oil lands in Texas. Suddenly Ranger is found. A tank station on a railroad through a hungry desert becomes a city. Paupers become millionaires; the almost starving buy motor cars and bonds and build skyscrapers. Then Burkburnett and Desdemona—and millions of acres become oil bearing or of great value as potential petroleum fields.

Harnessing a Texas Gusher

There are running in the United States to-day more than 5,000,000 motor vehicles of all kinds—launches, motor boats, innumerable engines. In three years, our automotive engineers tell us, the 7,000,000 of next year will jump to 15,000,000 motor cars and trucks. Statistics compiled last summer estimated that there were then 1,384,250 motor cars in all the rest of the world. America is the greatest user of gasoline-driven cars; by far the greatest.

In spite of the enormous increase in gasoline engines the storages this year are increasing, thanks to the new fields discovered. We started November with 600,000,000 gallons of gasoline above ground and manufactured. This is 250,000,000 gallons more than we had accumulated at the same time one year ago. We may come out in the spring with 1,000,000,000 gallons.

Blue-Black Predictions

STORAGE usually goes in fast in the winter. This is quite a change from that time of gasolineless Sundays still so fresh in our memory.

It may be interesting to note also that of the 514,919,358 gallons of gasoline on hand the first of last August a total of 154,954,793 had gone into storage on the Atlantic seaboard. Another 129,640,278 gallons was in Texas, close to seaboard. This left something like 230,324,000 gallons in storage in all the rest of the country.

Government statisticians not long ago figured out that America's petroleum will be exhausted in about sixteen years. Every so often figures like these bob up, usually from Washington, to throw a scare into the country and the industries.

Yet in the midst of these blue-black prognostications comes steadily the discovery of new underground storehouses. Recently a fresh field was uncovered in Northern Louisiana, unsuspected by the statisticians. Wells are coming in fast there, several a week, each making 10,000 to 24,000 barrels a day.

We are adding to our yield of petroleum about 20,000,000 barrels of production a year. In 1909 the production of the country was 183,000,000 barrels. This year the production promises 370,000,000 barrels at a conservative estimate as this is written.

The vanishing of petroleum, stated without undue optimism, is far off. There isn't much to the theory. After a while we are certain to produce 500,000,000 barrels in a year, and maybe 600,000,000. It might not be wild to say a billion barrels.

All the older fields are being drilled over. Hitherto undiscovered sands are being found. New methods and better machinery make this possible. We are going deeper. Recently two wells were struck at a depth of more than 4600 feet—one in Texas and the other in California. We are just beginning to realize the possibilities of deeper drilling. It used to be that almost all our oil was found in Pennsylvania. Then came the Ohio, Indiana and Illinois fields. Finally the drilling went over the river, and we had the midcontinent fields—Kansas and Oklahoma.

(Continued on Page 53)

"Horse Sense"

Honesty is the backbone of confidence, and confidence is the backbone of business—that's Traffic Trucks through and through.

During the recent railroad strike in England, the Northwestern Motors Company of Liverpool used Traffic Trucks for the distribution of foods.

Due to the efficiency and economical operation of the Traffics, this Company placed an order last month with the Traffic Motor Truck Corporation for one thousand and two hundred Traffic Trucks.

Mr. Bennett, who brought this order to the Traffic plant in person, said the Traffics they had in service carried capacity loads on 250-mile trips and averaged 150 miles on 10 gallons of gasoline. And the unusual low cost in operating the Traffics presented a great saving, in view of the fact that gasoline in England at present costs eighty-five cents a gallon.

Cut in half the cost of hauling with teams—do it with Traffic Trucks—it's an easy way to make money.

It is estimated that the crops of 125,000,000 acres of land are required annually to feed horses. If wheat were raised on this land, its value would be nearly sufficient to pay off the National Debt and Liberty Bond issues.

Traffic Truck Specifications:

Red Seal Continental 3¾ x 5 motor; ***Covert*** transmission; multiple disc clutch; ***Bosch magneto;*** 4-piece cast shell, cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with ***Timken roller bearings; Russel rear axle,*** internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; 6-inch U-channel frame; ***Standard Fisk tires,*** 34 x 3½ front, 34 x 5 rear; 133-inch wheelbase, 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat; oil cup lubricating system; chassis painted, striped and varnished; driver's lazy-back seat and cushion regular equipment. Pneumatic cord tire equipment at extra cost.

Chassis $1395
Factory

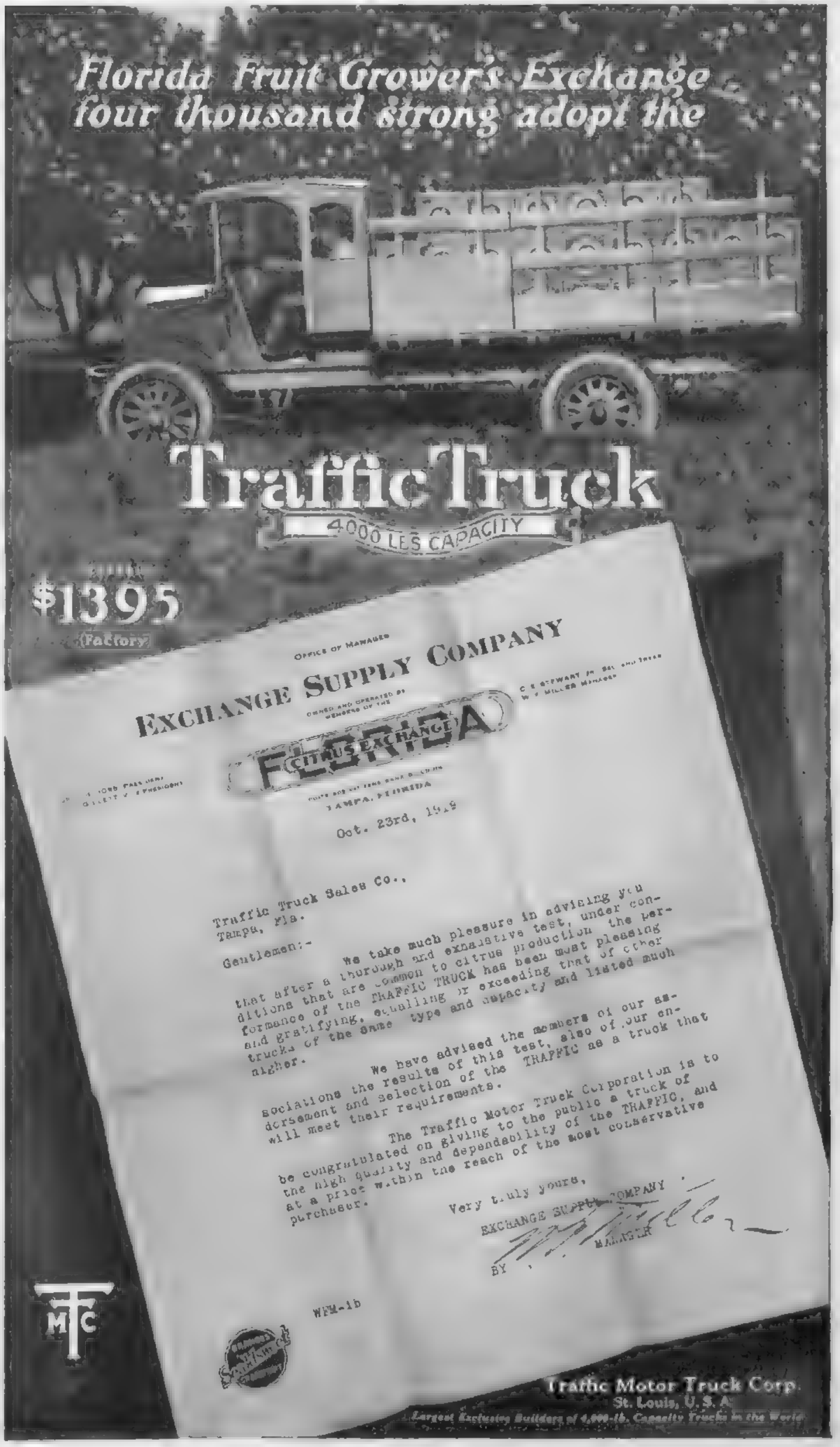
The lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world. Built of standardized units.

Dealers, Attention: If you knew the profits awaiting you in your territory, you would lose no time in securing the Traffic contract if available.

It is Traffic policy to make direct connections in every city, town and village in the United States.

Traffic production for 1920 will be quadrupled and will enable us to take care of a few additional dealers.

You have no time to lose.


Florida Fruit Grower's Exchange four thousand strong adopt the
Traffic Truck
4000 LBS CAPACITY
$1395
(Factory)
EXCHANGE SUPPLY COMPANY
CITRUS EXCHANGE
FLORIDA
TAMPA, FLORIDA
Oct. 23rd, 1919
Traffic Truck Sales Co.,
Tampa, Fla.
Gentlemen:-
We take much pleasure in advising you that after a thorough and exhaustive test, under conditions that are common to citrus production the performance of the TRAFFIC TRUCK has been most pleasing and gratifying, equalling or exceeding that of other trucks of the same type and capacity and listed much higher.
We have advised the members of our association the results of this test, also of our endorsement and selection of the TRAFFIC as a truck that will meet their requirements.
The Traffic Motor Truck Corporation is to be congratulated on giving to the public a truck of the high quality and dependability of the TRAFFIC, and at a price within the reach of the most conservative purchaser.
Very truly yours,
EXCHANGE SUPPLY COMPANY
MANAGER
BY
WFM-lb
Traffic Motor Truck Corp.
St. Louis, U. S. A.
Largest Exclusive Builders of 4,000-lb. Capacity Trucks in the World

Tone—the most fundamental thing in a piano

TO MAINTAIN the tone of a large grand piano in a smaller case was a task requiring infinite care and pains.

But that is what Lyon & Healy have done, in their Apartment Grand Piano.

The exquisite tone of this instrument is continually being commented upon—its tone not only when new, but after lengthy periods of faithful service.

What, after all, could better be said about a piano than that "it seems to sing under the fingers"? True, a piano can have many other interesting and valuable characteristics, little things can be added which increase its beauty and convenience. In the Lyon & Healy Apartment Grand Piano, for instance, you find the CANDELECTRA (twin electric lamps) and the SILENTO (a device which enables you to play softly at will).

But the great fundamental thing about a piano is its tone—and that is where the Lyon & Healy Apartment Grand has made its pronounced success.

LYON & HEALY

Apartment Grand PIANO

Made by

Chicago

(Continued from Page 50)

Spindletop was found in Texas less than twenty years ago. A hunter found an oil seepage in California. The Lakeview Number One, great Pacific Coast gusher, made 9,000,000 barrels in a year and broke the nation's oil market.

It was good for almost 100,000 barrels a day when it was flush.

In Mexico there are wells credited with more than 200,000 barrels a day when not pinched down. There are the famous Casiano and Cerro Azul wells, reputed to have come in with a capacity round 240,000 barrels a day, and now, after years of flowing, apparently in their prime.

Oil has had its ups and downs. Pennsylvania produced 2000 barrels of it in 1859 which sold for $20 a barrel. A few years later the same oil sold for ten cents a barrel. To-day it is worth $4.50. There was a time in Texas when Spindletop oil could be bought in lots of a thousand barrels for three cents a barrel.

Burkburnett oil to-day is quoted at $2 to $2.25. It is worth it. But many small producers there, lacking facilities to dispose of it, have sold it for $1 a barrel in recent months; or were ready to if you would come and get it.

Stuff With a Kick in It

THERE is a difference in the gasoline content of oil. Some Gulf Coast oils carry not more than 1.5 % of gasoline. In Wyoming it may run from 40 to 60%. Various other fields come in somewhere between. Mexican oil, as a rule, has been considered of little value for gasoline. Yet improved methods, including the cracking processes employed, are fast making it a factor in the gasoline market. The present output of Mexico depends almost entirely on tank ships, as does the output of the Burkburnett district, running round 80,000 barrels a day in recent months, on tank cars and pipe-line facilities.

Given means of marketing, the Burkburnett distribution might easily be doubled; probably trebled. Desdemona and Northern Louisiana are shackled for lack of facilities. The yield in the United States, had there been equipment for taking the oil away from the fields, might likely have reached the 400,000,000 mark this year instead of a measly million barrels a day.

Gasoline give out? In my mind we are just beginning to get it. Let them make their cars, these motor manufacturers.

For years scientists, chemists and automotive engineers, far-seeing and fearsome, have been seeking a substitute for gasoline. They believe that in spite of the present abundance and the plenty assured for years to come the law of mathematics is sure to prevail in the end. One cannot keep subtracting forever.

They have found quite a few substitutes. That is comforting information. But to date, oilmen claim, nothing has been found which combines the various qualities, counting both efficiency and cost, of gasoline. Perhaps the most promising understudy of gasoline to-day is the benzol blend. The possibilities of benzol were revealed largely as one of the results of the war. Benzol, a by-product in the manufacture of coke from coal, was used in the manufacture of our late friend and ally, TNT, and other explosives. There is a mighty wallop in that stuff. The Government had brought the benzol business up to a high standard of efficiency in the making of munitions at the time the Prussian Guard caved in.

It was found that benzol, about the outkickingest liquid fuel that had ever been found, could be made surprisingly cheap. Then why not dekick it a bit and use it for a gasoline substitute?

Straight benzol, it was found, had such a glorious wallop that it meant the early demise and destruction of anything but a jamb-up motor engine. When it explodes it lets go all at once. The theory of the best motor fuel is that it should burn with a series of explosions. That gives an ever-growing power down the entire length of the piston stroke.

The theory continues: A quick snappy flash is desired in an engine going at intense speed, as an airplane motor or a racing car. A slower machine may work better with a gasoline or spirit with longer time between the flash and end point. This means the interval, measured in degrees of heat, between the starting of the explosion and the time when all the fuel is burned. So now benzol is being mixed with California naphthas, Oklahoma distillates and other petroleum fractions, and is being sold as fuel for motor cars.

The petroleum industry is carrying on in this work. Motorists are buying it in cities throughout the country, mostly under local trade names. The sellers claim for these products certain virtues. Among them are less carbon and greater mileage. Adherents of straight gasoline, however, are yet to be convinced.

Benzol is getting to be a large-size business. I saw the other day a contract by which one company agreed to sell to one buyer 1,700,000 gallons of benzol before July 1, 1920. The holder of this contract told me that a single great steel company at Gary, Indiana, turning to peace-work, had continued to make 1,250,000 gallons of benzol each month. This is manufactured as a by-product of the coke needed for the great furnaces of the plant. The war taught the company much about it.

"I have a suspicion," said my informant, "that this stuff can be made as a by-product for not much more than a nickel a gallon. I'm pretty confident that it costs only a few cents. It has been selling readily at eighteen cents a gallon and up. A number of pretty well established oil companies have been buying it. They have taken it in quantities up to 1,000,000 gallons at a time. I guess they don't drink it, so I think they are blending it into gasolines. I'm told that some of our pretty well known brands run five per cent benzol."

Mind, the speaker was a benzol enthusiast.

He added: "And it's a good blend too. Benzol tends to cut the carbon out of motors. Run a couple of gallons of pure benzol through a dirty motor and then look inside. It'll shine like nickel plate. Benzol is a powerful solvent. It cuts the carbon and dirt.

"Some oilmen have been quietly blending it into gasoline for the last two years, without the gasoline user knowing anything about it. Another thing—benzol is manufactured in and near the big cities, in the centers of population and in the midst of commercial life."

The Possibilities of Benzol

"BENZOL is manufactured close to consumption. The questions of freight mileage, transportation delays and length of time between order and delivery are cut to a minimum. Usually, in the past, those who have sold gasoline have done a hand-to-mouth business.

"There's a steady flow into and out of the filling stations. Benzol as a motor fuel, blended with various petroleum fractions, is destined to cut a big figure in the motor-fuel industry from now on."

And here may come another surprise to the reading public. Several millions of gallons of gasoline—not synthetic but a real gasoline—burned in our motors in the last six years was not refined from crude oil at all. It has been made from natural gas. Almost all natural gas holds gasoline in suspension as air holds moisture. This gasoline, invisible, can be taken out and returned to a liquid. It is rather interesting.

The business came into existence in 1911 and became commercially important at once. In 1911 the quantity thus produced totaled 7,425,839 gallons.

The industry has grown so enormously that in 1917 not less than 217,884,000 gallons were manufactured, according to official report. An oilman told me recently that he believed close to a half billion gallons—not far from 12,000,000 barrels—will come from that source this year. California alone is reported to be making 70,000 gallons of this gasoline a day.

The petroleum industry recognizes this substance as casing-head gasoline. It is produced by either of two processes, known as the absorption and compression methods. It gets its name from the fact that this gas has always been given off in greater or lesser quantity from the top, or "head," of oil-well casings.

The Skyline at Goose Creek, Texas

Often in drilling oil fields great gas pressure is met. Many wells have been reported making 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 cubic feet a day. Once a gasser was generally looked upon as a tragedy. Now it is generally considered a mint. For years the waste of gas was enormous. Gas wells were often abandoned and left to drench the atmosphere. One well, in Alberta Province, Canada, estimated to have given off 20,000,000 cubic feet of gas a day, burned for years unchecked.

There are two kinds of natural gas recognized. One is called wet gas and the other dry gas. The wet gas has a greater gasoline content and figured first for its possibilities, the compression method being used. Later came the absorption method and the use of the dry gas. It is not uncommon for even the dry gas to deliver a gallon of casing-head gasoline to a thousand cubic feet. Methods of recovery have been reduced to such a science that even a trace of gasoline can be taken out.

Another important fact in the handling of gas commercially is that after the gasoline has been removed the gas can still be piped to gas users. The removal of the gasoline, it is contended, does very little damage to the value of the gas as a fuel. Lawmakers and oilmen have battled more or less over the question but the gasoline makers apparently have proved their point.

Casing-head gasoline is not generally used straight as a motor fuel. It goes into blends, as does benzol. The reason is that it is trickier than the regular gasoline made from crude oil. It is more dangerous to handle.

Many of the accidents attributed by the newspapers to gasoline should in justice have been laid to casing-head gasoline. Because of its highly volatile nature and cranky disposition it is more likely to escape unless it is held in strong and perfect containers.

Freaks of Gasoline

There is on record an instance where a leaky tank car containing several thousands of gallons of casing-head gasoline standing under a burning Oklahoma sun gave off quantities of gas. Now gasoline gas is heavier than air. An open jar of gasoline left on a table in a room will give off an invisible stream of gas that will sink to the floor and run along it. It may find its way into some depression or the basement, and there lie—unless it is carried away by an air current or maybe an explosion. So invisible streams and detached balls of gas flowed or rolled through the town, propelled by a gentle wind. A man on his way home stopped to light a cigar. There was a flash. Some of it was wafted into a kitchen through an open window or door. The blast practically wrecked the house.

There were twenty or more explosions in the town that day before the source of the series of tragedies was revealed. Some lives were lost and a number of persons were taken to hospitals.

But the oilman, increasingly scientific in his work, has learned how to handle even these more dangerous gasolines, and to-day it is bundled about almost harmlessly and handled as so much ice or milk, due to precautionary measures. However, lest familiarity breed contempt, the Government and manufacturers are continuously carrying on inspections and issuing warnings and perfecting their protective devices.

From a great waste of natural gas has come a production of casing-head gasoline which has saved us more than once from an acute gasoline crisis in this country. To-day the oil operator welcomes a good flow of gas only second to a gusher oil well.

When we approach the subject of petroleum refining we put foot upon an abyss swinging out over mystery. No man knows what petroleum is. Its origin is in darkness. No man knows how it came into existence or from what it is made. As with electricity, we have merely learned some of the things that can be done with it.

One famed editorial writer recently discoursing upon it announced that it comes from the pollen of a prehistoric fern. Oilmen smiled at this and chemists chuckled. Some believe it of mineral origin. The courts recognize it as such. Others think it comes from vegetable matter; still others, animal.

They agree that it has been distilled or evolved from—something. It is probably as good a guess as any other to say that it is the result of heat, pressure and years without end upon everything that the world contains or ever contained out of which grease or oil or any other similar substance could be squeezed or fried.

It has been subjected to enormous pressures and inconceivably intense heat, deep down in the earth for millions of years. Maybe it is being made every day.

One of the oddest parts of the story of petroleum, when we stop to think of it, is the fact that its value was so recently recognized. Another mystery is how crude oil, one substance, can give off or be separated from so many diversified and useful substances.

The gasoline in your motor is highly explosive. The lubricant you use in your engine, the most unburnable and endurable oil known to man, comes out of the same hole and the same barrel. The paraffin wax that mother uses to seal her jellies, road oil, asphalt, dyes and tars, a synthetic hard rubber, imitation turpentine and stuff that may pass for linseed oil—are from petroleum. A bad taste added, it can become the baby's castor oil. It has been used in embalming. It greases every high-speed wheel that moves. Every vehicle of trade or commerce would go dead without it. All these are by-products of your gasoline. It is Nature's gift that our gasoline, as it increases, automatically quickens the production of the lubricants for the machines using the power.

There is a powerful romance in lubrication and I could tell more of it were not this article intended to be centered upon gasoline and those things which are being trained for gasoline's understudy to-day. The refining of petroleum employs a maze of intricate machinery for the application of known forces.

The modern oil refinery consists of a baffling and interwoven system of pipes. Some run along the ground, others are under ground, still more twist and turn through the air. Each has its individual use. There are boilers and stills and agitators and buildings and tanks and groups of buildings and tanks. There are valves and bends and turns innumerable. But in all this chaos there is simplicity and order. Pure petroleum is made up of carbon and hydrogen atoms. The different substances, such as gasoline and kerosene, which come from this oil, are the same elements in chemical combinations.

Sitting on Dynamite

Refining consists primarily of distillation. In distilling the various groups they are merely separated without changing the molecules themselves. But the science of refining gasoline is now carried further, as the result of recent processes developed. Molecules, it has been discovered, can be broken up into smaller molecules. This is called cracking. By changing the molecular characteristics of the product in hand, controlling it and forcing new combinations of hydrogen and carbon, much of our kerosene and distillates can be turned into gasoline. Gasoline is produced where it isn't. Chemists have written long articles upon this. It has revolutionized the gasoline industry.

The separation of crude oil into its general groups is in itself comparatively simple. For example—suppose that the desire is to assemble products having boiling points ranging from 100 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature of the oil is slowly raised until it reaches 400 degrees, and all the vapor given off is piped into one receptacle. When the temperature rises above that point the receptacle is closed, and the other vapors pass off into other receptacles. This is the general procedure in getting benzene, gasoline, naphthas, and so on.

The more volatile passes off first, as anyone can easily understand. Mix alcohol and water and heat slowly. The alcohol vaporizes before the water.

Gasoline in the making is washed with water. This may sound startling, yet it is simple. Water is heavier than gasoline. It is piped into the top of a tank of gasoline and filters through it, settling to the bottom. As much water is drawn off at the bottom as is put in at the top, and there you are. The water goes into a funnel-shaped base to make the process easier. The farmer sometimes uses the same principle in drawing off the skim milk after the cream has risen to the top in tall slim cans.

Sulphuric acid is used to bleach your gasoline, and afterward the acid is taken out. Caustic soda is used to counteract the presence of the acid. It is also filtered through fuller's earth. We are fussy with our gasoline. We like it water white.

After the fuller's earth has absorbed the impurities from the gasoline these substances are burned out of it. The earth is used again—over and over almost without end. There is more to getting gasoline than backing up to a filling station. It's a big and an elaborate business.

When you fill your gasoline tank do you ever stop to think of the tremendous explosive force you are tucking under the tail of your car or under the seat where you sit—if you happen to own that other sort? Ten gallons of gasoline, with the air mixture correct, has an explosive power equivalent to 836 pounds of dynamite.

How would you feel carrying that much dynamite round with you? Moreover, gasoline is a more fickle explosive than dynamite. Many more things can happen to it to make it let go.

Dynamite, generally speaking, is exploded by another explosion. Above, it was mentioned that gasoline can become an invisible stream of gas, highly explosive, that may run along the floor. Strike a nail in a shoe against a piece of metal, maybe a nailhead in the floor, and cause a spark. Gasoline vapor can be ignited by the heat from the sun. Refuse or old rags saturated with it have caused what is known as spontaneous combustion.

Gasoline is forever throwing off a highly explosive vapor even at low temperatures. It isn't a good thing to monkey with. Yet you can throw a lighted cigar into a tub of it and it will put out the fire in the cigar.

Ten gallons of gasoline will generate 16,000 cubic feet of gas. When ignited this again expands to 4000 times this space. It is this force for expansion that we harness in our motor engines. Most of the power of gasoline is lost in the explosion. We use only a fraction of it.

If we could get a hundred per cent efficiency out of our motors we could ride all day for a few pennies. But man doesn't know how to turn that trick yet.

Though we speak of the tremendous explosive nature of gasoline and sum up the enormous quantities used, we hear of comparatively few accidents from it. It is seldom out of control. That's the reason. This is due to a pretty certain understanding of its nature.

We'll have close to a billion gallons of it ready for use when spring breaks. A billion gallons will run our motor cars a heap of miles, bring a lot of produce to our cities and break a big stretch of ground for next summer's crops.

And now, in the end, I will let you in on a professional secret, so that all may know it: The country to-day uses more gasoline than do our cities. The rural population is the bigger buyer. Land, what a change has come over the land!

OUT-OF-DOORS

All About Furs

AS TO lovely woman, female of the human species, it certainly may be said of her that in many ways she is more merciless and more thoughtless than the male. All hunting and fishing may be called bad enough, and no sort of sport very well stands analysis, when it comes to that; but trapping is the worst of all, and all trapping is done for women. These tender-hearted members of our race are wiping out species after species of small animals and making life a nightmare or a tragedy for everything that wears fur.

It was bad enough when women only wore furs during the winter time, but now they wear furs all summer as well. It is a poor sort of shopgirl these days who cannot show you a fox skin across her shoulders in July. Perhaps she pays ten dollars for it. It is sort of red and sort of gray and sort of mangy looking. She looks with envy at her swell sister who goes by with a shiny black neck scarf made out of a single black fox skin; or one almost as good out of a silver gray fox, or one not quite so good of a blue fox, or one not quite so expensive of cross fox, or one not quite so good of plain red fox. When you get so far down as the last, the trapper who once exulted when he got five dollars for a red fox skin now maybe will get twenty-five or thirty-five dollars for a good pelt. Lynx skins have brought thirty dollars or better in the raw. Muskrats sold within the year for one dollar, two dollars, three dollars for good dark skins. This year Idaho coyote hides sold for twenty-five dollars apiece. Once they were worthless.

Sables have no price. I once bought a lot of Hudson Bay sables, well matched, and had made up a stole and muff for a certain person. I recall that the economical procedure set the family back just $428. The other day in a fur store I was told that it could not be reproduced for $3000. Money does not get you much these days. Shop early and avoid the price.

The fur farmer is beginning to come into notice. Dark foxes for breeding purposes have advanced 80 per cent. In 1915 a pair of silver-gray foxes might bring from $800 up to $1500 a pair. To-day they are reported in demand at $2000 a pair and may bring $3000 next year. Fur prices in the last market, that of 1919, reached figures hitherto unknown. Fur farms alone in 1918 produced $400,000 worth of fox fur. In the last great fur auction at St. Louis there were sold $25,000 worth of skins of house cats. To-day Alaska seal, genuine, is almost priceless. The former $100 coat of "Hudson Bay seal," which really was dyed muskrat, to-day may run up to $500 or more if you like. There is another sort of seal made out of rabbit skins, not very durable, though it will hang together long enough to be called fur and so can be sold. You can buy a simple cloth coat now, with collar and sleeves trimmed with perishable squirrel fur dyed black, for as low as $325 if you are careful.

Trapping this winter will be very profitable and very generally practised. If you are able to shoot your neighbor's dog and dye him you may turn a very pretty penny, and his cat certainly will be good for four bits anyway, maybe a dollar if black. These perquisites of village life may be extended if you live on a farm or near a bit of wood and water. Rats, skunks, mink and an occasional fox still may be found in almost every state of the Union. How they have learned wisdom enough to escape mankind so long is one of Nature's marvels. Many a farmer's boy this winter will be able to count his trapping gains in hundreds of dollars at the current prices of fur. As much of the profit of the trapping depends on the care of the pelts it may be well to repeat the advice about skinning, and so on, which earlier has found publication in these columns. One of the sportsmen's journals, The Michigan Sportsman, covers the matter very well:

"Casing means peeling the skin off whole; open skinning means ripping the skin down the belly. Hides which should be cased are: mink, marten, weasel, opossum, fox, fisher, skunk, civet, muskrat, wildcat, otter, lynx, wolf and wolverine. Open skinning should be used with coon, badger, beaver, bear and cougar. Fox, lynx, fisher, wolf, marten, wolverine and wildcat ought to be turned fur side out for shipping, before they get too dry, according to some fur buyers. Other cased skins should be left with the skin side out."

The method of baling employed by the Hudson Bay Company in the Far North does not seem to favor the turning of marten skins at least—I have seen hundreds of bales of marten with the flesh side out. A good grader would turn back the root of the

(Concluded on Page 58)

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VITANOLA

Plays ALL Records - Natural as Life

(Concluded from Page 54)

tail only enough to see the shade of the fur there—that would show him the grading color of the skin. Of course the clear white of the flesh side would show that the skin was prime. A yellowish skin is never prime.

Our sporting journal adds advice to trappers on how to take off the skin:

"To case a skin, cut from the root of the tail down the inside of each hind leg to the foot. Then pull the skin carefully over body and head. The tail should be skinned and the bone removed, except for muskrat and opossum. These two can be cut off, as they are worthless. Skinning is made easier by suspending the carcass from something, doing this by means of a strong cord tied around the hind legs. Draw the skin from the front legs. Cut off the ears, downward toward the head. Cut the skin loose about the nose and eyes.

"In using the open method, cut from point of jaw to vent, also down back hind legs and inside of front legs. Lynx, mountain lion, bear, which are valuable for rugs or mounting, should be skinned on the legs clear to the toes, leaving the claws attached. Smaller animals, valuable only as furs, may have the legs cut off.

"Be sure to clean every bit of flesh and fat from the skins, using extreme care to avoid cutting. When the skins are on the stretchers, put them in a cool, dry place—never in the sun or near a fire. Dry them just enough to prevent shrinking and wrinkling. If you find that a skin has become too dry to turn, soften a little with a damp cloth. But be sure to let the dampened spots dry out before shipping."

The commercial totals of the fur trade are not generally known to the public, but they run very large, and they prove in one more regard the truth that America is the greatest producer in the world of most of the things which the world must have or thinks it must have. For a long time it was supposed that no sealskin could be dyed anywhere but in London, and that nothing else could be dyed any color unless with some dye made in Germany. We had begun to change some of those things before the war began, and the war itself finished the work. We can dye silks, cotton goods and furs in America to-day.

The great fur markets of the world formerly were in Europe—Nijni-Novgorod, the Leipsic fair, the great London auctions. The latter city long was the center of the world's fur trade, but the war upset that as it did so many other things. A combination of fur companies saw the opportunity for America and set on foot the big St. Louis Fur Exchange, now known as the International. St. Louis for a long time had run London a close heat, and to-day London is far in the rear of St. Louis. The latter city to-day is the fur capital of the world, far more indisputably such than it was a hundred years ago when the wild-fur companies of the frontier were bringing their beaver bales down the Missouri River.

In the early fur-trade days St. Louis dealt in beaver fur principally. To-day she buys any and all sorts of furs in any and all corners of the world. Early in September of 1919 there were five hundred buyers at the opening sale of the International Fur Exchange. This sale lasted some ten days and it is stated that a total of one and one-quarter billion—not million but billion—pelts were sold. The United States Government was on hand, an assistant secretary of the Department of Commerce supervising the sale of Alaska sealskins. There were buyers from Russia, France, Japan, China, Australia, England, Sweden, Denmark, Argentina, Siberia and Canada, as well as from every state of the Union.

So far from dealing in beaver peltry alone, there were seventy-five different sorts of fur handled in the last St. Louis sale. There were nine thousand Russian sables—beautiful little skins of dark soft fur, with the long hairs just tipped with white, not so big as your two hands if they were spread out. Some of them brought a thousand dollars apiece and even more, if we are to believe the impartial press. Of the northern American sables, commonly called Hudson Bay sables, there were eleven thousand pieces. America can dress and dye even these fine furs for Europeans now. Of course you know that a great many dark sables which seem perfectly matched are blended, or just brushed with color to bring them all the same tone. It is the dark, natural, matched furs in sables which cut most deeply into the weekly pay envelope of the laboring man. That is why there is so much unrest among the laboring classes. In the future we must expect strikes unless we can raise wages to a point more proportionate to the price of natural matched sables.

In the great St. Louis sale last fall Siberia sent in a million and a half of squirrels and pretty nearly a quarter million ermine. I tried to buy Russian ermine skins myself some years ago at two dollars each, but I am incurious about the price to-day. Japan, which you would think was pretty much trapped to a finish, sent over a hundred thousand mink, ten thousand marten and forty-five thousand fox, according to reports.

The Japanese furs don't run very dark as a class and usually grade below the North American fur of the upper latitudes.

Australia sent in a half million pounds of rabbit skins and New Zealand a hundred thousand pounds, not to mention wallaby and opossum. The American furs went high—skunk, mink, marten, otter, beaver, wolf, raccoon and the several varieties of fox, from silver fox down. There were nine thousand Alaska sealskins offered on the first day, when two and a half million pelts were put up at auction. It is stated that the returns of the International for the ten-day sale ran more than fifteen million dollars. If I were a muskrat I should try to get myself deported from the United States while still on the hoof.

But if you want real boom figures, such as might dispose a mining-stock promoter to go into fur farming, you must turn to the early history of the silver-fox industry. It sounds like the old Dutch tulip craze or the South Sea Island bubble. I am again indebted to the Michigan Sportsman for a résumé of the silver-fox boom figures, for which I cannot personally vouch.

"In the year 1910 the world was startled by the report that a man by the name of Dalton, who lived at Tignish, Prince Edward Island, made a million dollars breeding black foxes, starting two score years ago with two black foxes. The inhabitants of Prince Edward Island went wild with the news; they bought and sold foxes, and fortunes were made in a month, Dalton selling his property and twenty-five pairs of foxes for $600,000. Unborn litters of fox pups were sold at from $10,000 to $15,000 a pair. The government took an active interest in the business, which then developed into a remarkable industry of over 300 ranches, spread all over the island and the Dominion of Canada. The various fox companies paid dividends in 1913 of $4,500,000, about an average of 60% on all the capital invested in foxes, some companies paying as high as 400%; a big majority of the companies being capitalized on the basis of the pelts sold by Dalton in 1910. Twenty-four foxes sold for $33,264 in March, 1910. These pelts were taken off foxes raised for a dozen years, the Daltons having previously kept the fact that they were raising foxes successfully in captivity a secret.

"The stampede that followed after the year 1910 was enormous. The supply was unequal to the demand, and prices for silver-fox pups rose from $5000 to $18,000 or $20,000; and in one instance in the promotion of the Dalton Company $25,000 was the average price paid on twenty-five pairs. Another company paid as high as $32,500 for a pair of breeders. Speculation lasted till the war, which cut off the European demand and silver-fox furs dropped 50%. Consequently the demand for silver foxes for breeding purposes ceased. Overcapitalized companies were unable to pay dividends on the watered stock and many of the ranches with inferior foxes lost heavily. But despite the era of overcapitalized and wildcat speculation, the business of raising silver and black foxes in captivity is spreading all over the world. A number of ranches have been established through the United States and also in Norway and Japan. The basis of the business has gotten down to terra firma, or the value of the fur.

"In sixty-two years the Hudson Bay Company sold 47,700 wild silvers, for which they received an average of $145.25 a skin. Charles Dalton sold from his ranch-bred foxes in fourteen years 203 silver skins at an average of $778. The fox breeds once a year—in February or March—and has an average of four to the litter.

"Pups remain with the mother for eight weeks and are then weaned. Usually the young breed the first year. If they don't breed the second year, they are pelted the third winter. Pelts develop and prime up about the middle of December.

"The silver fox stands captivity well and thrives in this climate, shedding his old coat when warm weather approaches, and a new coat is grown for the winter. Since the war the American market has absorbed the entire production of silver-fox furs. Skins have averaged in this country in the last twelve years $600."

The Man That Was a Multitude

By ALFRED NOYES

AS I CAME up to London to buy my love a ring
I passed by a tavern where the painted women sing.
Each of 'em was jigging on a greasy fiddler's knee,
And they cackled at the red rose my true love gave to me;
Singing:
"Come and see the silly clown that wears a red rose.
Roses are green now, as everybody knows."

They cackled—how they cackled—crying everything was new.
The old truths were all false, the new lies were true.
By play, by book, by poem, it was easier to say
A new thing, a false thing, than walk the stricter way.
Singing.
"It was hard, hard to climb, when only truth was true;
But all may violently run, down into the new."

As I came home by Arundel the wind blew off the sea;
It brought the almond scent of gorse, and there she came to me,
My true love with the young light that glorica in her eyes,
And my soul rose like a giant to the ancient ordered skies,
Laughing:
"Let 'em take their green rose and pickle it in hell,
For I have seen the red rose that blows by Arundel."

My soul rose like a giant and oh, but it was sweet
To tumble all its passion like a wave at her feet;
To leave their tricks behind me, and to find myself again
Walking in the clean sun along a Sussex lane,
Singing:
"Let 'em hymn their new love that veers with heat and cold,
But I will sing the true love that never shall grow old."

Then, as we walked together, I was quietly aware
Of a mighty throng around us in the hawthorn-scented air,
And I knew it was the simple folk that wait and listen long
Ere the soul that makes a nation can unite them in a song.
Then:
"Back," they sang, "to London town; and we will march with you;
Because we like the red rose that Eden Garden knew."

But Satan had a vision five and thirty years ago
When England lost the great songs and dwarfs began to grow.
He whistled imps of envy up, from all the nooks at night,
And set 'em to the new trick of proving black is white.
Crying:
"Come, my 'intellectuals,' trample on the dead.
Trample truth into the dust, and throne yourself instead."

And so we found 'em boasting: "We have mingled earth and sea,
We have planted tare and hemlock where the harvest used to be,
We have broken all the borders, we have neither chart nor plan."
Then they saw the throng approaching, and behold it was a Man,
Chuckling:
"England waits and suffers long, as nations often do.
But the Man that is a Multitude has come to answer you."

His head was in the heavens, though his feet were in the clay.
He rose against the smoke of stars we call the Milky Way.
Three hundred thousand oak trees had furnished forth his staff;
And he waved his club above them, as a child might, with a laugh,
Saying:
"You have sung a strange song, in God's good land!
Who shall deliver you or save you from my hand?"

Oh, you have sung a new song, but I will sing an old,
And it shall shine like rubies, and it shall ring like gold!
And you have sung the little songs of mating flea and flea;
But I will sing the great song that thunders like the sea;
Roaring:
"You have sung the red grass, and hymned the purple cow,
And you have asked for justice! Will you kneel and have it now?"

"We're only intellectuals," a tiny fiddler squeaked.
"It's not on such as us, you know, that judgment should be wreaked.
Why, even Mr. Trotzky says we've hardly helped at all!
We only scratched the mortar out. We didn't smash the wall.
No! No!
We only said that freedom meant a world devoid of law.
We only made Almighty God a little less than Shaw!"

The Man that was a Multitude, he dropped his mighty staff.
"Why, damn your little eyes," he said, "I'm only going to laugh."
Then, once, and twice, he guffawed, as a Sussex plowman might,
And the fiddlers and their fancies flew like feathers through the night,
Whimpering:
"Is it a Victorian ghost? Someone that we know?
Ecclefechan Tom himself could hardly treat us so!"

As I came home by Arundel my true love walked with me,
And the man that was a Multitude was singing like the sea:
"Oh, they have sung their green rose, and pickled it in hell!
But we will sing the red rose that Adam used to smell.
And
They have sung the new love that veers with heat and cold;
But we will sing the true love that never shall grow old."

Try Raisin Bread Toasted

—A happy discovery; elected by epicures

ORDINARY toast has long been popular. Extraordinary toast now claims your vote. It is Raisin Bread Toast. You can have it at home at any time. Simply order California Raisin Bread from your grocer or baker.

A Delicious Specialty

Toasted Raisin Bread came quite by accident (so one story goes):

A San Francisco restaurateur, seeking new features for a discriminating clientele, entered on his breakfast menu: "Raisin Bread Toasted." And San Franciscans, exacting epicures, adopted it instantly. Today and every day you can see Toasted Raisin Bread served at the Golden Gate's fashionable eating places.

You, too, should know the goodness of Raisin Bread Toasted.

Put Raisin Bread on Your Grocery Memo

See that California Raisin Bread is ordered from grocery or bakery. Have it fresh at the evening meal. Then have it toasted at the morrow's breakfast.

Simple Toasting Directions

Please use these hints and thus enhance your delight in Toasted Raisin Bread:

Cut the bread in thin slices. Use a knife sharp enough to cut straight through the plump, juicy raisins. Then toast the slices over quick, intense heat. You will relish the delicate aroma of toasting fruit and milled wheat.

Try it once, and you, like thousands of others, will have it every morning.

SUN-MAID Raisins

Three varieties of Sun-Maid Raisins: Sun-Maid SEEDED *(seeds removed)*; Sun-Maid SEEDLESS *(grown without seeds)*; Sun-Maid CLUSTERS *(on the stem)*.

California Raisin Pie is the pie of great nutrition. At bakeries, groceries and restaurants.

Ask for Raisin Candy at your candy shop

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 9000 Growers
Fresno, California

A Business Man for President

By a Veteran Political Writer

We need a business man for President.—THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, October 4, 1919.

WE CERTAINLY do. George Washington, considered by historians and analytical publicists the world over to have been the greatest President of the country, was a planter; a business man, pure and simple. He was also a land surveyor, but the basis of his great characteristics was that he was a sound, conscientious, honorable business man always. His right-hand man and chief adviser, Alexander Hamilton, started life as a clerk in a shop and felt that his early business career had been a wonderful advantage to him in public life. Washington is spoken of as the greatest President of the United States probably because he had to hew his own way. He had no precedent to guide him in shaping the young republic except his own sound business sense and knowledge of men. He had no precedents, little or no fundamental law, to shape the young republic's dealings with foreign nations, but he ran the Government as a business concern and not as a side show for politicians.

Why shouldn't the brains, the initiative, the patriotism and the sheer executive ability that are given to a modern business career in America be impersonated in the White House in the presidential term that begins in March, 1921? Sweeping over the country is a demand that a business man shall be nominated for President next year.

The Roll of the Signers

Of the twenty-seven Presidents of the United States nineteen have been lawyers; the remaining eight are officially designated as follows: Statesmen, 3; soldiers, 2; planter, 1; public official, 1; farmer, 1.

Their fathers were as follows: Farmers, 9; planters, 5; merchants, 3; clergymen, 3; lawyers, 2; statesman, 1; jurist, 1; sexton and constable, 1; tanner, 1; iron manufacturer, 1.

A like preponderance of lawyers has prevailed in all the Cabinets as has prevailed in the Presidency.

The vocations or professions of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were:

John Adams	Lawyer
Samuel Adams	Merchant
Josiah Bartlett	Physician
Carter Braxton	Planter
Charles Carroll	Lawyer
Samuel Chase	Lawyer
Abraham Clark	Lawyer
George Clymer	Merchant
William Ellery	Lawyer
William Floyd	Farmer
Benjamin Franklin	Printer
Elbridge Gerry	Merchant
Button Gwinnett	Merchant
Lyman Hall	Physician
John Hancock	Merchant
Benjamin Harrison	Farmer
John Hart	Farmer
Joseph Hewes	Lawyer
Thomas Heyward, Jr	Lawyer
William Hooper	Lawyer
Stephen Hopkins	Farmer
Francis Hopkinson	Lawyer
Samuel Huntington	Lawyer
Thomas Jefferson	Lawyer
Francis LightFoot Lee	Farmer
Richard Henry Lee	Soldier
Francis Lewis	Merchant
Philip Livingston	Merchant
Thomas Lynch, Jr.	Lawyer
Thomas McKean	Lawyer
Arthur Middleton	Lawyer
Lewis Morris	Farmer
Robert Morris	Merchant
John Morton	Surveyor
Thomas Nelson, Jr.	Statesman
William Paca	Lawyer
Robert Treat Paine	Lawyer
John Penn	Lawyer
George Read	Lawyer
Cæsar Rodney	General
George Ross	Lawyer
Benjamin Rush	Physician
Edward Rutledge	Lawyer
Roger Sherman	Shoemaker
James Smith	Lawyer
Richard Stockton	Lawyer
Thomas Stone	Lawyer
George Taylor	Physician

DRAWN BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

Matthew Thornton	Physician
George Walton	Lawyer
William Whipple	Sailor
William Williams	Statesman
James Wilson	Lawyer
John Witherspoon	Minister
Oliver Wolcott	Physician
George Wythe	Lawyer

The above table shows that 26 of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence, or 46%, were lawyers.

Of the 430 members of the present House of Representatives, 258, or 60%, are lawyers.

In the present United States Senate, 63 of the 96 members, or about 66%, are lawyers.

The proportion of lawyers in the legislature of the state of New York for 1919 and 1920 is as follows: In the Senate—26 of the 51 members, or 51%, are lawyers; in the Assembly—47 of the 150 members, or 31%, are lawyers.

The legislature of the state of Massachusetts contains the following number of lawyers: 13 of the 38 members of the Senate are lawyers, or 34%; 51 of the 240 members of the House are lawyers, or 21%.

The same proportion of lawyers prevails in nearly all other state legislatures.

Here is a list of the English premiers for the last forty years:

DATE APPOINTED	NAME	VOCATION
April 28, 1880	W. E. Gladstone	Statesman
June 24, 1885	Lord Salisbury	Statesman
February 6, 1886	W. E. Gladstone	Statesman
August 3, 1886	Lord Salisbury	Statesman
August 18, 1892	W. E. Gladstone	Statesman
March 3, 1894	Lord Rosebery	Statesman
July 2, 1895	Lord Salisbury	Statesman
July 12, 1902	Arthur J. Balfour	Statesman
December 5, 1905	Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman	Statesman
April 8, 1908	H. H. Asquith	Lawyer
December 7, 1916	Lloyd George	Lawyer

Here is a list of the French Presidents for the last fifty years:

Thiers	Historian and statesman.
MacMahon	Marshal of France.
Grevy	Lawyer.
Carnot	Engineer.
Casimir Perier	Statesman
Felix Faure	Manufacturer.
Loubet	Lawyer.
Fallieres	Lawyer.
Poincare	Lawyer and man of letters.

The task of running a government is similar to that of running any large business corporation. There must be an efficiency system if any government or business concern is to prosper. The late United States Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, stated in 1909 that he could save the United States $300,000,000 annually if permitted to run it on a business basis. If this statement was true a decade ago it is doubly true to-day.

The demand for a business man for President was undoubtedly stimulated by the very great efficiency with which the dollar-a-year men performed their service in Washington during the great international war. Up to that time the politicians had made a mess of it, and the bureaucrats helped along the mess. As a matter of fact, many believe that the business men and the workmen of the United States, England and France—plus, of course, the great bravery and patriotism of the soldiers and the efficiency of their generals—won the international war. But without these business men and without these workmen the soldiers would not have had the tools to win the war; and the politicians and bureaucrats of England, the United States and France were a deterrent rather than a progressive element in the mighty struggle. And where would our soldier boys have been without our farmers?

Go where you will, people are talking this way and thinking this way, and the people are becoming very tired of professional politicians and of sleazy bureaucrats. The time has come for the business men to have their chance to carry into the unexampled opportunities of the new era for America the energy, the acumen, the directing capacity they put behind the performance of our Army in the field and our Navy on the sea.

A business man would have gone a long way toward preventing the frightful waste of millions and billions in the United States, England and France during the war and afterward. The men of genius and the men of money, those who prepare new agencies of life and those who accumulate and save money for the great enterprises and great public works—these are the peculiar and inestimable leaders of the world.

At the bottom of all is always the question of character as well as of talent. A fellow who is practicing arts of deception may last a little while, but he cannot last long. The man who stays is the man who has the staying power; and the staying power is not merely intellectual, it is moral. It is in the character, and people believe in him because they are sure he does not mean to say anything that is not so.

The Business Men of '96

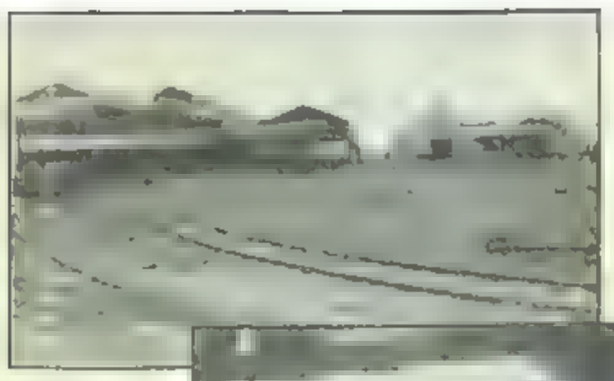
Important business interests of the country, manufacturing, commercial and financial, should prepare to participate actively in all stages of the present political, industrial and social situation. They should take control out of the hands of the politicians, amateur and professional, and vest it in leaders who are closer in touch with what is popularly termed the "business interests," which include the workman and the farmer. It was in 1896 that the business men combined to combat free silver. Many recall how the business men of those days stood shoulder to shoulder against this heresy.

This country could not have grown and prospered and become the great nation it has unless the vast majority of our business men had been men of integrity and fair dealing and keen discernment; for it stands to reason that a dishonest nation cannot long prosper, and to believe anything else is to believe in the absurd.

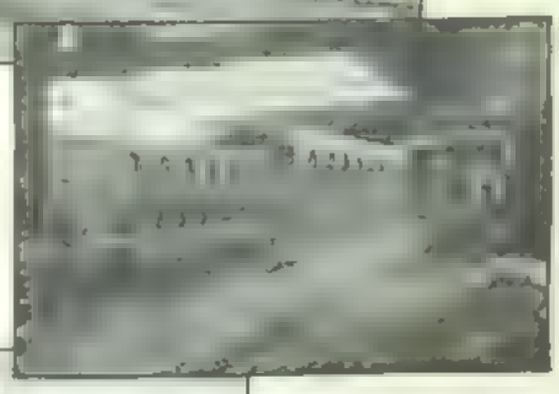
Many of our professional politicians and professional labor leaders attack the capitalistic system. I am astonished to see how people are afraid to defend the capitalist system. The politicians are afraid, the newspapers are afraid, and they prefer to give the thing the go-by. As a matter of fact the capitalist system is capable of sustained and searching defense; in fact, it is the only system that has ever been devised for regulating the economic relations between man and man, and for appraising the value of services which men render to each other or extract from each other—the only system apart from slavery. But if the capitalist system is to be successfully defended it can be defended only by showing

(Concluded on Page 61)

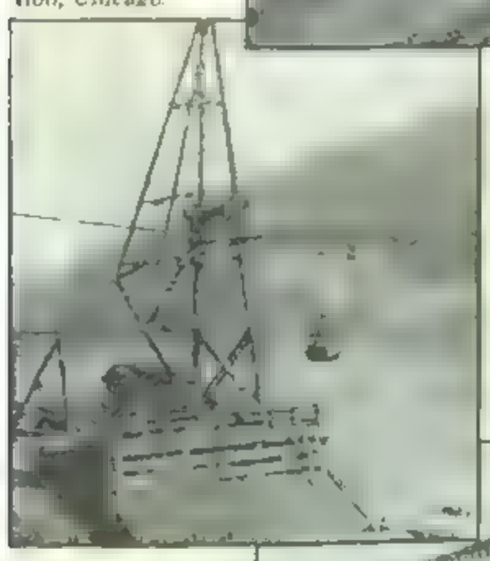
Building on a Concrete Foundation



Buildings Designed Fabricated and Erected for Standard Shipbuilding Corporation.



Colonnades cast in Blaw Steel Forms. Illinois Central R R Track Elevation, Chicago.



Blaw Single Line Clamshell Bucket operated by unskilled labor on an Automatic Single Rope Cableway.

The James River Bridge at Roanoke Va. Blaw Arch Ribs were used

Stone and Webster used Blaw forms on this huge concrete wall for the Brier Hill Steel Co.

A foundation of principles, not products. Where construction methods could be improved, there Blaw-Knox Company took hold and set out to approach the perfect.

The Blaw-Knox business was not founded on the mushroom principle.

Knowing that wood-forms were costly, inaccurate and awkward, Blaw-Knox Company tackled the field of concrete construction.

Today Blaw Steel Forms are used in all corners of the country.. They have materially aided in accomplishing projects from the construction of roads, sidewalks and buildings to such feats as the Panama Canal and Catskill Aqueduct.

When Blaw-Knox Company investigated and discovered that the terrific heat of high-temperature furnaces was hindering work and harming materials, Knox Patented Water-Cooled Appliances were the outcome.

For carrying high-tension lines, Blaw-Knox steel transmission towers, which stand their ground and withstand the elements, were designed, built and erected.

And still another conquered field: Blaw Clamshell Buckets are known to countless contractors and industrial plants as the ideal method of excavating and rehandling.

In designing equipment, no obstacle is side-stepped. Blaw-Knox Company takes the hardest route when necessary. Its service is unlimited.

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY, Pittsburgh

Offices in Principal Cities

Export Representation

These products are built and trade-marked by Blaw-Knox Company

BLAW STEEL FORMS for all kinds of concrete work—sewers, tunnels, aqueducts, dams, culverts, bridges, retaining walls, factory buildings and warehouses, columns, floors, foundations, manholes, subways, reservoirs, piers, roads, sidewalks, etc.

BLAW CLAMSHELL BUCKETS and Automatic Cableway Plants for digging and rehandling earth, sand, gravel, coal, ore, limestone, tin, scrap, slag, cinders, fertilizers, rock products, etc.

KNOX PATENTED WATER-COOLED Doors, Door Frames, Ports, Bulkheads, Front and Back Wall Coolers, Reversing Valves, etc., for Open Hearth, Glass and Copper Regenerative Furnaces; Water Cooled Standings, Shields, and Boxes for Sheet and Tin Mills.

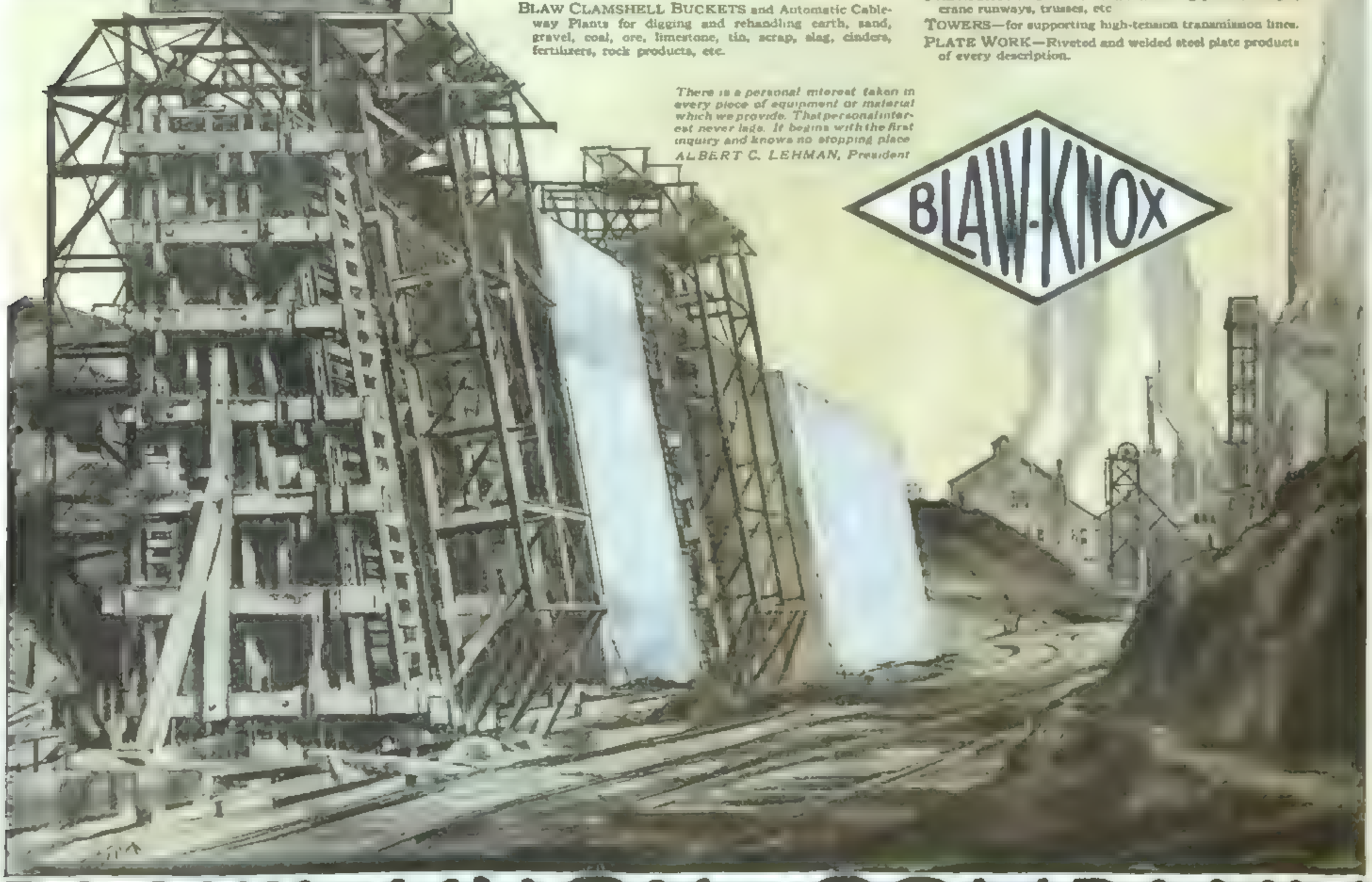
FABRICATED STEEL—Manufacturing plants, bridges, crane runways, trusses, etc

TOWERS—for supporting high-tension transmission lines.

PLATE WORK—Riveted and welded steel plate products of every description.

There is a personal interest taken in every piece of equipment or material which we provide. That personal interest never lags. It begins with the first inquiry and knows no stopping place
ALBERT C. LEHMAN, President

BLAW-KNOX



BLAW-KNOX COMPANY

SNOWDRIFT
PURE VEGETABLE COOKING FAT

Cream it

Snowdrift never gets too hard nor too soft. It is always of just the right creamy consistency that a good cook finds easiest to use. You may have tried shortening that got hard as a candle in cold weather or in the icebox and then runny in warm weather. Snowdrift stays hard enough in warm weather and soft enough in cold weather so that it is *always* easy to cream.

Smell it

And see what we mean when we say that Snowdrift is *fresh.* After you open the can, Snowdrift "keeps" well. The advantage is that in its airtight can, Snowdrift is really fresh when you start to use it, not already stale when you get it.

Look at it

Snowdrift is made of the finest vegetable oil, always light in color, and then refined to a purity which makes Snowdrift *white.*

Taste it

And find out how good shortening can be. Snowdrift is made entirely of vegetable oil as choice as any salad oil you ever ate. It has no flavor, because no cook wants food to taste of the fat she used.

IN 1, 2, 4, AND 8 POUND AIRTIGHT TINS. NEVER IN BULK

To be sure that Snowdrift is fresh when you open the can in your own kitchen, we pack it *only* in cans as *truly* airtight as you yourself would use to put up fruits or vegetables or preserves. Your grocer has Snowdrift or can easily get it for you.

SOUTHERN COTTON OIL TRADING COMPANY
New York Savannah New Orleans Chicago

(Concluded from Page 58)

that there is a moral basis for property, and you will not establish a moral basis for property or obtain conviction from the masses of the people unless you are able at the same time to make just laws regulating and bringing up-to-date the condition under which property is acquired and enjoyed, and to correct by taxation the evils of unmerited acquisition or indolent enjoyment. The country is suffering from the curse of politics. It has been suffering from the curse of politics for many years.

What the country needs is an amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of a President for one term—six years—and we need a business man to start off the new era. We do not want Presidents who from the first hour of their inauguration start the machinery a-going for a second term. We want congressmen and United States senators who are not always looking for reëlection; whose uppermost thought is not reëlection. We want city, state and national legislators who are thinking of the country at large—how it is to be benefited and progressed. There is altogether too much politics in the country. Everything is politics. Everything is subordinated to political schemes, and it is the greatest wonder in the world under our system of politics that the nation has progressed as it has.

We are a commercial and agricultural country and we need a business man in the White House, business men in the cabinet; and we need farmers in the Cabinet, labor men in the Cabinet; farmers and labor men and business men in all legislatures—city, state and national. There are too many professional politicians who think of nothing but themselves, and there are too many lawyers whose practical knowledge of business methods is limited or whose entire knowledge of business methods has been gained from their association with business men as clients. In other words, these lawyers are but proxy business men, just as the sea lawyers of England and the soldier lawyers of England, France and the United States were but proxy business men, having gained their little knowledge of business by association with business men; and it is an accepted axiom that you cannot transfer absolute, positive or practical knowledge from one class of men to another class of men.

Uncle Joe's Riddle

Labor unions must be made responsible bodies. There isn't an industry in the United States that is not held responsible to the laws of the country. Capital is regulated and held responsible. The only class of citizens not responsible to anybody on the face of the earth in the United States Government is the so-called working class—those who belong to the unions. This is an absurd part of our Government. Not only must labor unions be held responsible but all granges and farmers' unions must be held responsible for their activities—if they become illegal. Any other course is class legislation of the worst order, for which professional politicians are responsible; professional politicians are that kind of congressmen of whom ex-Speaker Cannon used to make mention—cowardly congressmen. To Mr. Cannon is ascribed that old story:

"Who or what is more cowardly than a congressman?"

"Dunno."

"Two congressmen."

The only practical way to treat the menace of class tyranny in this country is by prompt and courageous opposition. This may be speaking out in meeting, but it is what the people are thinking and talking about, and in the long run public opinion will assert itself and have its way.

In the closing days of his Administration President Taft secured an appropriation of $100,000 to enable him to appoint an economy and efficiency commission, with Doctor Cleveland at its head, President Goodnow, Mr. Willoughby, Mr. Chance and one or two others as members, who did a great deal of work in their report in favor of a budget, all of which Mr. Taft transmitted to Congress and urged upon the consideration of Congress with a view to securing a reform in the financial methods of the Government. Congress refused Mr. Taft additional appropriations which were needed to complete the work, and President Wilson's Administration would not hear of the budget system. Now the present Congress is forwarding a movement for a budget and the material that President Taft's economy and efficiency commission prepared is right at its hand. No country in the world has been without a budget system except the United States—and who is responsible for that situation? The politicians—the politicians in the cities, in the states and in the nation, who desire first, last and all the time to keep control of the appropriations for municipal, state and national expenditures. Why did they wish to keep control of these expenditures? What was their motive in this matter? The answer is, and this answer cannot be disputed—financial and political graft. That is the answer, and the only answer.

There is no desire to criticize the lawyers who have had such a pronounced dominance in the affairs of the nation from its organization, but many believe that business men could have done better and that our nation would have been much further along as a nation if a larger number of business men had had a hand in its affairs.

Lawyers are prone to delays. "The law's delays" has been an axiom and a maxim for centuries. The sea lawyers of the British Admiralty prevented preparedness. The soldier lawyers of the United States prevented preparedness. The lawyers in the Cabinet at Washington, in Downing Street and in the French Administration were responsible for the delays in preparedness for the war. Then, too, lawyers have a passion for legislation, and they apparently believe that a new law will cure any and all troubles incident to human life. How profound that passion is can be gathered from a comparison of the bills introduced into and passed by the English Parliament and by our national Senate and House. At Westminster, during the ten years ending with 1909, there were introduced and considered 6251 measures, of which 3882 became law; at Washington during the same period there were considered 146,471 different bills, of which no less than 16,000 became law. In forty-two state legislatures in session in 1913 there were introduced 1395 bills affecting the operation of our railroads alone. This was almost five times as many as were introduced in the legislatures of 1912, and three times as many as those introduced in the year 1911; and since that time the passion for legislation on the part of lawyers has been the uppermost desire; they are always grinding out new laws.

There are too many laws in the country, and if all of them were put in operation they would bankrupt cities, states and the entire national government. The fewer laws the better.

The sentiment for a business man for President does not include the type who did not know the name of the greatest traitor since Judas Iscariot's time; nor a business man of the type, a communicant of Henry Ward Beecher's church, who years ago extolled the talents of Shakspere as "a writer for the Dublin press"; but the situation requires one of our keenest business men who has the qualifications to carry out the late Senator Aldrich's statement that if business men had control they could save the Government $300,000,000 a year.

The Veto of the Bureaucrats

It is one thing to say that a business man should be nominated for President, and it is quite another thing to be able to accomplish that purpose. The very natural and sequential question is, would the political organizations of the two great parties permit a business man to be nominated for President? It is well known that political organizations are dominated for the most part by those dependent almost entirely upon political movements for a livelihood; in other words, the political organizations of the country are controlled by professional politicians, who in turn are affiliated to a very large extent with labor-union leaders. Not only are the primaries, municipal, state and national, controlled by the politicians, but so also are the Presidential-preference primaries.

The characteristics, the training and the environment of a business man are directly the reverse of those of a politician or of the political leader who dominates a political organization. The country is very sick of politicians, whatever label they wear. It no longer believes in them and no longer trusts them. It is tired of the old tricks and the old deals.

Not only would the politicians object to a business man for President, but so also would the bureaucrats object to a business man for President. A bureaucrat lives on delay, on procrastination, on red tape; he cannot act straight because he cannot think straight; he cannot act quickly because he cannot think quickly; he cannot decide quickly because he has no brains for quick decision. He would be frightened out of his senses if he permitted a quick decision on any given matter. He would be out of his element, out of his official breath. His whole life is of the drear, gray life of ineptitude. A bureaucrat would be paralyzed, stifled, asphyxiated over the decision, the alertness, the promptitude of action of a business man in the White House. A bureaucrat, just like a professional politician, does not understand the soul of the mighty institutions of our country. Both know that our people are generous, and hourly, daily, weekly, monthly and yearly these bureaucrats and politicians play on the generosity of our people. Meantime, through the graft of the politicians and the sorry inefficiency of the bureaucrats, the taxes of the people are piled up and piled up.

One cannot deny the odium which attaches to the word "bureaucracy" throughout the entire world. The chief complaints against bureaucracy are red tape, inelasticity, lack of enterprise, inefficiency and non-economical working. The same odium attaches to the word "politician," only that odium implies direct business inefficiency if not worse.

BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE. PHOTO. BY J. T. BOYER

El Capitan, Yosemite Valley, Yosemite National Park

If your Fall Overcoat carries the "R & W" label you can be sure you are getting a plus value in style and a hundred per cent value for every dollar you spend.

The "R & W" Overcoat line this year should mean more to careful buyers than ever before.

Look for the "R & W" label—it's your protection. It will pay you.

PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Makers of good overcoats, raincoats, trousers, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, summer clothing, golf and automobile apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

and Java. American interests control about one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of developed and undeveloped rubber lands in Sumatra, and the Japs are rapidly getting into the business, having already acquired nearly one hundred thousand acres of rubber land in the state of Johore in the Malay Peninsula.

The rubber tree grows best in rich, damp soil and in countries where the temperature is eighty-nine to ninety-four degrees at noontime and not less than seventy-four degrees at night and where there is a rainy season for five or six months in the year. The only place on American soil where conditions have been found favorable to the growing of rubber is in the Philippines. Several hundred tons are now produced yearly in Mindanao, but this small output would only last a large American plant for a day or two.

The failure to grow rubber in the Philippines is due to an insufficient supply of cheap labor—our Government forbids the importation of Chinese coolies—and government restriction limiting to 2500 acres the amount of land which corporations can own.

These two conditions have discouraged the investment of American capital.

In the days prior to the war the greater part of the rubber output from the Eastern plantations was shipped to London, where it was sold at auction. This practice was changed by the depredations of the German submarines and Singapore replaced London as the world's rubber center. Today all large dealers buy at Singapore, and the rubber comes to us via the Pacific in Japanese tonnage. It is possible, however, that when conditions return to normal London will again become the big rubber market, because of the fact that most of the plantation owners have their central offices in London.

In certain ways, particularly in regard to market value, rubber is in a class pretty much by itself. Of all the raw materials consumed by modern industry crude rubber is about the only important staple that has not advanced in price in recent years. This is true in spite of the fact that the world's rubber consumption has increased about 300 per cent in less than eight years. The difficulty has been that notwithstanding the amazing growth in the uses of rubber the plantations have grown even faster and production has outstripped consumption. Even to-day there is a surplus of rubber which cannot find a ready market in our industrial life. This is an unfortunate situation for the producers, but the best outlook indicates that when Germany and other nations that have not been getting rubber once more enter the market the business of producing this material will become more profitable. Before the war Germany consumed about 15 per cent of the world's production and the Teutons led the world in the manufacture of rubber toys, hard-rubber goods, ocean cables and rubber packings.

The rubber industry is a secretive business. It is a business of individuality and initiative because there are infinite opportunities for the chemist to use hundreds of different formulas in scores of different ways. In this country alone it is a business that furnishes employment and livelihood for a million people. I am told that there are 12,000 vulcanizers in the United States who are kept busy repairing and retreading tires. There is also that branch of the business that is engaged in reclaiming used rubber. Recent figures show that the American production of reclaimed rubber exceeds in pounds our total importations of crude rubber.

India rubber has the unique faculty of amalgamating itself with countless varieties of other materials. For instance, a compound of asbestos and rubber will make a splendid steam packing and will produce a brake lining that is superior to any ductile metal. Certain materials added to rubber will make it as hard as stone; a certain other few will make it as soft as velvet, while some substances develop the rubber into a product that is as unstretchable as horsehide. For every thousand pounds of rubber that go into American factories finished products come out that weigh from four to ten times as much as the original rubber that entered the plant.

Henry C. Pearson, editor of The India Rubber World, sees the day when "you can take the milk of a rubber tree, convert it into an elastic resin, then bake this resin with sulphur and turn the product into rosewood, walnut, mahogany and ebony of the finest sort." He says: "Any rare wood can thus be simulated. It will not warp or check and it will not absorb moisture. Its sawdust and chips can be molded again into the first shape. Even the boards once out of use can be ground up and used again and again."

Whether such dreams materialize or not, rubber is sure to become one of the mightiest essentials in the line of civilized man. Already it can be fashioned into products that are stronger than iron, more lasting than wood or stone and more flexible than leather. We consume about 75 per cent of the world's production of the substance, and control less than 5 per cent of the sources of supply. And though true, such a thought doesn't make the happiest kind of an ending to a story.

VIEWS OF A LAYMAN ON BOLSHEVISM

(Continued from Page 19)

has displayed during the past two years no talent in reorganization adequate to the situation or reflecting evidence of even nominal competency. The communists have had a better chance to restore production and distribution than had the two previous governments. Under czarism there was mobilization of males between the ages of eighteen and forty-three; naturally this left few men to work. Under Kerensky there was still the great war, and the size of the army was little less than under the czar. Kerensky had therefore no opportunity for industrial organization. But the Bolshevik government has had only petty war for nearly two years; it has had the great man power of Russia available for use in the reorganization and reconstruction of industry. The progressive deterioration during 1918 and 1919 speaks therefore much more strongly against the efficiency of the present régime than did the failure of the two previous governments. The incompetency of the people is shared by the government; and when an incompetent government assumes a competence in the people that does not exist it adds blunder to incompetence.

Much more important, both in the past and for the future, though much less conspicuous, have been the developments in agriculture. In prewar Russia the lands were divided into five groups of holdings:

The lands of the crown.

The lands of the church.

The large holdings of the aristocrats and middle class—gentry.

The lands of the commune.

The lands of the peasants.

For generations the land problem has been the one problem of Russia. The members of the royal families held huge tracts, some of which were devoted entirely to sports and other pleasures, many of which, however, were farmed under managers who were tyrannical, exacting and brutal. The extent of the holdings of land by the church may be illustrated in the statement that since the revolution more than four hundred million acres of land previously held by the church have been conveyed to the state. The holdings of wealthy landlords of the middle class and of aristocrats below the plane of titles were large and comprehended a great deal of the very best land of Russia. These lands were in a relative sense efficiently farmed, though the peasant labor employed to farm them was illy requited and often brutally abused. The holdings of individual peasants were small in number and insignificant in area before the emancipation of the serfs in 1863, and have increased but slowly since.

The mir was the governing body of the old commune. The communal soviet had a certain amount of land directly under its jurisdiction. The amount of land was in some localities considerable, in others inconsiderable; and it was usually land of poor grade. These holdings of communal land were in the Russian system used as a stop-gap. The peasants were assigned the use of certain of the communal lands, just enough to give them a certain individual interest but not enough to enable them to be self-supporting. They were thus compelled to give a portion of their time to landlords with large holdings; and under these circumstances they were exploited in the most shameful manner.

In three facts lay almost the entire consciousness of the Russian peasant: Firstly, that there was an organization springing from his own class, a soviet, that had control of a certain amount of land and would assign land to him; secondly, that landholders controlled a great deal more land and were in a position to exploit his labor; thirdly, that the government of the czar limited the function of the soviet to purely local things, such as the distribution of the land of the mir. From these three facts the Russian peasant has for decades formulated for the distant future a policy as ardently desired as it seems distant, in which the soviet should be the type of the larger government of the society in which the peasants should own the land.

The peasants were emancipated in 1863, at which time more than half of them were serfs. A system of distribution of land was at that time adopted, intended ostensibly to enable the peasant to become a freeholder. Allocations were made upon a large scale, but the system was so manipulated that the payments and taxes were grossly excessive. When the peasant rented land from the landholder—as he often did, especially for pasture—he was charged a ruinous rate; when he worked for the landholder as tenant or laborer he was ground into the soil. The pawnbroker of the slums had nothing on the Russian landholder. Under these circumstances the results of the emancipation were but slowly realized in the elevation of the peasant. The peasant holdings were usually small, rarely over eleven acres in European Russia—thirty-five to forty acres were required to support a family of six—and thus the peasant was compelled to work for the landholder in a peonage that was little better than his previous serfdom.

Each year millions of men wandered westward from the farms of Russia, seeking work. A substantial portion of the farm work of Germany before the war was done by Russian workmen. In 1906 an imperial ukase was issued, confirmed by the Duma two years later, that accomplished a reform in the laws so that the peasant could become a freeholder with less of extortion than had been previously inflicted upon him. This reform passes under the name of Stolypin, and really made effective for the first time the emancipation of 1863, and permitted the peasant to become a landowner without exploitation. But it came too late to appease the peasant, who has been waiting for his "day." In 1905 a quarter of the land was nominally in the hands of peasants, the communal lands amounted to thirty-five per cent, while the state and church held forty per cent. During the following ten years only two and a half million peasants sought and obtained possession of land. All that had been accomplished the peasants regarded as only a beginning; they wanted all lands divided in fee simple.

An indication of the condition of the peasant freeholders is afforded in the statement that at the time of the outbreak of the great war peasants were in arrears for taxes to an extent of more than one hundred million dollars in European Russia. Of the lands made available to them when serfdom was abolished the peasants have redeemed less than three hundred million acres, scarcely more than two acres per capita of the peasant class. In some years the number of peasants who deserted their holdings was almost as large as the number that made new finings.

Different and better conditions prevailed in Siberia, where the land was always nationalized, the state and crown holding ninety-eight per cent of the land. The state lands were communal, the allotment to each peasant much larger than in European Russia—often more than a hundred

(Continued on Page 65)

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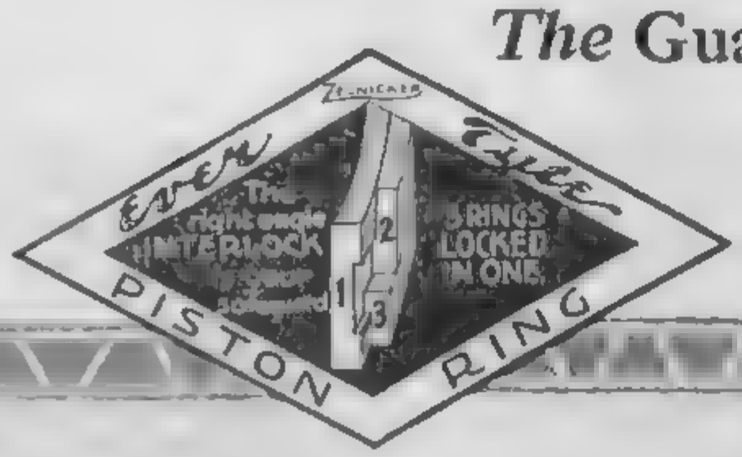

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STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS

(Continued from Page 62)

acres to a family—and the conditions of payment less oppressive. The technic of farming was more highly developed in Siberia than in European Russia.

For the peasant nothing will replace private ownership of the land, nothing else can compensate for the serfdom; the history of cruelty and poverty finds its final expression in an imperative demand for ownership. The peasant had fifty years of a communism of land before the revolution; he knows that he wants a private ownership. In the revolution of 1905 the peasant was impatient of communism, and spoke only of ownership of land.

There was always a strong strain of primitive coöperation in Russia. In the cities workmen often lived in artels that were not unlike fraternity houses in our colleges. There were also trade artels for both producers and consumers. On the land were coöperative societies and banks. These were sometimes largely dominated by large landholders, but the peasants participated and in Siberia often controlled the organizations. The coöperative societies purchased machinery, bags, seed, fertilizer, hardware, corrugated iron and what not else. They sometimes marketed the grain and usually marketed hides and furs. The banks were only in part truly coöperative, they were quasigovernmental, resembling our farm-loan-bank funds. These coöperative associations were more highly developed in Siberia than in European Russia. The total number of agricultural agencies and coöperative societies in 1914 was more than 25,000, nearly all of which had been founded since 1890.

Though coöperative associations tended to elevate the plane of operations in agriculture Russian farming stood upon a low level. Intensive and diversified agriculture was unknown in Russia prior to 1890. The soil had been badly depleted by lack of fertilizer and infrequent rotation, methods were antiquated, cultivation was superficial and labor was inefficient. The peasant freeholder lived on the verge of want. The large landholder made money by merciless exploitation of the renter and laborer. The crop yields were low; and, though land rich, Russia was paradoxically enough also land poor.

These were the results, the last vestiges of feudalism. These conditions the peasants wanted wiped out by the revolution. For them there could be no compromise between feudalism and peasant ownership, between slaveholding on land and capitalism in land.

And yet the peasants accepted in 1917 a system that on paper denied them ownership of the land. A young woman testifying in Washington before a committee of the Senate said that she could see no difference between owning a piece of land and having the use of a piece of land, just as she could see no difference between owning her hat and having the use of it. This statement illustrates lack of appreciation of the individual relationship between the cultivator and his land that goes back to the beginnings of agriculture.

The Succession of Events

It is important to get clear the succession of events in these revolutions. First rises an overwhelming wave of revulsion of popular feeling, often associated with failure of the food supply in large cities; or as in Germany with disillusionment of defeat. Inaugurated by mutiny against officers, revolt of the military forces follows; the government falls, forced by its own cabinet to retire in the face of the pressure of public opinion. Thereupon a provisional government rises, organized by the most prominent socialists, with tendencies for coalition with other effective parties. The legislative body is retained. The provisional government and the legislative body then plan to call a national congress to decide on the new form of government. Thereupon promptly appear soldiers, sailors and workingmen's soviets that oppose the formation of a new government by national assembly called by the provisional government. The soviets struggle for power by direct action. They succeeded in Russia and Hungary; failed in Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland. In each country the soldiers, sailors and workmen's councils represented a union of communism with the idea of soviet. In each instance the observer is led to wonder whether the provisional government could not have avoided communism if it had accepted soviet government.

When in March, 1917, the provisional government replaced czarism this change did not come from the spirit of the people. The revolution changed the form of government, but not to a marked extent. It was an external militaristic government, that intended to undertake reforms of a moderate socialist type, using the Duma as the instrument. Kerensky put out the nobility, but he retained the bourgeoisie bureaucracy, because they knew their job. Knowing their job, but being out of sympathy with the provisional government, they sabotaged. The political revolution destroyed czarism, a governmental organization with a thousand ramifications; and replaced it with a paper organism composed of the Duma and a provisional government, these to be in turn replaced by an organization to be selected and installed by an all-Russian assembly. This was all on paper. The leaders had no contact with anything outside of the intellectual classes and the ten per cent of bourgeoisie. It is generally agreed that Kerensky was an incompetent dreamer; but it is also clear that he had no contact with or appreciation of the Russian masses.

The first workmen's councils in Russia were formed during the abortive revolution in 1905, Trotzky being the head of the one in St. Petersburg. During the ten years that followed, these councils of workers secretly solicited coöperation with the peasant soviets, who gladly accepted the affiliation in the interest of mutual strength. The old mir of the Russian commune was like a New England town meeting, and of about the same age in history. Both sexes participated. The mir allocated the communal lands, cared for the roads and waterways, organized the primitive sanitation, arranged the local taxes and bore the burden of the indigent. With it operated the local courts of the volost, administering the simple law between peasants, maintaining public order, enforcing the religious ordinances and settling civil suits.

The Soviet System

The functions of the mir and volost were purely local; one commune could not combine with another. The policy of the czar was to repress the communal mir, or the later soviet, and restrict it to the simplest local function. The peasants were always trying to expand it. When the pressure of czarism disappeared, while the provisional government was taking over the rule of the city, the soviet simply expanded in the country and almost automatically took over all the functions of government.

As then developed, the soviet was geographical and resembled a combination of New England town meeting with the commission form of government. Illustrated by application to our unit the operations would run as follows: All men and women in a township vote to select a soviet. At the meeting of the township soviet a certain number of members, according to population, are elected as delegates to the county soviet. A council is elected to run the township. The county soviet, consisting of the representatives of the township soviets, meets and elects representatives to the state soviet and also selects a council for administration of the affairs of the county. Cities above a certain size have an urban soviet, like a commission form of municipal government. The representatives of the county soviets form the state soviet, this elects representatives to the national soviet and names a council to conduct the affairs of the state. The national soviet selects a cabinet or commissary to administer the affairs of the nation, under direct legislation of the national soviet.

Whether a single head or a supreme council be selected by the national soviet is a matter of no consequence in the theory of the scheme. Provision is made for the creation of courts, that are presumably appointed by soviets of different grade for courts of the different orders of dignity. Under such a scheme the direct expansion of the primitive soviet would represent a form of pure democracy, without conflict between legislative and executive. Such a scheme of democratic government gets rid of primaries, general elections, partisan organizations and representation by professional politicians. Such was the dream of the Russian soviet, and this was the course of developments directly after the fall of the government of the czar. As a matter of fact, wire pulling occurred in the mir, just as was to have been expected, since human nature is everywhere the same. The communal lands were not all of equal quality, and favoritism was displayed in the allocations. When the lands of the crown and large estates came to be allocated to peasants in 1918, violent controversies occurred between peasants, based upon favoritism in the soviet administration of the land, animals and machinery. And the present status represents largely solution by force; the peasants with force secured through manipulation of the soviet what they wanted or seized it.

The positions of the peasants and of the industrial workers in Russia were apparently compromises on both sides from the beginning of the revolution. The city worker needed the support of the peasant in order to secure communism. The peasant needed the support of the city worker in order to secure soviet government. In order to be relieved of the last vestige of feudalism, the last oppressive landlord, the last exploitation, the peasant was for the time being glad to accept the idea of communism of the land so long as the government was a soviet and the peasant controlled the soviet.

The urban worker was willing to accept a soviet government, in which he would have only a numerically minor representation, so long as the factories, mines and other industries were communized and the middle class excluded from participation in the soviet.

Manipulators of the People

Each must have realized that eventually, with the opening of Russia to import and export trade with the world, the program that expressed the interests of the industrial worker and of the peasant must inevitably come into conflict. But for the present, Russia being walled in, the day of conflict could be deferred, because the present alliance between the two groups has brought so much that was desired by each. The peasant lives on the land that the communist says belongs to the state. So long as the communism of the state does not come into conflict with the sense of possession that the peasant feels in his land, equipment and produce, does not control his market or his prices—well and good. But when industrialism and agriculture again become normal in operations the conflict of interests will appear.

This simple and primitive conception of the soviet was radically changed by Lenine and his associates, who introduced a motivated procedure. Instead of the soviet being geographical it was made occupational. The middle class was excluded, all who do not work were excluded—the classification of what is work has been changed from time to time, and no longer means menial work with the hands. Suffrage is for both sexes. The soviets were grouped into occupations. This really represented a suffrage of the proletariat. As the soviets up to the all-Russian congress, from which the central executive and the commissaries are drawn, consisted entirely of proletariat, there was and is in Russia a dictatorship of the proletariat—so long as the peasant allows himself to be classified as a communist instead of a capitalist. The word "Bolsheviki" means majority. The system of soviet, like any political system, is easily capable of corruption. With the modifications introduced by Lenine and Trotzky the system was raised to the nth power as a political machine. Lenine and Trotzky are not the expressions of the opinions of the Russian people; they are the manipulators of the Russian people. Within a year they developed a political machine that for autocracy and arbitrariness exceeds anything ever dreamed of by a ward heeler, and one that lends itself to infinite variety of corruption.

Kerensky and the Duma invoked in August, 1917, an all-Russian conference to determine the future form of government. This contained more than fifteen hundred delegates, of which some three hundred had been banded by Lenine and Trotzky and their associates under the union of soviet and communism. This faction was not only the largest single faction—it had a concrete policy. The rest were engaged in the manufacture of phrases or busy in the search for devices for saving the situation by compromise. Kerensky and Korniloff had a row, which represented essentially a rallying of the cadets—bourgeoisie—to oppose the moderate socialism of Kerensky. This led to civil war, which came to nothing because the fighting forces of both

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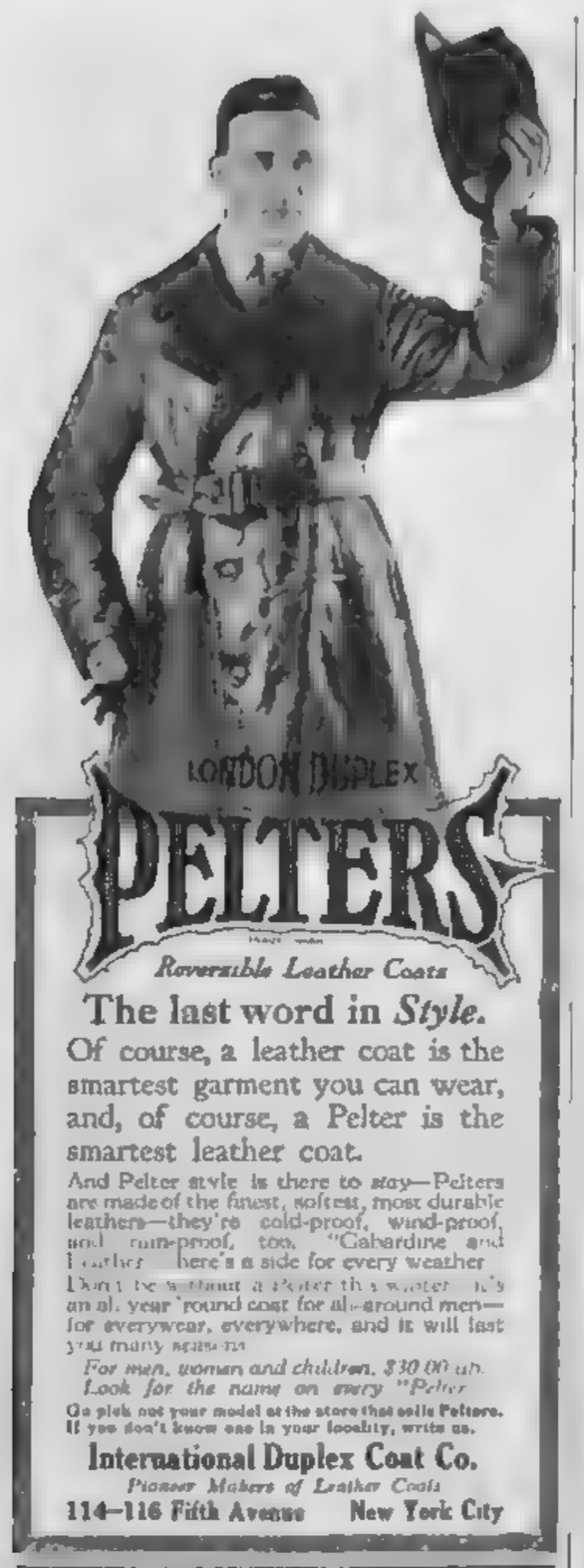
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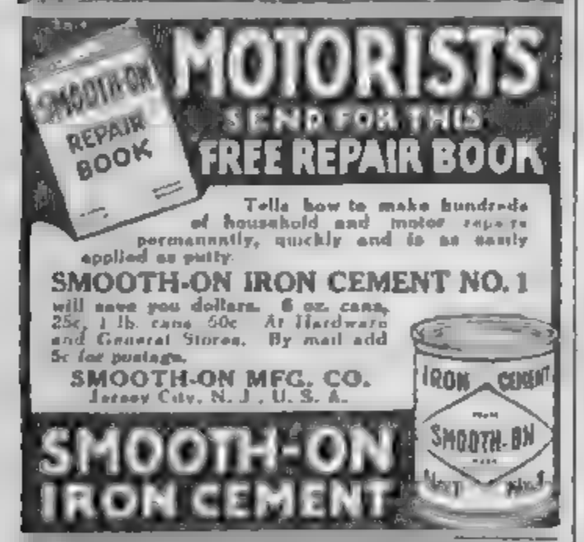
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groups were controlled by the soviet faction. The cadet guards placed in the capital and in Moscow by the all-Russian congress were displaced in the same manner as the armies of the contending parties had been pacified. After the humiliating surrender of Korniloff, Kerensky remained nominally as head of the provisional government.

In the meantime the party of Lenine and Trotzky had converted a majority of the members of the all-Russian conference to their policy. This policy was nothing more or less than an implication contained in the words: "All power to the soviet." It was not a platform of principles but a declaration of method. It appealed at once to the peasant and to the industrial worker. The Mensheviki wanted all classes to be represented in the government; but the influence of the other party was dominant and the idea of complete control by proletariat soviet, with the elimination of the middle class, prevailed.

At the same time the communists labored with the soldiers to convince them that the war with Germany was a purely capitalistic war and should be abandoned. At this point the Bolsheviki first came into conflict with the nations opposed to Germany in the war. When the conversion of the soldiers to pacifism and the conversion of the all-Russian congress to the idea of the soviet was completed the party of Lenine and Trotzky overthrew the provisional government by direct force—little was required early in November—and thereupon called together the second all-Russian congress or soviet to form a new government on the principle of all power to the soviet, with communism in industry as represented by turning factories and plants over to the workmen and the transfer to the state of all lands of the crown, the church and the landed proprietors.

The System of Government

At the meeting of the second national soviet Lenine, Trotzky and the other leaders were elected to their positions as commissaries. The present government represents a direct continuation, with some elaboration, by the action of successive all-Russian soviets. So soon as the new government was established steps were taken to make peace with Germany, and after much bickering and bullying the treaty of Brest-Litovsk was signed in March, 1918, under protest against the terms of oppression and exploitation contained therein. Since that time Russia has been continuously engaged in civil war because of opposition in different parts of Russia to the government and policy of the present régime.

The present constitution of Russia was adopted by the fifth all-Russian congress in July, 1918. The present system of government is as follows: The election to soviets is on the basis of population. In the cities are soviets of the several occupations—mill workers, printers, carpenters, and so on—the factory, not the trade, being the unit. In the country districts are the provincial soviets. The delegates selected from the numerous urban and rural soviets meet thrice yearly as the all-Russian soviet, with some eleven hundred members. The last congress presented a dozen parties of socialists, the Bolsheviks being in the majority, followed by the social revolutionists, the other groups being small. The anarchists form a very small party. The Bolsheviks controlled more than seven hundred votes in this congress. From the congress is chosen the central executive of two hundred members. This committee names the eighteen commissaries, who correspond to ministers of cabinet. The commissaries agree on policy, they divide the administrative work of government and have in their departments final authority and responsibility. Since suffrage is limited by occupation this is not a democracy or a representative form of government. When the peasant insists upon ownership of land the government will not represent more than fifteen per cent of Russia. The peasant holds the future.

From many sources in Russia one hears the statement that the masses tolerate Bolshevism because of their faith in the soviet form of government.

Ten sections of Russia—leaving Siberia out of consideration—have split off from Russia and established independent governments—all classified as republic and anti-Bolshevik—which appeal for recognition as de facto and de jure governments. These are Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Georgia, Azerbaijan, North Caucasia, White Russia and the Ukraine. Poland and Finland were early given recognition. Bessarabia and Bukowina have joined, or been joined to, Rumania. These states are all on the defensive against Bolshevik Russia. On the defensive means military watchful waiting, and military offensive. The attitude of the Bolshevik régime toward these seceders from Russia cannot be forecast, though it is doubtful if the professed policy of self-determination would be followed with respect to them. In addition there is active civil war, conducted by the forces under Denikin in the south, under Kolchak in the east and under Judenich in the northwest, having the common purpose of extinction of Bolshevism through external military pressure. Whether they aim at extinction of the soviet form of government as well as extinction of communism is not clear, and this is a point of vital importance to the mass of Russians fighting within the cordon. The population of Bolshevik Russia is supposed to be about seventy-five millions, though this figure assumes an arbitrary distribution of war losses.

The best information as to economic conditions in Russia is obtained from Americans who have long lived in Russia—engaged in business enterprise or management of industrial plants—who have personally not been disturbed by the revolutionary government and who have gradually come out because they have grown tired of unsatisfactory conditions of life. They state that communism is a failure and explain the reasons for it. The writer has not found them embittered and they will return to Russia as soon as communism is replaced by capitalism, irrespective of the form of government. The neutral nations, especially Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland, have maintained fairly close contact with Russia, and the information available in these countries corroborates that obtained from Americans. Information brought out by writers who have made hasty trips into Russia for purposes of propaganda, for or against the present régime, is usually so devoid of data and so obviously motivated as to be of little value. Americans who have looked over Russia since the advent of the soviet government belong to one of three groups: Those who have talked with Lenine, those to whom Lenine has talked and those who have talked to him.

All land has been nominally transferred to the state. The peasants occupy the land, in accordance with what may be termed a modus vivendi in each commune, often attended with great bitterness. They regard the land, animals and machinery as belonging to them, but are deferring distribution and division until they again have a government that recognizes individual ownership. As the result of this indecision acreage under cultivation is everywhere much below normal.

Condition of the Railways

All municipal real estate has been taken over by the government and the administration, or maladministration, vested in housing committees. Previous owners receive no preference in housing over the proletariat, except that they must pay rent—the collection of rent is an automatic charge against the bank account—while the proletariat pay rent or not in accordance with their employment or their influence. In those cities in which refugees were collected there has been great congestion. Within the last year the populations of the large cities have fallen steadily, since the hungry unemployed masses return to the communes in which they have connections. When these urban workers and their dependents return to the land they subsist on out-of-work stipends, but constitute still a burden to the country districts; and this back-to-the-land movement has frequently culminated in riots, since the peasants do not consider that these city people have any rights to the land or on it.

The majority of manufacturing plants have been seized and private manufacturing is now practically forbidden, more than two hundred lines having been taken over. Under the guidance of the Supreme Economic Council centers or alliances are created, such as the textile center, the copper alliance. These formulate the regulations for operation of the plants. These are largely paper organizations, since most of the plants are closed. The previous owners and whatever experts are left were impressed to remain in the plants at salaries that were low. Latterly, salaries for managers and experts have been raised, until they are now as high as or higher—in figures—than the prewar level. The bank accounts are seized and the proceeds applied by the center or the shop council to the running of the plant. Wages are high—in figures—hours of work low, and the deficits are charged to the bank account. When the bank account is exhausted, additional credits—in figures—are extended by the bank. The overhead is very heavy, the output is light, and the depreciation of equipment progressive. Many plants have been closed through dissipation of assets. Latterly, in some important industries the communistic government has resorted to so-called capitalistic methods—wage by the piece, bonus for overtime and repression of strikes by military force.

The railways are in very bad condition. The Russian managers usually remained as conscripted state employees. Wages are high—in figures—rates high, hours of work low, and expenses greatly exceed earnings. Rates are eight to ten times as high as before the war. Drawbar-pull per mile has fallen progressively, likewise axles moving per mile and load per axle, while coal and wage per ton have greatly increased. The physical deterioration continues progressively. The service of to-day is not more than a quarter the prewar volume and not more than one-half the volume during the régime of the provisional government. Service, apart from military considerations, is fixed by the political influence of the traveling public, not by the needs of industries according to relative importance.

Foreign commerce is a state monopoly. Domestic commerce is under the control of a series of committees that coöperate with committees in manufacturing, transportation, banking and consumption. But there is very little domestic commerce; it is limited to foodstuffs and a few manufactured articles, badly distributed. Many of the old coöperative societies are functioning, since the government was wise enough not to touch them. Trading being a state function no taxes can be raised from this source.

Nationalized Industries

All urban banks are nationalized, having been made branches of the Peoples' Bank, managers, cashiers and directors remaining in compulsory service. The function of the bank is to advance money to the nationalized industries out of the previous deposits of these industries; when these are exhausted the bank borrows money from the state and lends to the industries. Perfectly simple! Banks may only finance industries, they may not deal in securities or exchange or make loans for personal use against personal valuables. Securities not registered are invalidated. Private accounts may be drawn against by depositors for fixed minimum sums monthly. When the bank account is exhausted the Peoples' Bank does not borrow from the state and advance it to the depositor whose account has been exhausted by expropriation. All domestic and foreign loans, except the soviet liberty loan, have been repudiated.

The banks of the agricultural coöperative societies have usually not been taken over or interfered with, as the government feared the peasant. Foreign banks have not been molested unless their nations have been blockading Russia; but they may do no business, since foreign trade is a state function, facilities of exchange are not available and loans to industries and to individuals are not allowed.

The production of basic materials has fallen to a low level. Russia has copper, nickel, lead, platinum, gold, iron, petroleum, oils, hides, wool, linen, cotton and grain as basic material. Some of these are under anti-Bolshevistic control; but no matter how located, production has decreased enormously, though not on account of scarcity of labor. Prices are very high, multiples of prewar prices.

The press has been nationalized. This means the suppression of all public expressions opposed to Bolshevism. Advertising has also been nationalized. This means the suppression of all individualism in the sale of commodities. Never in the world was the press so completely subservient to political domination as to-day in Russia.

(Concluded on Page 68)

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(Concluded from Page 66)

So long as Russia was still at war with the Central Powers the Allied and associated governments flirted with the government of Lenine and Trotzky. The military authorities of the Allied and associated powers wished to prevent the Central Powers from securing foodstuffs, animals and raw materials from Russia. A particular wing in each country opposed to Germany was anxious that revolutionary Russia should inoculate mutiny into the armies of the Central Powers, believing that a revolutionary Germany was less to be feared than a militaristic Germany. After the signing of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk the Allied and associated governments continued their efforts to prevent the Central Powers from securing food supplies, animals and raw materials from Russia, and the country was placed under nominal blockade.

With the signature of the armistice with Germany, Russia ceased to be regarded as a member of the Entente and was strictly blockaded by the Entente. This blockade, in which the Government of the United States has participated, is a blockade in fact if not in theory. There has been no declaration of war against Bolshevistic Russia by any one of the Allied and associated powers. In addition to blockade against Russia military intervention of Bolshevik Russia on behalf of anti-Bolshevik Russia was undertaken by the Entente and the United States. This was done on the principle that we were still in alliance with Russia, that the real Russia—as represented by the anti-Bolshevik majority in the entire country; militarily by the forces of Kolchak, Denikin and Judenich—is engaged in an internal contest with an insurgent minority, the Bolsheviks, and that we owe it to an allied Russia and to the world to aid in the overthrow of the insurgent forces.

The Two Sides of the Question

The Supreme Economic Council of the Allied and associated governments has invited Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Finland, Spain, Chile, Argentina, Colombia and Venezuela to join in a blockade of Bolshevik Russia by refusal to clear vessels bound for her ports or grant facilities for export of goods, by withholding of passports, by withdrawal of credits and commercial relations and by stoppage of all communications. Continuation of economic pressure is held to be the most effective weapon for restoration of a majority government in Russia.

In olden days a government was recognized when de facto, without question of internal situation. President Wilson broke with this tradition when he refused to recognize a president in Mexico on the ground that the change of government had been accomplished by murder. Throughout the great war and during the Armistice the Allied and associated powers have refused to deal with governments that do not represent the will of the majority of the people. The forces of military intervention have been withdrawn or are being withdrawn except in the case of Siberia. Anti-Bolshevik Russia is being supplied with foodstuffs, military equipment and implements of war, while Bolshevik Russia is being blockaded. The complete blockade is based upon the idea that only in this way can military supplies be excluded from Bolshevik Russia. This state of affairs has provoked violent protests from the Bolshevik government as being illegal under international law, inhuman in its results upon the people of Russia, and deceitful in its relation to the peoples of the blockading countries.

In the United States, the United Kingdom, France and Italy are groups that protest against the blockade of Russia. Radicals want the communistic experiment tried out without prejudice or interference. Pacifists want Russia and every other country let alone. Believers in self-determination of nations insist that the Russians should be permitted to manage their own affairs. Pro-Germans profess to see in the continued blockade of Russia a masked stab at the future Germany. Naval authorities object, because this kind of blockade is muddling the definition of "legal and effective blockade." Tradesmen protest because they wish to get into Russia while she is down and attempt to exploit her. Finally, a considerable and influential group are opposed to the blockade because they believe the final result will be to the disadvantage of orderly government in Russia and tend to perpetuate the control of the Bolshevik. It is urged that a punitive blockade will constitute a bad precedent; and that it is a violation of the dictum of Burke that one cannot indict a nation. Labor organizations in the United States, the United Kingdom, France and Italy have protested against the blockade because they profess to see in it a suppression of a labor movement. And liberal papers are strongly inclined to view Kolchak, Denikin and Judenich as reactionary parties, who if successful would return a czarism to power, quite in contradiction of the ideals for which we entered the war against Germany.

The proponents of the blockade state that Russians are divided into two camps: The split-off portion—from which ten independent states have been formed—and anti-Bolshevik Russia, containing a hundred million people; and Bolshevik Russia, which contains but seventy-five millions. The governments and the individual citizens of the Allied and associated powers have prior to and during the war made heavy loans to Russia, which loans have been repudiated by the Bolshevik government. These loans represent in large part savings of the common people—in France especially, of peasants—and cannot be disregarded. All properties of citizens of the Allied and associated powers located in Russia have been confiscated by the Bolshevik government. The Bolshevik government of Russia has openly set forth a program of crusade throughout the world designed to destroy the type of government which the present governments of the Allied and associated powers represent. The Bolshevik government has repeatedly proved itself unworthy of trust, has double-crossed both sides and both ways, and stops at no means calculated to destroy every other type of government than its own. Under these circumstances the Allied and associated powers regard a blockade of Russia, in fact if not on paper, as an act of self-defense on the one hand and as correct public policy for the world on the other.

There is truth on both sides. It is unfortunate that public opinion in the United States and the countries of the Entente has been so prejudiced that anyone who disbelieves in the blockade of Russia is denounced as a Bolshevik. Many careful students of affairs in Europe believe that the blockade against Russia has improved the internal position of Bolshevism. Men like General Smuts doubt whether it has been in the interest of correct public policy in the world. We must not disregard the fact that the continued blockade of Bolshevik Russia is, in a certain way, of the same kind as the blockade of Germany after the Armistice. This, at first regarded as advantageous, gradually fell into disrepute and was abandoned as superfluous from the standpoint of the control of Germany and injurious from the standpoint of the Entente.

Four Possible Policies

Four lines of policy toward Bolshevik Russia have been and are open:

Military intervention—which was a mistake for the simple reason, in itself adequate, that intervention could not be successful. It could not be successful for the same reason that Napoleon could not reach Moscow, because General Winter was chief of the Russian staff. It could not be successful for reasons of finance, because nobody in the world except the United States had the money necessary to pay for it. It could not be successful because the soldiers of the intervening armies looked upon intervention as anything but a crusade; and the day has passed when officers can order soldiers to advance into an unknown land for an unknown reason. The Bolsheviks have declared themselves ready to send military aid into any country where the proletariat, in revolution, are trying to establish Bolshevism; but they object to intervention into their affairs.

Refusal of recognition of Bolshevik government and blockade of the territory controlled by them—which is the present position of the United States, the United Kingdom, France, Italy, Rumania, Greece, the S. H. S., Poland, Czechoslovakia and Finland.

Refusal of recognition of the Bolshevik government but noninterference with freedom of civilian trade—which is the position of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and will be the position of Germany, Austria and Hungary when the treaties of peace are ratified. Though the citizens of the named countries are permitted to trade with citizens of Russia, so far as their governments are concerned, Scandinavians cannot trade with Russia because they cannot break the British cordon by methods of diplomacy or by force. Citizens of the United States cannot trade with citizens of Bolshevik Russia because the facilities of exportation are withheld by the Government.

Recognition of the Bolshevik government as the de facto government of Russia, with complete freedom of trade, intercourse and communications—which has been accorded to Bolshevik Russia by no nation.

In the modest opinion of the writer the third course represents the proper course from the standpoint of extermination of communism. The blockade of Bolshevik Russia is not merely the blockade of the Bolshevik, it is the blockade of the non-Bolshevik, who is injured worse than the Bolshevik. The blockade has the undoubted effect of rousing nationalistic feeling that is utilized by the Bolshevistic régime. So long as the country is under blockade counter-revolution of the anti-Bolshevik factors is by the very fact of blockade made more difficult. There can be no doubt that blockade of Hungary during the rule of Bela Kun roused and maintained a nationalistic reaction among the non-Bolshevistic Hungarians that was utilized by Bela Kun in the campaigns against the Slovakians and the Rumanians. There is no doubt that the revolt of the trade-unions—the moderate socialists among the working classes—was postponed by the blockade, because the misguided nationalism of the blockaded Hungarians was rallied to the support of Bela Kun. The idea that the blockade tends to make the experiment of communism less successful is the opposite of the truth; lowering of the blockade would jeopardize communism. Under the blockade communism, like the rate of exchange, is protected; with free commerce communism would reveal its inability to deliver the goods, just as the exchange rate sinks to bed rock.

A Blockade of Incapacity

The propaganda of the Bolshevik contends that the blockade has prevented the success of communism because it has prevented them from securing the commodities and materials with which they could have demonstrated the correctness of their theory. It is assumed that if the blockade were raised material importations could occur and in this view the blockading nations concur. Now this is just the point of error. If the blockade against Russia were raised importations in material amounts would not occur from any country; and the public in Russia would realize the impotence of communism in the commerce of the world. This was the same fear felt by nationalists in the United Kingdom, France and Italy—that if the blockade of Germany were raised directly following the Armistice she would import huge masses of raw materials and get the jump on the manufacturers and tradesmen of the other nations. There was also a military reason for maintaining the blockade, in that it was a cheap and effective method of control of Germany until she had accepted the treaty of peace. But the real reason was fear of huge German importations that would not only secure the earliest market for German manufacturers but would drive up the prices to every importing nation.

When finally it became clear that the continued blockade of the Central Powers was injuring the Central Powers almost as badly as the war did, and injuring the blockading nations, directly and indirectly, almost as much as it injured Germany, the blockade was raised. Did the much-feared importations into Germany occur? Nothing of the sort. With the mark at four cents there could be nothing more than nominal importation into Germany for the time being. The citizens of a state cannot import because they wish to import. Imports must be paid for with gold, commodities, securities, bills of exchange or credits. If the nation does not possess these it is blockaded by internal incapacity, and a military blockade can do it little or no further injury.

Now this was and is the exact situation of Russia—she has no facilities of exchange. She has no gold; no commodities except wheat—no transportation for that; no securities; no bills of exchange; no credits. If the Russians had these we may be sure that the traders of Scandinavia—yes, the traders of England and of the United States—would have slipped through the blockade long ago.

The raising of the blockade would have had two results on the peasant class, in whose hands lies the future of Russia: When no manufactured goods passed into Russia through the open door the peasant would have realized that communism had destroyed the standing of the credit of Russia in foreign markets and the raising of the blockade would have offered to the peasant a potential market for the sale of grain. Despite limitation of railway transportation he would have demanded facilities for shipment outward of grain, in order to secure with this grain commodities that he could not buy in Russia and that the Bolshevik government could not secure through the central importing agency. Refusal of the Bolshevik government to accord to the peasant facilities for exportation of grain would have roused a revolt against Bolshevism in the peasant class. Removal of the blockade would mean compelling the communist and the peasant to lay their cards on the table; and the result would have been to the injury of Bolshevism.

No Compromise Permissible

The writer does not believe that the blockade has seriously hampered communism, which was paralyzed by its own incapacity. He cannot resist the conviction that continuance of the blockade has delayed the counterrevolution against communism that must come from the peasant class, irrespective of the reactions of the middle class, when the normal play of economic forces in Russia is again possible. We shall not resume until we resume. And Russia cannot resume until we resume. And there will be no peace in Europe until there is peace in Russia.

No compromise can be made with the Bolshevistic government, however. Recognition of it as the de facto government cannot be accorded. The régime of Bolshevism is pledged to its adherents in Russia and in every country of the world to strive ceaselessly in every country to remove by direct action—revolution by force—every other form of government. It cannot make a pledge to respect the form of government in the countries that might recognize it, any more than a crusader could have made the pledge to make friends with the Mohammedan; any more than a missionary can promise not to convert the heathen. From the point of view of the communist it is the first duty of the Bolshevist to undermine every other form of government; and all means to this end—including violation of pledge not to do this—are regarded as proper. In fidelity to himself the Bolshevist must stab with the left hand while shaking hands with the right.

The present Russian Government made an agreement to discontinue propaganda in Germany; it was violated as soon as it was made. The government cannot pretend to control individual Bolshevists, and it could not wish to do so if it were possible. So long as Bolshevism is Bolshevism it must continuously and fanatically, by fair means and foul, without regard to any rule of word or conduct, plot against, corrupt and undermine every other form of government. Therefore it cannot hope for recognition from other governments.

The total result: Scarcity of food, so profound as to be equivalent to semi-starvation; breakdown of transportation; unemployment upon a stupendous scale, with paper-money stipends for the out-of-work; lack of the common necessities of life; heavy increase in the death rate. The Bolshevists are offering to compromise with almost every point in the theory of communism in order to extricate the country from the abyss of want. They plead in extenuation of the débâcle that the Russia of 1917 was not the time, place or conditions under which to test communism—which they discover two years too late. We must try to measure the extent to which Bolshevism is responsible for these conditions of deterioration. But first let us regard the situation westward of Russia, where the seed of Bolshevism made a different growth from that in Russia. Of especial interest is the influence of Teutonism and Bolshevism upon each other.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Doctor Taylor. The next will appear in an early issue.

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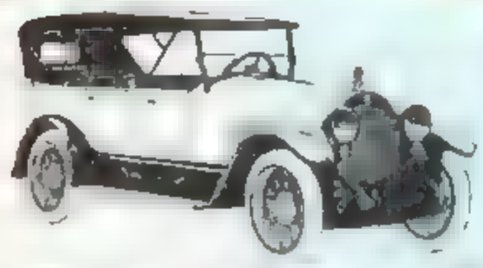

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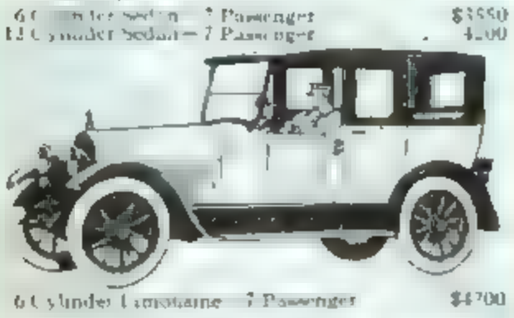

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THIS TO BE SAID FOR THE TURK

(Continued from Page 15)

a handy batman to help us—a batman in the British Army being what a striker is in the American Army, a personal orderly—we got our duffel down over the side and into the truck before our fellow passengers got round to observing us and working up opinions of our seeming disinclination to make common cause with them in their necessity to take things easy. But it was not my fault. I was obeying the captain's orders. I had to.

We intended to get on what was referred to as the military special from Batum to Tiflis. According to rumor, which we were pleased to regard as information, this train was to leave at a certain hour and we had only about fifty minutes' leeway. What with all manner of things to attend to in the way of baggage, passports, special permits, official instructions, reservations, and so on, we were compelled to hurry. I helped to stow the boxes, food hampers, bags, bundles, guns, saddles, the captain's sad-eyed cocker spaniel and what not on the truck. The captain found a place for himself in the midst of them and I climbed up alongside the driver. Had the driver been down lending a helping hand? He had not! He had been sitting all the while behind his wheel paying no attention to anyone. He was the glummest little lad I had ever run across and he vouchsafed never a word until we had passed out through the dockyard gates and were bumping along over the rough wet cobbles of the bund. It was raining of course. Batum is reputed to be the rainiest place on earth. There are oldest living inhabitants who remember whole days going by without rain—but not many. Then without so much as a preliminary sigh the boy spoke.

"Well," he said, "how long do you think it's going to be now before I get out of this?" He emphasized the "now."

"Out of what?" I asked.

"This hole!"

"You mean Batum?"

"I mean Batum!"

"How long have you been here?"

"Three months."

"That isn't long."

"Oh, it ain't, eh? Well, I was nearly three years at Salonique"—they all say Sal-a-neek—"an' I ain't been home since the spring o' 1916!" Clearly a case of fed-up-ness.

"That," said I, "sounds to me like pretty good grounds for a grouch. Are there many chaps here who feel the way you do about it?"

"Rawther!" he replied. "They all do. We didn't join up for life, you know, and we're gettin' a rotten deal. Three years without leave! Salonique was bad enough, but to be dumped down in a hole like this!" He evidently was convinced that Batum was a hole.

I said something about England expecting every man to do his duty and about how proud he ought to be of his record of service, but his armor of discontent was impenetrable. He glowered straight ahead and drove his rattle-te-bang old truck at a reckless pace over the rough and ragged roadway regardless of either danger or discomfort.

The military special sounded good to me and I thought I was in great luck. Wherever they go in the world the British "do themselves rather well," as they say, and I could not think of a British military special as anything but a fairly first-class train. I had visions of sleeping cars, comfortable coaches and cleanliness—especially cleanliness. My eternally hopeful disposition was leading me, as usual, up to a sudden wakening.

When we reached the station—a little two-by-four yellow brick building set in the midst of a network of tracks and a mushroom growth of oil tanks—we found that the military special had not been made up and that for all anybody knew to the contrary it might not be. We stacked our belongings on the graveled platform where the softly descending rain could soak into them, and in my mackintosh and never-mind hat I mounted guard over them while the captain went to interview the railway transport officer—the railway transport officer being the important person known throughout British operations the world over as the R. T. O.

Pretty soon they began to shunt cars round and within the course of an hour or so they had a train ready. It was not a military special; it was an extra special and it belonged to us. It was made up of the best rolling stock in the yards, one old Bolsheviked weather-beaten coach and two or three little box cars. The engine—an ancient slim-bodied model with a bell-top smokestack—had an anxious look and made sorrowful dying-away noises like a long thin man with nervous prostration.

On the Way to Tiflis

"The saints preserve us!" said I to myself—and with the Caucasian Mountains rimming our eastern horizon in snow-capped grandeur, their tremendous grades to be got over somehow! "Can we ever make it with that outfit?"

By this time the other passengers had arrived on the scene. They, too, were bent on catching the military special, but, failing that, they had assurances of a regular train that would leave Batum about four in the afternoon. Their use of the word "regular" proved them to be incorrigible optimists. There was no regularity anywhere or in anything. It was the first time I had ever seen the British letting things slide. The secret of their success as colonizers and in getting along in unregenerate lands lies in their ability to tauten things up and to institute orderly processes in the conduct of everyday affairs. But that they were not interested in the Caucasus was plainly evident.

The other passengers were all Americans. They were a party of investigators and a relief mission. Wherever you go in Europe or Asia these days you find American investigators and relief missions, and there are some unkind critics who like to refer to them as joy-ride parties. Such persons think primarily of what fun it must be to go galumphing all over the earth with all expenses paid and no questions asked, but I can testify that if anyone in either of these parties was out joy-riding he was on the way to being sufficiently punished for it.

The investigators were two eminent clergymen of New York. They were associated with the American Relief Committee and were out to gather the kind of information that might serve to convince the American public that it has an important and necessary work to go on with. They had with them only two young men, a secretary and an interpreter.

The other party was headed by Mr. Yarrow, who was going out to direct the operations of the American Relief Committee. Since the beginning of the Armistice relief measures had been carried out in a more or less haphazard fashion, not because the workers were unmethodical or inefficient but because the disorganization of all facilities in the regions to be reached was complete and overwhelming. Mr. Yarrow, who is a trained organizer of relief enterprises, was put in charge and the idea was to coördinate all effort under his direction and get down to business in a businesslike way. He had with him a considerable company of workers, including doctors, pharmacists, sanitarians, clerks and a half dozen girls. Perhaps I should say women. Anyhow they were all young and good-looking and I thought they were splendid. They were regular girls—trained, clean-cut and wholesome in the best American-girl sense. They were all college graduates and modern to beat the band, and in their neat belted-in blue uniforms they offered a contrast to the populations they had come to serve that was nothing short of amazing. I thought if they did nothing but just parade round as examples of what self-respecting women can be like in a well-organized and rightly conducted country they would be doing a great service. I met some of them afterward in the worst holes of horror on the face of the earth and in those places it seemed to me actually that each of them walked in an aura of radiance. And don't think that this is extravagant language. It is not in the least. It is the truth I am telling you.

Our special train would have been all right if it had been clean. But it was not clean. In fact it was unspeakably filthy—at least the coach was. The upholstery had been ripped off the seats and there were insects in every crack and crevice. The windows and transoms were all broken and the doors would not close. The girls and I took possession of it and each in her little corner did what she could to make it habitable, but we came to the conclusion that the men were better off than we. They unpacked their camping outfits, eminent clergymen and all, and went to housekeeping in the box cars. We passed through a driving rainstorm on the way across the great plain that lies between the coast and the mountains and we were like chickens under the drip of the eaves of a chicken coop. You know how chickens huddle and how wet they get. Well, we were like that because there was no way to keep the rain from pouring in from every side. And all the while the men in their rain-tight box cars were as snug as you please.

A Storm in the Caucasus

The storm was a storm to be remembered. The sun shining through a sparkling, slanting, gusty downpour; forked lightning cutting gashes in a far-away dense blue; a wide plain bright with the glistening yellow of wild forsythia, lashed, trampled on, buffeted and caressed by an erratic wonderful wind; and the majesty of the mountains in a strangely illumined and rain-washed distance. I had been intending for many years to make this trip in order that I might see the mountains of the Caucasus and I was interested to find that I had an almost true vision of their magnificence. I had dreamed rightly of their appalling remoteness; their rugged sublimity; the great gashes in them filled with purple shadows; their snowy peaks. The whole country is one vast spectacle.

We climbed up over the mountains in the night—very slowly and with our engine loudly protesting and giving up in despair every once in a while—and arrived in Tiflis about one o'clock the following day. It was about two hundred miles, but we made it in twenty-five hours and thought we were doing very well indeed. Then I was again confronted by the question, How does an ordinary traveler get into Armenia? Getting to Tiflis was only so far so good. An engine and some box cars were available for the investigators and I might have joined them. But I was going farther afield than they—at least I thought I was—and besides I wanted to make my observations entirely unhampered by considerations that had to do with organized

(Continued on Page 73)

Buy American-Made Toys

TOY MF'RS. U.S.A. AMERICAN TOYS

Patronize the toy store that displays these signs

SANTA CLAUS—the good American that he is—this year has turned to Uncle Sam for his toys. In fact the pair of them have been working together for months and months for our American kiddies.

They have planned and arranged and built really wonderful things. They are original—there is a host of new toy ideas.

They are conceived and built by American men and women—they are not the thoughts or work of foreign countries.

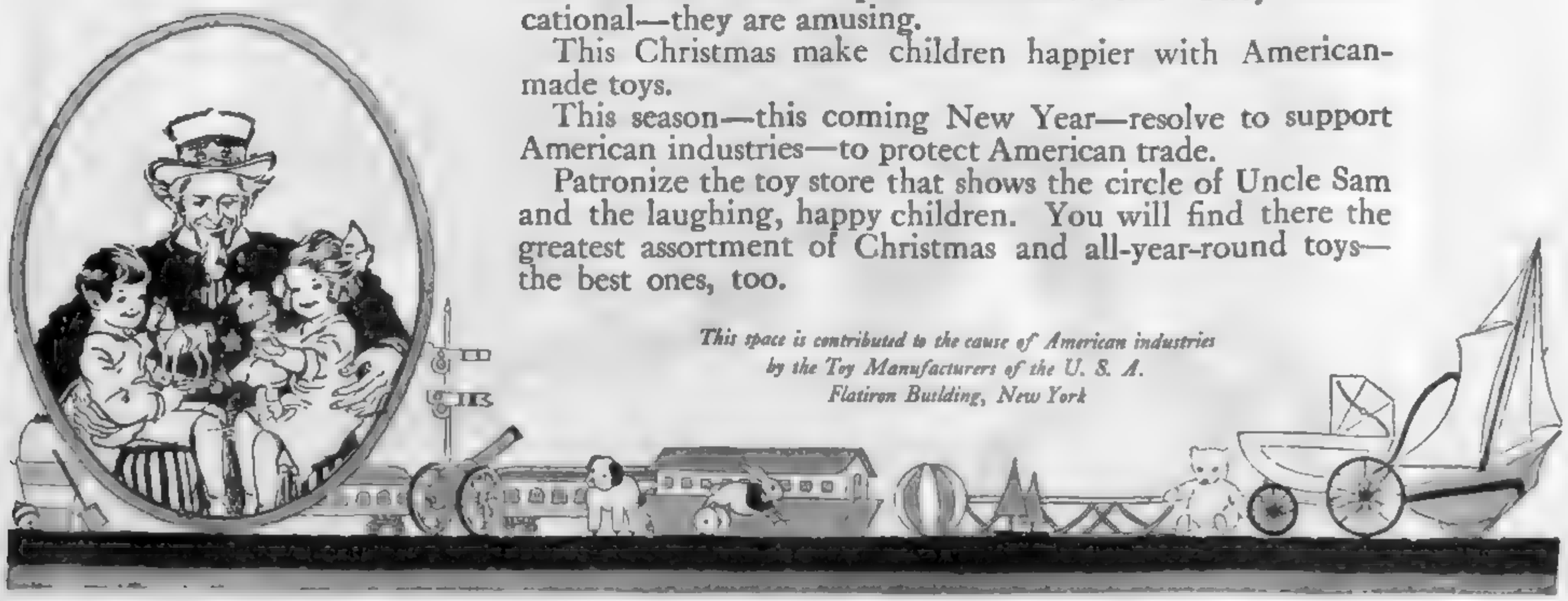
American-made toys are best for the children because each toy is perfect. The design is right, the craftsmanship is careful—there are more to pick and choose from. They are educational—they are amusing.

This Christmas make children happier with American-made toys.

This season—this coming New Year—resolve to support American industries—to protect American trade.

Patronize the toy store that shows the circle of Uncle Sam and the laughing, happy children. You will find there the greatest assortment of Christmas and all-year-round toys—the best ones, too.

This space is contributed to the cause of American industries by the Toy Manufacturers of the U. S. A. Flatiron Building, New York



(Continued from Page 71)

philanthropy. From what I had heard I thought it not improbable that I should be impelled to join the anvil chorus and hammer sparks out of the philanthropists. At the moment they were under a fire of criticism from all sides and were being blamed for nearly everything from boundary disputes, political disagreements, official graft and transportation difficulties to starvation, massacre and the weather, and I thought I might not be able to escape a conviction that they ought all to be hanged. In any case I was unofficial and therefore wholly dependent on the courtesy of the British authorities. I was the first unofficial person who had arrived in the Caucasus since before the war and if the Britishers had cared to do so they easily could have made it impossible for me to move in any direction.

But they had no such wish, and if I had been a sufficiently numerous person they would have had me moving in every direction at once. My time was somewhat limited, yet I had a wholly unformed plan to go all over Russian Armenia, across to Baku, up the great Russian military road to Vladikavkaz and to minor points here and there in pursuit of local spirit. General Beach, the chief of the Intelligence Service, was my old friend Colonel Beach of the Intelligence Service in Mesopotamia. He was on General Maude's staff in Bagdad when I was out there in 1917, and in my last memory of him I had a vision of his white head uplifted in the ranks of soldiers—officers and men—standing by the open grave of the great army commander on a gray day away out in a boundless desert. "Well, bless my soul!"

That was what he said to me by way of greeting and that was the way of it. He was glad to see me. Surely he was. Anybody is glad to see anybody in the far-away places these days, especially if a body is reasonably friendly or fairly reasonable in a friendly sort of way.

"Bless my soul! Here you are away out here in Tiflis."

"But it isn't nearly as away out as Bagdad."

"Oh, yes it is. It's the farthest away place in the world."

"Is that the way you feel about it? Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. It just is, that's all. Wait until you've been here a while and have got our sense of detachment and desertion and you'll understand."

What did I want to do? First I wanted to go down into Armenia. From Constantinople you go up into Armenia; from Tiflis you go down into Armenia; it is merely a matter of geographical outlook.

A Chance to Get to Erivan

I wanted to go down into Armenia, did I? Yes, please, and was there anything in the way of a moderately clean railway carriage that I might have?

Railway carriage? Good heavens! I could have the whole execrable railroad and all its indescribable works! But carriage? Did I expect anything that might justly be referred to as a carriage? Well, I didn't know. What was there? Oh, there were a few old coaches of sorts that the Bolsheviki and the warring elements had ripped all to pieces and three or four battered-up little private cars that used to belong to railway inspectors and such persons when the world was orderly. He would try to get one of the private cars for me if he could, but he was afraid they were all in use. There were missions of one kind and another roving about. Some Italian officers had just come in to look things over with a view to relieving the British of responsibility in the Caucasus and a train or two had been put at their disposal, and besides the food and relief organizations were using nearly every serviceable engine in the country for distributing flour.

"Otherwise I am welcome to the whole execrable railroad and all its indescribable works!" He laughed and scratched his head.

"I see where I am in for a nice long walk," said I.

"By Jove, no! I know what we'll do. We'll get you a coach of some sort and attach you to the army commander's train."

"The army commander?"

"Yes, General Corey. He's just arrived to take command and is going on a tour of inspection starting at noon to-morrow. Can you be ready at that time?"

"I think so, but what will General Corey say?"

"We won't ask him. We'll just tell him. He won't mind. Trouble is he'll have to drop you at Erivan because he's going on down into Persia."

"And having been dropped at Erivan, how do I get back?"

"Oh, don't let that worry you. We won't just drop you there and leave you. You'll get back right enough."

And thus were the hazy arrangements made. The next thing was to procure an interpreter. I was in luck. Mr. Moore, our Peace Conference representative in Tiflis, had two young men on his staff who had been waiting for weeks for an opportunity to get down into Armenia in order that they might make a first-hand report of political conditions in the embryonic republic and Mr. Moore was pleased to have them go with me. They were young Mr. Norman Whitehouse and Mr. Kachidoorian, an American of Armenian nativity.

Our car was the funniest thing I ever saw. When I had looked it over I sat down and giggled in sorrowful glee. It was weird. But it was the best that could be found. It was Russian in its dimensions and Bolsheviki in its condition. It was so enormous that when it was attached to General Corey's neat little special it looked positively dangerous. Could such a very small train wag such a trailer? The trailer looked as though it were after the very small train with a fixed intention of running it down and annihilating it. And it had the appearance of being a veteran of innumerable conflicts. Its windows were nearly all broken. Some of them had unpainted pine strips—like bandages on honorable wounds—nailed unevenly across them on the outside.

Germans Popular in Georgia

General Corey looked at it and smiled a wry smile, but he didn't say anything except that he hoped I would be comfortable. If he had said "Take that hideous monstrosity off my train" I should have felt that he was entirely justified. It robbed his train of all its dignity. And do not forget that he was out to impress the natives with the majesty and decorum of British power.

Speaking of the majesty and decorum of British power, the British for some reason or other were very unpopular in Georgia. I do not know why, but they themselves realized that they were and wondered about it. They were not conscious of having wronged the Georgians in any way. They were slacking on the job of imposing their particular brand of law and order and were making it particularly plain that their one desire was to see law and order established by whatever power might be able to do it with a minimum of opposition on the part of the population concerned. In London and Paris they may have been swapping interests with others to the detriment of the Georgians, but certainly in Georgia an attempt was being made to conciliate all parties and to make the best of a bad business for everybody involved. The truth is that during their occupation of the Caucasus the Germans had cleverly won the Georgian heart and the Georgian heart was hot against those who had turned the Germans out. One saw the unmistakable influence of the most successful variety of Teutonic propaganda.

Just as we were about to pull out some ruffians on the station platform started a riot by attacking a British officer. And attacking a British officer is a thing which may not be done where the British are in control. A few shots were fired—in the air apparently—and the Englishman, unhurt but somewhat messed up and very indignant, was thrown off the platform onto the railway tracks. A big, angry-looking crowd gathered quickly—as crowds do—and it looked as though we were in for a bit of serious trouble. A hurry call was sent in to a near-by Ghurka garrison, and in less time than it takes to write it about twenty little Ghurkas were hot-footing it to the scene. They came up the short hill road which connects the station with the town at a fast run but in perfect alignment, and I thought it a quite wonderful thing to see.

The excitement was intense and I expected to witness a desperate little battle filled with blood and terror and be compelled maybe to crawl under a seat in order to escape flying bullets. I was leaning out of a window of my unique conveyance to watch it all. And what happened? Just nothing at all. The mob saw the Ghurkas coming and melted away. It was said that the Georgians had more respect for the

Whitman's

the candy for Christmas!

We suggest especially:

THE SAMPLER—America's most famous box of chocolates and confections. Selections from ten leading Whitman packages in a quaint package peculiarly appropriate for gift purposes.

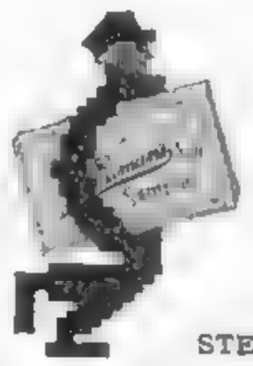
A FUSSY PACKAGE—For fastidious folks. Chocolates of super-extra quality for those who prefer nut centers and hard centers. A de luxe package especially popular at Christmas.

NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED—A favorite package. Each piece a Whitman's achievement. Give it to those who are fond of nuts deliciously coated in rich chocolate.

PINK OF PERFECTION—Chocolates or confections (two assortments) in an old-rose, pink and gold package that appeals to dainty women. The sweets are in little pink trays.

LIBRARY PACKAGE—For the connoisseur in sweets and books. Chocolates in a bronze-green box containing also a standard work of literature attractively bound. An unusual gift.

SUPER-EXTRA CHOCOLATES (or confections). Famous for three quarters of a century.



Make it a point of your holiday shopping to really get acquainted with the varied stock of the Whitman agency nearest you, (usually the best drug store).

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

THEIR simple distinctiveness and smart lines make these shoes instantly appealing to men of discriminating taste in dress.

They are essentially serviceable without sacrificing anything in gracefulness or refinement of design. Their supple, easy fit bespeaks the master boot maker.

You will find this shoe on display at the largest, exclusive boot shops.

Nunn-Bush Style Book on Request.

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Milwaukee, Wis.

NUNN BUSH

"Faithful to the Last"

Ghurkas than for any other representatives of authority they had to contend with. The Ghurkas—the finest little fighters in the Indian army—like to get close up and use their knives; and the Georgians, while most of them carry knives—wicked-looking weapons they are too—have no taste for such warfare.

I think I was shaking a little when I pulled my head in and went back to the compartment I had selected for myself. We got under way and I thought I would sit down for a while and watch the scenery go by. But there was very little in the way of scenery for the moment. It was all rather flat and monotonous. We were moving out across a great plateau. And besides there was luncheon to prepare for the boys. And after luncheon and the washing-up process there was the everlasting journal to be written. Journals are a nuisance. And they are always unsatisfactory afterward. My journal of this trip is filled with emotion and exclamation points, but is minus almost the imaginable sum total in the way of mere information. My mind seems to have paused in astonishment and stayed paused. And no wonder! It seems to have registered nothing but pictures. And such pictures!

We traveled all afternoon and all night and arrived at Alexandropol early the following morning. From there we went straight on to Kars, which is three or four hours farther down the railroad. The country through which we were by that time beginning to pass was a picture of complete desolation. Not a desert land but a land denuded; a land of hideous human suffering and degradation. It was a green land and magnificent. It rolled off in vast undulations to mountainous horizons that seemed farther away somehow than any horizons I had ever seen. It was spectacular, but it was unfriendly. It was as though it had rejected human kind. Away off in deep valleys here and there were terrible huddled villages of mud huts. I had a strong field glass that brought them close and I could see people moving listlessly about. But not an animal anywhere! Not an acre of ground under the plow; not a sign of cultivation; not a sign of human industry! There were no villages along the railroad. They all stood off at a respectful distance, and I remembered that it was an old Russian policy to build railroads in such a way as to avoid contact with settled communities. The railroads of Russia seem not to have been built for the general good. They seem to have been intended more to serve military ends, and their civilizing and broadening influence on the populations was not a thing desired.

Nothing to Eat But Grass

Everywhere in the fields there were people down on their knees searching for grasses to eat, though I do not know why I should use the word "fields." It is a word which has a homey sound. It is associated in one's mind with pictures of plenty and scenes of sowing and reaping. There were no fields—only tremendous hill slopes and limitless open country. And "people down on their knees eating grass." I put that in quotation marks because it is a phrase that had been dinned into my mind in the stories I had heard and my mind had rejected it. I did not believe there were people anywhere down on their knees eating grass. I thought it very likely that starving persons might go out and gather grasses and greens of various sorts to be prepared for food, but that men, women and children should gather like cattle in herds to graze, this I did not believe—not until I saw it.

Those near the railroad lifted their heads and gazed at our train as it rushed past, and I caught glimpses of terrible faces. An old man sitting at the top of an embankment waved a handful of grass at me where I stood at the car window, then threw his head back and laughed a maniacal laugh. I began then to feel the cold chills with which I was to shiver for days on end. And there were times when I forgot every word in my language except the one word "Horrible."

I think I worried my two boys because every once in a while I simply had to cry. I couldn't help it. They tried to keep me from seeing some of the too awful things. Like protecting brothers they would get on either side of me and say, "Don't look!" And I had to remind them that I had come to Armenia for no other purpose than to see things as they were and that, however weak-minded I might appear to be, they must not treat me as though I were a molly-coddle. They were wonderful companions for such a trip and I think of them with tremendous gratitude. Mr. Whitehouse was just typically American and his thoughtful kindness where a woman was concerned was to be taken for granted. But the peculiarly American attitude of Mr. Kachidoorian surprised me. Having been born in Cilicia, he is a hyphenated American, but he is about as one hundred per cent as any foreign-born American ever gets to be. He got his excellent education in the United States and as a civil engineer has assisted in some important American building enterprises. He joined an engineers' corps and went to war as an American and when the war was over he was sent at his own request as an interpreter with the American mission that was to deal with the future of his people. He intended to give up his dreams of success and a comfortable life in the United States and devote himself to the economic development of the new state of Armenia. He thought that in view of the fact that his people were beggars at America's gates, imploring the American people to give and give and to keep on giving for their present and future benefit, it behooved all right-minded Armenian-Americans to give also and to the limit of their ability. That seemed to me to be the right spirit. It is shared by a good many high-class Armenians, but it is not by any means universal among them.

Let George Do It

Though that may be all right. If certain tendencies continue to develop among certain elements in our midst and we keep on heading in the right direction a time may come when Americans—not hyphenates only, but hundred per centers and first families as well—will be starving en masse as people are starving now in the vastly productive country of Russia, and I cannot think that in such an event such Americans as might be safely stowed away with sufficient means to maintain themselves in Brazil, let us say, or in Japan or the South Sea Islands or where not would all come forward and denude themselves for the benefit of their suffering compatriots. So we need not be too critical of others. It all comes back to the first law and the first law is humanity's anchor to windward in these days.

So far as I have been able to observe, the Armenians in the United States are chiefly engaged in selling Oriental rugs for more than they are worth, but, of course, I know that here and there are to be found groups of Armenian immigrants who as citizen material are as promising as need be. Then, too, there are successful men and a few who are eminent—scientists of one kind and another and men of letters. If they would all get together and volunteer to make the same sacrifice they expect American men to make in behalf of their homeland the idea of an American mandatory in Armenia would be a different idea altogether from what it is now. It seems to me it would be a grand thing for the United States to support her adopted sons in any wish they might have to go back and lift the mortgage off the old home, so to speak. But most of those who are capable of valuable service have smelled the fleshpots and they know very well that this particular smell is not among the smells they left behind them. Except for a couple of doctors my young interpreter is the only Armenian I have ever encountered who was ready to make the big sacrifice.

I met the most prominent Armenian in England. That is, the most prominent Armenian who makes his home in England. I met him in Paris. He is a naturalized Englishman and has Anglicized his name, and though he was born somewhere out in the shadow of Mount Ararat he looks for all the world like an English country gentleman and speaks English with a Piccadilly accent. He was going on to me about the wrongs of Armenia and about how it was the duty of the United States to go into the country, right those wrongs and erect a stable and prosperous state for the ancient and gloriously martyred race. He was all in favor of an American mandate and was representing that idea at the Peace Conference.

I said to him, and I was gazing at his pearl-gray spats when I said it: "And you, are you intending under an American mandate to go out to Armenia and devote your fortune and the rest of your life to the regeneration of your people?"

He indicated by gesture and uplifted eyebrows that he regarded this as an impudent question. He brushed a crumb off his black silk vest and pulled at the perfect crease in his gray-striped trousers. It was tea time in the most fashionable hotel in Paris and he was all dressed up.

"I'm afraid you don't quite understand," he said. "I wish to do all I can for the Armenians, but I think perhaps I can serve them better where I am."

I thought to myself that that was what everyone was likely to think who knows what life amounts to in Armenia, but I said, "You may be right." I had just come from the amazing land and the contrast between him and those he was engaged in serving at such a comfortable distance was so great that he annoyed me. Then when I learned that his chief object in life was to get Armenia extended all the way across Asia Minor to include Mediterranean ports I was sure he had interests to serve that had little or nothing to do with a mere fraternal interest in his people.

As a consequence of this digression I hope you have not forgotten where we were. We were rolling on down toward Kars. When we pulled into the station the sun was shining for a brief interval. It had been raining for days and wherever one looked one saw nothing but misery and mud. Between the railroad tracks—and the number of them indicated the importance of Kars as a one-time railway terminal—were unsightly pools and puddles through which many human scarecrows trudged back and forth heedless of all else save the fact that a train had come in. They were a multiple Lazarus and the train was the rich man's table. They were begging for crumbs. Wherever a face appeared at a car window they would rush in groups—eager, their hands outstretched, their teeth bared, their eyes alight with feverish hope. And I began to hear for the first time the whining, indescribable phrase that sounded to me like "O-na-ne!" "O-na-ne! O-na-ne!" It was so feebly, so plaintively murmured. "O-na-ne!" They all were saying "O-na-ne!"

I asked Mr. Kachidoorian what it meant and he said the nearest equivalent he could think of was "Oh, my soul!"

But it meant more than that. It was a prayer for mercy.

When I looked out on the station platform my heart contracted with a shock and I turned away, saying to myself: "Oh, no! It cannot be! It just is not possible under God's heaven that such things can be!"

Harrowing Sights at Kars

The platform was dry and the sun of a summer's noontime shone white and warm upon it. It was a flagstone platform, very long and generously broad. The station—sufficiently well-built and ornamented to make one think that there might have been days when the people of Kars had local pride—was not very greatly damaged, though it was windowless and doorless. But the throng! I wish I could describe the throng! I can write down words and they may convey something, but there was a something not conveyable in words; a degradation too deep; a hopelessness too utter; a hovering whimper that seemed to rise mostly from the hunger-stretched lips of childhood.

Get that starvation grin! It is the most awful thing! Most of the children were hideous little skeletons with puffed-out purple bellies, and there were many women swollen with starvation dropsy, who not being able to walk alone had to lean on the shoulders of emaciated men—husbands, fathers, brothers.

Everywhere there were family groups lying prone on the flagstones drying their filthy rags in the sun, while all round the walls of the station were groups of men, gaunt, hollow-eyed and dirt-encrusted. They were not begging, these men; they were paying very little attention to anything. They stood stoop-shouldered and inert, each man's thoughts, as it seemed to me, turned in upon himself and his own too terrible fate.

Look at it! Is it not an amazing picture? They had not come down to the station to see the general's train come in. They were there because a station is a place to go away from. They were homeless and aimless, merely waiting for something to take them somewhere else where there might be food.

Beyond the station, spreading out in a cuplike valley and climbing curiously gaunt hill slopes, lay the town, a mass of shattered masonry and fire-blackened ruins. On the highest hill crest was an ancient citadel whose majestic walls and towers seemed to have grown from the rocks on which they were built—a thing of beauty dominating desolation.

The general had a very proud Punjabi guard, a dozen very tall and stalwart Indians in immaculate khaki with high khaki turbans adding to their stature, and instantly upon our arrival they were on duty with shouldered rifles and bayonets fixed, pacing with measured military tread up and down the platform. They paid as much attention to the people as they would have paid to so many invisible insects. And how careful the people were to keep themselves at a respectful distance. They might surge in eager groups toward car windows to beg, but when the guard passed they fell back. It was a curious contrast between rigid order and irredeemable chaos.

On the Heels of the Turks

I had just time to register all this in my mind to be forever remembered when the R. T. O. came aboard. He came with a kind of headlong eagerness quite unlike anything in the usual British manner and eagerly he shook hands with us. He was a handsome youth and as well turned out as to uniform as he would have been on parade in Pall Mall. But I thought he was intoxicated. I put him down in my mind as being plain drunk and wondered how he dared to get himself in such a condition when the army commander was due to arrive. But the first complaint he made was that the supply department was stingy with its whisky. He had not had a drink for more than three weeks and it was his honest opinion that if ever a man needed a drink he did. He had been living on bully beef and army biscuits washed down with a particularly offensive brand of bottled water. He called it stinking stuff and supposed it might be good for his health, but that was all that could be said for it.

Did we have any whisky? No, we were sorry, we had no whisky. Well, did we have anything sweet? He had been out of sugar for two weeks and was getting so he waked himself up in the middle of the night dreaming of sugar. Yes, we could help him out with sweets; and I immediately opened a tin of chocolates which he proceeded to dive into. And while he munched the candies and made his complaints he laughed—he laughed at everything. And it was not the kind of laugh that one could join in. It made cold chills creep over me and if I had been alone I should have been afraid of him.

Only about three weeks before, the Turks were driven out of Kars and when they went they completed the destruction of the town and carried with them every ounce of food they could lay their hands on and practically every movable article. There had been flocks and herds and grain in the district; nothing was left; and the only animals to be seen were a few prowling pariah dogs that were said to be making themselves useful as —— No, one must not write a thing like that!

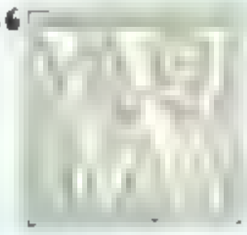
Our sadly unnerved young friend had come into Kars on the first train as railway transport officer and had been there ever since. Up at Alexandropol and in the districts round about was a great multitude of refugees who had fled from Kars and from the territory between Kars and Erzerum during the Turkish operations, and they wanted now above all things to get back to their homes. It was an unreasonable wish—or rather it was unreasoning. But nobody could control them. They were like loose cattle on a stampede, and as soon as they heard the Turks were gone they started to move. Empty-handed, they plunged into an empty land and the R. T. O. said he had passed through Kars as many as sixty thousand of them in two weeks! Truth is, there could be no policy with regard to them; there could be no fixed plan for their orderly rehabilitation, because no power had definite authority to deal with them.

The R. T. O. had been working twenty hours a day—"and the idiotic creatures dying like flies!" he said. "Dozens of them, dead or dying, roll off every train that comes in. And they have to be got rid of somehow. Rotten job, I call it! And none of them can work. They're jolly well too far gone to work. All they can think of is getting something to eat and all that most of them can do is to lift their hands to their mouths with the little bit of bread we can provide for them. They eat bread and

(Concluded on Page 77)

WILLYS KNIGHT

"Sleeve-Valve, the Motor that Improves with Use"



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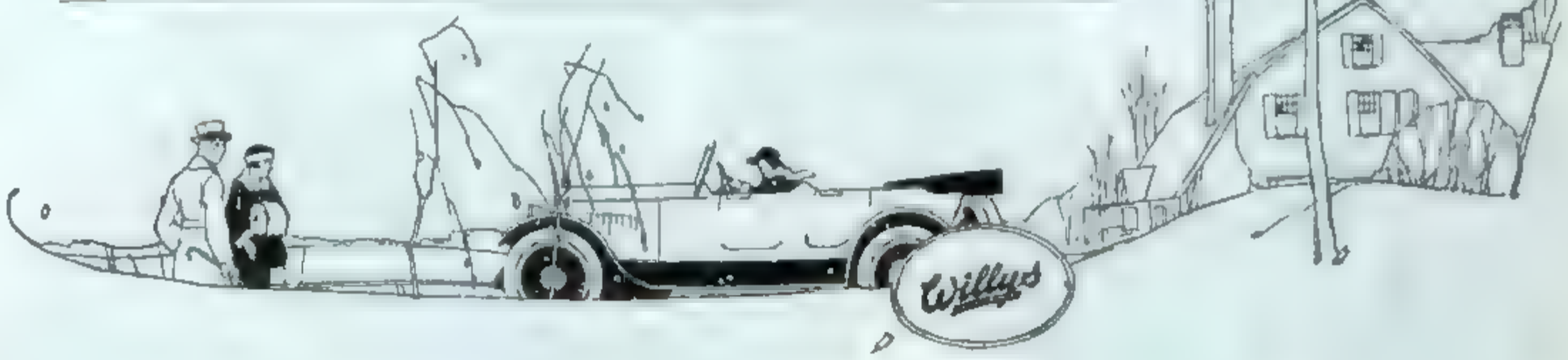
For example: During the four years just ending, a Willys-Knight car owned by a Western business man, was driven more than 58,000 miles. In all that time he never once needed to open the motor.

In that record, there is nothing surprising to other Willys-Knight owners.

They all know that their engines are the one type that *improve* with use.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., *Toledo, Ohio*
WILLYS-OVERLAND, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA



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PUT yourself into Blue Buckles if you want to know what wear-service and work-comfort can be yours in overalls. They anticipate every demand you or any other man ever made of a work-garment!

Blue Buckles are as unusual in the generous oversize of their carefully cut lines as they are distinctive in quality of denim and best Union workmanship.

You will be as delighted to wear Blue Buckle OverAlls and Coats as we are proud to make them. For, every garment that carries the famous Blue Buckle trade mark must measure to an ideal—*the highest standard ever attained in overalls!*

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JOBBERS OVERALL COMPANY, Inc. LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

Largest manufacturers of Overalls in the world.

NEW YORK OFFICE
63 Leonard St.
WM. T. STEWART
Representative

(Concluded from Page 74)

salad—salad without dressing—just plain, ordinary, everyday grass."

"Have you bread enough for all of them?" I asked.

The question seemed to strike him as being very funny.

He laughed long and loudly and finally said, "Of course not!"

"But what do they do?"

"They die of course! What else should they do? Die like flies—and have to be got rid of—have to be got rid of!"

"Why do you run trains for them? Wouldn't they be much better off if they were concentrated farther up the railroad where they would be in easier reach of relief?"

"Run trains for them? Who runs trains for them? They just swarm all over everything on wheels and there's no gettin' 'em off! Cunnin' devils they are too. They kick and scream and the women and kids all cry if you try to pull 'em off. So the best thing is just to let 'em alone—let 'em ride—let 'em die! If we didn't let 'em ride they'd walk. Most of 'em walk anyhow. They come stragglin' in by the hundreds every hour and the road between here and Alexandropol is strewn with dead."

"Isn't that an exaggeration?"

"Exaggeration! Exaggeration! Oh, I say! See here now, if you can exaggerate the actual fact you've got some imagination—some imagination!"

I invited him to come back to supper and promised to give him some hot corned-beef hash and some canned pears and fruit cake. He stopped laughing and regarded me curiously as though he were wondering whether or not it was safe to believe in Santa Claus. He was like that, yet strangely enough in the presence of the army commander and his superior officers on the train he was as correct and decorous as anyone. This was automatic reaction to military discipline, nothing else.

Meanwhile the general had been receiving deputations in his neat little official car forward, while a half dozen soldiers doing orderly service on the train were engaged in getting his automobile down off the little flat car which carried it. He had to go off on an inspection trip that would take him into outlying districts and he asked us if we would get for him a few details with regard to the economic situation in the town. Economic situation? Town? Well, look at it! I should have written it down simply as utter ruin and complete emptiness and let it go at that. But there might be some details. Yes, we would get the details.

A Starving Man's Death

But first we would have a little luncheon. We would open a can of corned beef and have some corned-beef sandwiches. We had some loaves of bread that we had brought with us from Tiflis. I went back into our car to make the necessary preparations and was instantly assailed by the hungry crowd in the pools and puddles on the other side of the train. And then it was that the man died. He was so movingly awful in his too evident anguish that I leaned away out of the car window, thrust the ravening others aside and placed a piece of bread in his hands. Standing where he was, he wolfed it. I was not watching him, but when I heard a terrible whining cry I looked again. He staggered away a few paces and crumpled up in the mud. The others regarded him dazedly for a few moments, then went their searching ways murmuring, "O-na-ne! O-na-ne!"

After a while we started out to discover the town—to get the details. My plan was to locate at once the representatives of the American Relief Committee and find out what was being done. Then we learned that there were no Americans. No Americans? No, there had been one man for a few days, but he went back to Alexandropol. One man! Only one man! I could not believe it. But there was a place of some sort, was there not—a headquarters of American relief? Oh, yes, there was a headquarters, and the man we were questioning said he would go with us and show us the way.

It was a slow business, walking. We had to pick our way carefully over ruins and rubbish, through unspeakable filth and round stinking quagmires. I caught occasional glimpses into tumble-down courtyards and the things I saw turned me sick. I thought I had seen complete degradation before in my life, but I never had.

When we got up into the town we came upon a mob of a seemingly better class than the one we had left behind at the station. There were several hundred men, women and children surging and clamoring round the door of a low half-ruined building. Mr. Kachidoorian asked one of the men what the row was about, and was told that they were getting government bread. They were among the few who still had a little money left and were able to buy bread. But there was only a limited quantity for sale; there was not enough to go round and each one was frantic with fear lest he should not be able to get his small allowance.

En route to relief headquarters we stopped to pay our respects to the general. I have no idea what he was general of. There were no troops in evidence, but he was the general just the same, a proud if somewhat unkempt Armenian in a nondescript uniform with a long saber dangling at his heels. When the British drove the Turks out of Kars they turned the administration of the civil affairs of the district over to the government of the Armenian Republic, and there was not only a general but a governor as well. The governor was a fine-looking old white-haired gentleman, who was neatly uniformed and well groomed. He sat at a bare desk in an empty room and had a tragic look about him that was most impressive. He said there was enough flour for two more days. The baking was being done under his direction and he was baking just so much bread every day and no more. He knew if he used up every ounce of flour he had in one day he would not have bread enough to go round, so for those who could buy there would be the meager ration for two days.

Ripe for a Cholera Epidemic

After that? Well, he didn't know, but he must harden his heart. More flour must be bought somehow, somewhere, and as many as could be saved must be saved, but thousands must die. There could be no free distribution by the government because there was nothing to distribute. There was no help for it. I told him that a cargo of flour was being unloaded at Batum the day I arrived.

"Yes, I know," he said, "but there is no knowing when any of it will reach us. The Georgians and the Tartars want it as much as we. The Georgians hold up the trains at the borders; the Tartars raid them in the mountains. We are shut in, surrounded by enemies. And then we have no fuel. You can see for yourself that there is not a tree within a hundred miles, and there is no coal. We are burning the timbers of the houses and everything we can get hold of, hoping that sufficient relief may come. But it can't last long. And there are so many who are sick."

"Have you any drugs?" I asked.

"You may believe me, madame," he replied, "in this district there is not so much as a quinine pill that I know of. I have just sent a man to Tiflis to buy drugs, but I'm afraid he will return empty-handed. I don't know if there are any to be bought. The Americans at Alexandropol have a small supply—but very small; not sufficient for their needs. There is already a great deal of typhus and we are facing an almost inevitable cholera epidemic. If the cholera comes I think the work of the Turk will be nearly finished. At least another half million are ripe for such a reaping—starved—worn out with hardship—unresisting!"

As I talked with him I began to feel a great resentment and to ask unanswerable questions. Why did the authorities permit the movement of the people into the districts where there was no food? Why were they not concentrated at the most convenient point on the railroad and fed systematically? And why was relief so slow in arriving? I could not believe that any effort of any kind had been made to save the situation, yet I knew that the American people had given millions of dollars for that very purpose. What had become of the money? And where were the workers? Were they all just traveling round investigating or sitting in offices keeping books and making reports? What had the Americans been doing during the eight months since the armistice began?

I had to see worse places than Kars before I began to realize that such resentful questioning was not justified. The truth was that the American relief organization was doing a gigantic work, but the further truth was that there were not enough workers. The awful migration down through Kars had been in progress, as I have said, only about three weeks and there was no way on earth to control it. Then, too, sixty thousand people were not so many; there was a refugee population in the country of nearly half a million. The ideal plan was to concentrate the women and children in camps for this winter and send an advance guard of men back into Turkish Armenia with building materials, farm implements and seed grain. But this was talked about only as an ideal, not as a possibility. In any case Turkish Armenia was still occupied by the Turks and it was said that a large Turkish army was in process of mobilization at Erzerum. Nobody knew what might happen. It was a hopeless situation, and as regards the prospect of peace and the resettlement of the peoples it has grown steadily worse.

We went on to American relief headquarters. And oh—really, you know! But don't forget that I saw right results later on. This was a new situation for the relief organization. It was an avalanche of woe. The house was in fairly good condition—one of the few in the town left practically undamaged—and it was large enough to accommodate a great many refugees. The office contained one wholly unfurnished desk and two wooden chairs. Its high windows stared at one, curtainless and unclean; its rough wood floor had been swept with a muddy broom; its walls were stained and unsightly.

We were met and welcomed by an Armenian doctor, who was in temporary charge of the place. He was a graduate of Harvard University and had practiced medicine somewhere in New England—I have forgotten where. He told me, but I have forgotten. My mind was not registering such details; it was busy trying to associate him with Harvard. He was dirty beyond belief. Even his face was dirty—dirt-encrusted—and to shake hands with him heartily and naturally was a test of one's self-control. His hands—well, you see, there was no soap—absolutely none; no fuel with which to produce hot water. What could a man do?

He wore a conventional black frock suit that somehow made the filthy rags of his compatriots look clean and touchable. He was like one of ourselves sunk to the lowest depths. He had gone back years ago, was practicing medicine in Turkish Armenia and prospering, but he got caught in the terrible drive against his people and fled with other refugees to Russian Armenia. He had been through the whole great tragedy. He belonged to the group that moved northeastward from Erzerum and Kars; he was carried with the surging throng back to Kars—and there he was. An American relief officer found him and put him in charge of the hastily established headquarters while he hurried back to Alexandropol to get help and accumulate some supplies. The poor man was almost childish in his pride of responsibility and if he had been just a little bit brisk one might have hoped for his redemption. But he whined.

The Hungry and Destitute

He took us first out into a courtyard that was filled with women and children; there were no men there; only hundreds of women and children, and they were standing in a wide-curving line round the courtyard walls waiting for some bread that was to be given to them. The relief organization was selling flour to the government as the only possible plan at the time and was buying bread to give to the destitute. But as I have said a good many times, there was not enough! There was only a little and it had to be eked out. The women and children were nearly all crying and they were nearly all living skeletons—or else puffed up with starvation dropsy. When they saw me the low whimper rose to a wail and they stretched forth their hands—"O-na-ne! O-na-ne!" They surged forward to pick at me with their awful hands and to fall at my feet.

Then I began to cry and my two boys got on either side of me and said: "Oh, don't look at that! Come on away!"

The doctor wanted to show us the hospital. It was not exactly a hospital, he said, but it would be as soon as the Americans arrived with the necessary supplies. In the meantime they had been building some wooden bedsteads and had got out of a deserted military barracks some old iron beds that were better than nothing. But they had no bedding of any kind; no blankets, no sheets, no mattresses, nothing—absolutely nothing!

The sick in their unbelievable rags were lying round on the floors—bundles of unimaginable wretchedness. The doctor was not doing anything at all for them. What could he do? He had not so much as a single ounce of medicine of any kind. He said if he only had a little soap and hot water he might clean them up—and that would have been doing a very great deal. I looked at him and wondered that his mind still clung to conceptions of cleanliness.

The little people were more pitiable than the adults. They were in what was referred to as the children's wing. There were a good many of them and among them they had a fine collection of communicable diseases. There was no attempt at segregation. Why should there be? One laughed like the mad lieutenant at the mere thought of it. It was so much better that the children should die. There was more typhus than anything else, but there was tuberculosis also in its several manifestations, and numerous untouchable skin and scalp infections. The ward, if I may call it that, had in it not one stick of furniture of any kind and the children were all lying on the dusty and rubbish-strewn floor with nothing under them and no covering save the rags they wore. A little dying person in a corner seemed not to bother anyone much. He was breathing his last. The doctor was very sorry, but what could he do? There was nobody in attendance—not anybody at all. But oh, the Americans were coming! That was what they said. Look at it!

Relief on the Way

In the late afternoon it began to rain—the usual slow cold drizzle that was to turn into a downpour—and we got back to our car wet and deeply depressed. Though I remember now with a smile that, comfortless as our old coach was, it looked then, somehow, clean and strangely homelike. The proud Punjabis had moved into raincoats and were still on duty, pacing up and down the platform, and the general's neat little train still had its air of orderliness and authority. The general had not yet returned from his inspection trip. He had invited me to dine with him, but I had declined, because I had invited the R T O. to dine with me. I wanted to buck him up, if I could, with some hot corned-beef hash and canned pears. Also I had one lone bottle of port wine—labeled "medicinal"—and I intended that he should drink it.

I went to our little commissary compartment, lighted the Tommy cooker, got busy with a can opener and all that sort of thing, and then by chance I glanced out of the window. The body of the man was still there. The rain was soaking into it. The whimpering throng had sought shelter in the station and in the near-by ruins at the edge of the town.

I shall not tell the story of the evening. There was much wild talk—with the lieutenant's too evident madness making it hectic criticism of the authorities and their methods of procedure. But it did no good. It didn't get us anywhere.

I went to bed finally and tried to sleep, but I made a poor job of it. It stopped raining after a while and then outside in the dark there was an incessant movement—stealthy footfalls, sniff-sniffs and low animal growls, bare feet in the mud. The steady tramp of the big Indians on the platform was a reassuring sound. Toward morning I did fall asleep and was thankful when I waked up to find that we were under way. We were moving out across the magnificent country. The mountains on the far horizons were black against the first yellow flame of an Asiatic sunrise. It was too early for the people to be out looking for grasses to eat. We went back to Alexandropol and there I learned that two of the workers who had come into Tiflis with Mr. Yarrow were on the way to Kars. They would take the thing in hand. But only two? It seemed to me that there should have been—well, more than two.

And that is as far as I can get now. This must be a continued story. There are worse places than Kars to visit—and better places. There is marvelous Mount Ararat to see; its legends to think of. And there is the Grand Katholikos of the Gregorian Church to call on in the oldest monastery on earth, a monastery which stands just off from the curiously simple cathedral that according to the genuine belief of the people was founded by Christ himself. One gets a strange insight into the Armenian martyrdom. But that must do for another time.

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FORTUNE'S DARLING

(Continued from Page 25)

"Her house, tuan." He seemed to point with a shadowy arm. "The first. Above."

He was gone like a breath.

Above, pierced by a chink or two of stars, loomed only taller blackness. Runa was for climbing toward this, but Dan withheld him.

"Wait. We don't know." Dan lighted a lantern. "Too far from home, boy. These folks may have bamboo spikes in their ground. Don't want one to run up into the calf of your leg."

The lantern—as at the bottom of a pit—lighted steep walls of branches. They stood under a craggy hill covered with trees. A house of attap shone dull yellow overhead, like a great bird cage hung among leaves. Its ladder slanted down to their feet.

Dan hailed this dwelling quietly, first in Malay, then in English. He got no answer.

"Leda!" he called. "Leda!"

After waiting Towers took up a stone and rapped with it on the ladder.

"Nobody."

He climbed a few rungs, called her name again, then holding the lantern above him went up. Runa and Amra Khan swarmed after.

"Huh! She's been here." They heard him laugh oddly. "A good old Europe hairpin on the floor. It's her house all right. Or was."

The three men looked about a clean bare room of basketwork. It was quite empty.

"I wonder"—Dan picked off the floor her hairpin and fingered it while he thought aloud—"I wonder if we're too late."

Runa's hand on his shoulder roused him from unprofitable musing.

"We're dog-tired. Sleep here anyhow, Danny; and view the place by daylight. Come. Sleep."

Amra Khan smiled and nodded wisely down at them like a handsome young god who knew all the sorrows of this world.

"Sleep is best." So saying he went and lay across the open door.

Dan turned down the wick of his lantern and left it burning low, for night lamp, at the foot of the center post. Soon afterward he and his friend were stretched on the cool ribs of the floor, side by side in a corner. Heat, universal stillness, a gurgle of water running somewhere behind the house and the ticking of their watches kept them awake, then lulled them.

How long he had slept Dan could not tell or, at the first start, where he was. He found himself sitting upright, blinking at a lantern and two sleepers. Then he remembered; he knew what had wakened him. Something was climbing or crawling underneath the house.

He did not stop to reason about it. Dan knew some customs of that land.

He laid his palm on Runa's forehead.

The youngster's eyes opened calmly, bright with intelligence, broad awake and ready.

"Roll over to the door," Dan whispered in his ear. "Man under the house. Roll quiet."

They reached Amra Khan's feet, and stood up without a sound.

Nothing happened. They remained for some time listening, heads inclined, best ear foremost. Dan began to think some nightmare had played him a joke. He would have said so, but just then came a loud crackle, the noise of dry wood splitting and splintering.

In that corner which they had deserted a narrow bright thing flashed up through the floor. It wriggled and vanished. A man grunted. As he did so there was another crackle, a second flash.

Driven through what had been their bed, quivering, stuck the long blade of a spear.

VI

"AH, *tête de pied!*" cried Runa. "You would spit us like a pair of larks?"

Pistol in hand he aimed to fire through the floor.

Quick as these two stabs from under the house had come, something else was quicker. The friends had not touched Amra Khan, who lay sleeping calmly behind them. Now, as Runa spoke, even while the spear blade waggled back and forth, growing shorter, wrenching downward again out of sight, Amra Khan woke. All in one bounce he gave a look, understood and acted. Scorning ladders Amra Khan shot feet foremost off the threshold and dropped.

It was a tall jump, but they heard him take ground as lightly as a cat. Before the spear point vanished he seemed to be underneath the house.

"Don't fire!" Dan had only time to catch Runa's arm.

Smashing and bumping noises broke out below. The house again and again shook upon its stilts. Then somebody groaned.

Meanwhile the two friends plunged for their lantern, got it and ran back toward the threshold to jump. Amra Khan's voice checked them.

"Tawah Sahib, please open the back door," it said quietly. "Here is a man hurt."

The house was only in part a tree dwelling, for though its front hung lashed to branches and trunks high off the ground its rear wall sat close to the hill. Runa took down a heavy rattan bar from the back door, which he swung open. The lantern light poured forth on a curtain of green leaves. Presently they parted, rustling. In walked Amra Khan, who carried what looked like a dead man, a body with loose arms and legs.

"There was only one of them." He dumped his load on the floor as though it were a bag of rice. "Very sick, your spear-wallah."

A pleasant smile lighted the northerner's face. His combat under the house had greatly refreshed him. Taking the lantern he stepped again into the leaves, among which, near by, his shadow appeared for a moment bending down. When he returned he brought a coconut-shell cup that dripped with water.

"A spring behind the house," he declared. "I stepped in it and found it."

Amra Khan offered the cup to his masters, and when they declined he took a drink himself.

"Good water." He smacked his lips. "Hill water."

Not until then, and like one stooping to a trifle that might be forgotten if postponed longer, did he squat with lantern and cup beside the body on the floor. It was a dark, heavy, muscular fellow who sprawled there, covered with blood from eyes to breech clout.

"All from his nose," said Amra Khan. "Banged him round the posts and then choked him. Too hard. But in the dark you couldn't tell how many ——"

He emptied his cup over the bloody face, went out for more water, sluiced his captive well, took a handful of leaves and began to scrub. He worked with rough good humor, cleaning man and floor alike, but somewhat favoring the floor.

"Give him this." Runa offered a flask of brandy.

"Too good for him, sir," chuckled Amra Khan.

"We wish to hear him talk," said Runa. "Dose him."

Yet when at last the battered spearman opened his eyes and sat propped in a corner he had no desire to talk. An ugly stupid evil-doer, he nursed his throat, snuffed loudly through a broken nose and glowered.

"Who sent you here?"

The ruffian considered his hands.

"Yes. They are red in spots. It is all your own. You thought it would be ours running down the spear. No such luck. Who sent you?"

His thick lips parted as if beginning a reply, but not a word came. This murderer had undergone terrible handling, which left him stunned; he sat in expectation of death; with every movement, every working of his coarse features, every wild-beast turn and shift of the eyes he betrayed fear and pain. Yet something overpowered even these emotions. The splintered floor in the corner opposite, the bare walls, his captors' faces—to each object and person he gave an edgewise glance that rested nowhere.

"Surprise! That's it!" said La Flèche, interpreting. "The chap never heard of us before. Expected somebody else. Who, Danny? Can you guess? We'll try."

With that Runa pounced down like a nighthawk and roared in the stranger's face: "Nata Kasuma sent you! Eh? Nata Kasuma!"

The name had power.

"*Tida*, tuan!" Their prisoner blenched, with wide eyes and uplifted hand ruining the falsehood while he spoke it. "*Tramungarti!* No, sir. I do not understand."

Runa, laughing, twiddled the finger of scorn.

"Your teeth are loose in the socket, my friend," he said, "thanks to our brother Amra Khan. Tut, tut. You can't hold in your lies any more. Come, tell me. Who was it you meant to kill?"

The rascal grinned sourly at them.

"Wise men, learn for yourselves."

He slumped down, folded his arms and closed his eyes, a burly image of the sulks, done in bronze. No man could fetch another word out of him. Both Dan and Runa tried to do so many times, not without skill, but in vain. He kept his big mouth tight as Iago's, and feigned sleep.

"More afraid of his boss," Towers concluded, "than he is of us."

Runa, turning disdainfully away, agreed.

"The just word, you have said it. Pah! Obscene night fowl, he knows we do not torture."

The capture of this dark brute, the scrubbing, revival and examination had been rapid and orderly in detail, but as a whole process longer than it seemed. Glancing from the ladder head Dan saw in astonishment a world of daylight. Within, their lantern burned owlishly. Without, a pink-and-white mist rolled among sparkling tree-top islands; over these curved Aladdin's hill, tinged with sunrise against clear heaven; while at the right, beyond a wall of branches rising parallel with the door frame, vague luminous space foretold some low-lying open region, valley or plain. The peach-blossom mist covered all else below, and drifted halfway up the ladder.

"Thought 'twas midnight," said Dan, marveling at the sudden loveliness.

"Only man is vile." Runa stood behind him with a hand on his back. "The dawn, eh? Bath of the spirit, purer than Ganges. Dawn. Alba."

The youngster began humming a song:

La nuech vai e'l jorns se
Ab clar cel e sere
E l'alba no's rete
Ans sen belh' e complia!

Amra Khan cut this troubadouring short. He had come and gone through the back door, busy with discoveries.

"Bath ready, sirs," he proclaimed.

Among the hillside leaves, in a penthouse of thatch, he had found a great brown water jar. Leaving his masters there to splash themselves he guarded their prisoner. When they returned, clean, cool, dressed and ready for breakfast, he had news to tell them.

"A man came out of the fog," said he. "A little man, who spoke to this house like a rat squeaking. I looked down. The rat saw me and ran away. That thing"—Amra Khan pointed at him who lay sulking in the corner—"that thing wished to call and answer. I stopped his mouth."

La Flèche gave a nod, well pleased, and sat down with Dan to a meager spread of victuals on the floor.

"You see, my boy? They're sending to inquire. A good sign." Runa took with finger tips a ball of cold rice, which he popped into his mouth and munched contentedly. "A good omen that your Leda must be alive. Where, we cannot tell. But they saw our light in her house; they sent a spear underneath, what? *Les verminards*, a spear intended for her. Therefore Leda is on earth. Be cheerful, Danny. She is alive, she is not dead, and waiting to be thy bride!"

"Maybe you're right," Dan replied. "Plausible. But we're all in the dark."

"You mean the dawn," said Runa. "The dayspring. We begin to guess. Before long we shall see face to face. It is now a mere question of waiting at home to receive callers. They will come."

Faith soon had its reward; for the two friends had only begun smoking after breakfast when they heard voices and footsteps draw near. La Flèche dodged aside from the door, stole to a chink in the woven wall, stood peeping down and beckoned Towers to join him. The mist was gone, they saw. Before their house lay a woodland path mottled with sunrise and flickering bamboo shadow, through which came a little procession of bright-kilted men.

"Argo!" called a deep hoarse voice. "Argo!"

Runa turned from the chink toward Amra Khan.

"See to your prisoner!" he hissed. "Don't let him speak, this Argo!"

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 78)

Amra Khan ducked into the corner and squatted, his hands ready for another choking. The captive opened his mouth, stared in fright, but durst not answer to his name.

The deep voice hailed again.

"Argo!" It was the leader of the kilted men who spoke—a fat giant, splendidly dressed, who bore himself like one with authority.

"Humph!" he growled after listening. "Wait here."

His retinue gathered and sat down in a semicircle before the house. Waddling, yet light of foot, he approached the ladder.

"Back," whispered Runa, and pulled Dan away with him to stand by the center post. "We have the upper hand. Be polite to him."

Ladder and house quaked as the fat man came climbing.

Dan could not but admire his friend's management. True, they now held an advantage, for when over the threshold rose a pair of large brown hands grappling, and then their visitor's countenance, they had nothing to do but observe him.

"Tuan *ampun!* I did not know!"

Under a beautiful black-and-white turban embroidered with gold the face on their doorsill, heavy-jowled, dark, broad, stared in wonder.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," it said. "A mistake. I trespass."

It made as though to sink; but meantime the big eyes took a rolling view about the floor, searched every corner, flashed once when they met the spearman's, then looked up, crafty and composed.

"Sir, we are the trespassers." Runa bowed. "Will you come in? Have we the honor to welcome the headman?"

Though taken unawares, caught awkwardly, his chin at the feet of strangers who dashed a great surprise full in his face, the man kept no small measure of dignity. He smiled with grim amusement.

"Yes, I am Nata Kasuma," said he.

Up into the house, nimbly as a sailor he swung his monstrous bulk. A gross fat man, he seemed to crowd the room, to stuff it with barbaric color. His skirt blazed in zigzags of Malay red; his silken jacket, thrown open on a chest all hanging in folds of dark flesh, glistened like a peacock with changeable luster; and the button of his betel purse, a gold knob larger than a plum, caught the sunlight winking as he bowed.

The usual compliments passed. Nata Kasuma bestowed his gravely, in a deep voice that seemed entangled among the wattles of his throat. Not till he had deigned to squat before a ceremonial feast of tea, jam, pilot bread and tobacco did he or his entertainers pass from courteous formula and indirection to plain speaking.

"We came late into your village last night, sir," began Runa mildly. "A hunting party, as you see. Our bearers went astray behind somewhere. We found this house empty and took refuge. If we have given offense or caused any damage ——"

Their guest lifted one fat hand in deprecation.

"No, no, gentlemen," he murmured. "A happiness to our poor village. You slept well?"

Runa used flowers of metaphor to express how tranquil had been the night.

"Except once, a trifle." With the same sweet voice he glided into business. "We are ignorant. Is it old custom in your town to drive spears through the floor where travelers lie sleeping? A—a precaution?"

Nata Kasuma dropped spoon and jam pot.

"What!" he cried. "What kind of talk?"

Consternation overspread his face, then gloom, then anger. If acting, this great man acted thoroughly; he sat still, yet magnified himself, darkening and expanding like a thundercloud.

"Are you serious? In my village? Impossible! Who would do such a thing here?"

Runa tossed a command over his shoulder:

"Go fetch the tool, Amra Khan."

Their servant went lounging through the back door, disappeared among sunny leaves, and came back. The tool he brought was an old hardwood shaft, handmade, hand-polished, with a blade longer than a man's forearm.

"Here, sahib."

Runa thanked him, took the spear and stood up.

"This," he continued languidly, "was poked through there." As a teacher doing task work at a blackboard he pointed toward one corner of the room. "By him." He swung the weapon toward the next corner and the wretch who was penned in it, feigning sleep no more, but frozen upright. "Is he one of your night watchmen?"

Nata Kasuma turned on his haunches like a toad.

"A man of mine? No!" he croaked. "I never saw him before. Some wild pig out of the woods. I will punish him, gentlemen."

The wild pig fell forward on his knees and groaned.

Runa, crossing his elbows, leaned on the spear and winked at Dan. His face, tired but shining, was very droll.

"My father," said he, "I am glad. This man was none of yours, I knew. Therefore we shall keep him and punish him ourselves."

Their brilliant guest sat glowering.

"Try the jam again, sir," Dan begged. "Has it gone wrong?"

Nata Kasuma dug into the pot and lapped the spoon clean.

"Excellent," he declared. "Sweeter than the heart of ananas. I was annoyed on your account. But all that is past."

The talk turned upon shooting and fishing.

VII

THE sun climbed high before Nata Kasuma took his leave. He took it kindly, a grave but smiling friend, and at the foot of the ladder gave bow for bow.

"I am glad to meet hunting gentlemen." The fat chief tossed his gold-and-silk betel bag into the hands of one who waited for it. "When you're rested let me know, and I'll furnish all the guides you need to go on with. Just call."

Along the clean path he went rolling, a tun of man dressed gayly as a woman. His flock of servants trailed after. Dan and Runa, following to where the path bent round a headland of trees, watched them out of sight. The village hung aloft, one vertical front of branches where yellow huts, yellow bamboo stairways mounted and crossed in relief like some tall Chinese carving. Nata Kasuma with his troop entered the largest and lowermost house under the hill.

"Fat hen starver!" said Dan. "And you made me do the polite—to him!"

"Never mind. We took the odd trick," replied Runa. "That game's played, and now it's *vaquer à nos affaires*, my boy."

They returned to the house and skipped up the ladder.

"We'll take Amra Khan into our counsel," La Flèche declared. "Fairer to him, and it may prevent mistakes. Also, three heads better than two."

He beckoned this third head, who left the prisoner and joined them by the door. Dan spoke first:

"Amra Khan, we are well pleased with you. I talk openly. We brought you as a servant into this place, which is dark and dangerous. Now we lead you no farther blindfold. You are free to go back if you choose—we'll give you money and a couple of bearers—or to stay here in danger at your own risk."

Amra Khan's reply was not long: "Share food, share fighting."

"Very well." Runa accepted the maxim. "One thing more you should understand: We are looking for a mem-sahib, a great lady."

"Great and young," said Amra Khan with a demure smile. "The skin of her face and hands like a plank of sandalwood. I know."

"The devil you do!" cried Runa. "How?"

"My friend the policeman at the ferry saw her. Same horses we had; Ibrahim's."

Runa sat beaming at the speaker.

"A chap after my own heart, this," he told Dan. "Knows how to speak and how to keep still." He turned again toward Amra Khan. "You are right; the lady is beautiful and very young. Brave, also, for she traveled here to find the man who killed her father. That spear last night was meant for her."

Their servant's dark eyes opened wide and shone.

"There will be, then," he said mildly, "a large debt to pay."

He asked no questions, but sat thinking with an air of content.

"And now," proposed Runa, "for the thumbscrew and the rack."

The man in the corner had been studying them as a wounded creature long past hope

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studies the trapper whose next movement may be the final blow.

"Well, Argo, my friend," began La Flèche, "you heard your master disown you? A wild pig of the woods. He gave you to us to kill."

The wretch would not stir.

"Go on. Finish," he croaked. "I have had enough of living."

"Have you any family?" asked Runa.

"Bah! No."

"Suppose we did not finish?" Runa's voice and look were inscrutable. "Suppose you told us everything about last night, and we gave you a good breakfast and let you go?"

Some change crept into the man's face, but only for a moment.

"Huh! No good!" he grunted. "Let me go? Go where? Into Nata Kasuma's hands again. They are worse than yours, young man. We live here by lapping his great toe. I am sick of it."

Argo spat at the world, then rolled over and hid his face. Runa jumped to his feet and pulled Dan up after him.

"Amra Khan," said he, "let this man have all our food and all the brandy. Stuff his carcass." Then going to where Argo lay, the youngster bent down and spoke as bitterly as a friend giving advice: "You slave to a fat idiot! Tell us all you know, the truth, and we'll carry you off where men never heard of Nata Kasuma, into the woods, down to the sea! Yes, and let you go with money in a bag. Eat your breakfast, think, be sensible; fear nothing, so long as you tell us the truth. Come, Danny, let's take a smoke."

For half an hour the two friends waited, lying among green rattans above the house, watching and hearing the bright runlet that emptied the spring. Then Amra Khan beckoned them down indoors.

"He will talk."

"You're a good medico, Runa," said Dan.

Food and strong liquor indeed had worked mightily to cure this pessimist, this rejected Argo. He sat in his corner like a man willing to try the scheme of things again.

"She left three days ago." His words came in a rush. "The truth, I am telling it. She went away. Nata Kasuma said she was a young devil woman. Last night we saw a lamp in these her windows. 'She is come again, bringing the Red Dog's Children,' said Nata Kasuma. 'Go strike.' What else could a man like me do, sirs? I came and struck. That is all."

He rose, made a profound *sembah* to his judges and squatted again.

"Where is she?" Dan inquired. "Where had she gone?"

"To raise the Red Dog's Children against us," replied Argo. "So Nata Kasuma thought—or said. It may be. Their camp was half a day's journey behind our hill. She went to them; I know that much."

Already confused by a night and a morning of unaccountable surprises, the culprit now remained lost forever in amazement. His guilt, the value of his excuse, the very question of his reward or punishment, life or death signified nothing whatever to these mad white men. Like hunters who should leave a buffalo to chase a hare they swerved from the main course and pounced on trifles. Argo sat staring. Their eyes were bright, their tongues busy, their faces eager. They gave commands to the servant, that terror, that hard-handed breaker of heads, who smiled, vanished down the ladder and was heard running off. What were they going to do? With these scatterbrains a man could never understand much.

He understood even less when, about noon, he found himself leading them, the breaker of heads and a file of bearers uphill past the house.

"Straight to those Red Dog people," said Dan. "The shortest line you know. And go quickly."

A scramble among tree trunks brought them to a steep hidden way, no path indeed, but slits and rifts and burrows in foliage twisting upward. Over green slants of moss, under bamboo, corded vines and hanging ferns, along rock walls that burnt the fingers the little expedition climbed and crawled. It was heavy, breathless work on all fours. Dan under the guide's heels kept him going like a frightened spider. And when, their cheeks dripping, their blurred eyes stinging with sweat, they stood and panted on the hilltop it was only to grin dizzily at one another, to draw breath choked with the scent of hot leaves, to hear round about them the dry scurry of lizards and to go plunging down the farther slope.

All afternoon they threaded the dark green forest twilight in what might have been a valley, but appeared boundless, obscure, the bottom in a sea of leaves. The air, which had no life or stir in it, felt thunderous. They heard echoes of their own movements, like ghostly footsteps coming to meet them. Deceived by these they halted and gave ear. Insects hummed.

"*Le Bois des Pas Perdus.* One hears them."

Runa whispered this fancy. All the men had taken to whispering. Stillness, monotony, gloom and the dead air oppressed them.

"Dan, the bearers can't keep this pace up. They'll crack, poor devils."

Argo, in the lead, turned and made a sign of caution.

"Let them stop," he breathed. "We are near. These people do not like strangers. Quietly."

The bearers lay down to wait. Argo, followed by the two friends and Amra Khan, went on as though stalking game in doubtful wind. He paused again and again to listen, but there was only the hum of insects, broken once by a gibbon's plaintive call, far off. At last he halted, bent down, and in a dodging fashion peered through a screen of undergrowth.

"Here was their camp. They are gone, sirs."

Beyond the screen appeared an open ground, no clearing made by man, but a hole in the verdure, a circular shaft pillared round with tall trunks and roofed with darkness. Entering this the four men stood dwarfed as in a rotunda.

"They are hard to find," whispered Argo. "They move always. Like ghosts and devils. Orang-utan."

He scowled at the place round about. A few bundles of wilted leaves, a broken red pot and camp-fire ashes lay on the trodden floor; and somehow these traces of human kind rendered the place more desolate even than the surrounding forest.

"Eh? What's that?" Runa puckered his nose and sniffed.

The gloom, charged with potential thunder, had in it some current rather of pressure than of air, that drifted changing. Along its unseen layers came perfume. Dan caught a whiff of smoke that passed, that came again, like incense; yet bittersweet, and like incense only as wild honey resembles honey of the hive.

The friends looked strangely on each other. This was the last smell in the world for a man to encounter here. Runa's eyes opened wide, staring dark unbelief. Then he made a frightful grimace and swore.

"Oh, yes, of course! We are in church!" he hissed. "Incense? We have lost our minds, Danny. It is not a forest, it is a church! Or else your girl has brought her convent with her?"

Argo the guide showed no surprise, however, but gave a smothered grunt, left off scowling, beckoned and went forward. Across the deserted ring, between two trees, he slipped once more into the bush. His masters and Amra Khan, in single file, slipped after him. There was no path, only a crooked series of gaps in foliage, as before. The smell of incense became stronger.

Ahead, suddenly, voices murmured. Soon afterward Argo dropped to the ground, began crawling, and made a sign that the others should do likewise. Thus on their bellies they reached the edge of another grove, a second dome.

It was larger than the first, darker, and full of men. So much Dan saw while choosing a peep hole among stems of grass under a bough that swept the ground.

"How now?" whispered Runa. "What are they? What natives?"

Silent and motionless, forming a great ring, stood forest men who wore garments not of the usual colors but of striped black and white. They faced the center, where on a flat slab like a tombstone lay an egg-shaped rock larger than a football. Near it rose a stone pillar or stump, wreathed with green sago-palm leaves. On the ground burnt a little fire, of which the smoke trailed low and blurred all things in sweet-smelling haze. An old man stood before the fire. He was speaking. Dan could see his lips move but not hear the words.

"Natives of nowhere," said Dan in Runa's ear. He recognized now the perfume of gum benzoin. "Java incense. They're wanderers. I knew 'em in ——"

(Continued on Page 84)

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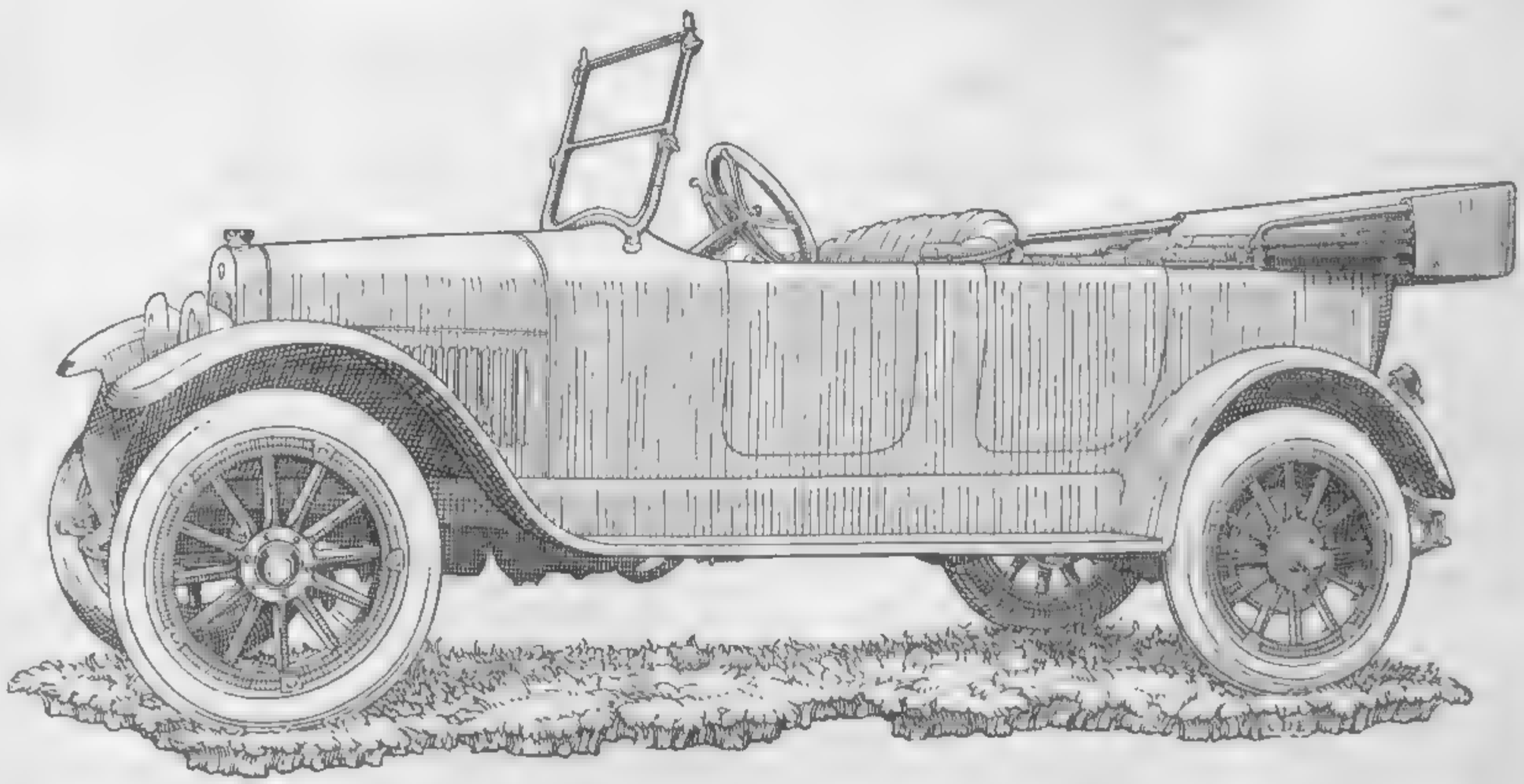


(Continued from Page 82)

But Runa had already answered his own question. He gave an impatient nod.

"Yes, yes. Shut it. Children of the old princess. Be quiet. Don't spoil this. It's very ancient. Be still." In the next breath he disobeyed his own command.

"Look, look!" Runa bounded to hands and knees, pointing, and nearly speaking aloud. "There she is!"

The smoke of burning styrax had grown thin, left the dark woodland twilight clear. Dan looked and saw Parimban's daughter Leda. Dressed in white, with a white helmet, she stood across the circle from him, alone, opposite the old priest or chieftain, who had just ended his murmurs. In one hand she held green leaves, which, coming forward, she laid upon the other leaves of the wreath; then bent to sprinkle something on the fire, which flared and sent up new smoke thickly; and then retired. Her features Dan could not see for the dusk and men's heads in the way; but he followed every movement and rejoiced once more to watch her infinite grace and dignity. The sight was like home to him.

He would have risen, perhaps called out; but Runa clapped him across the loins and pressed him down to earth.

"Don't move!" Runa's arm was trembling. "Oh, Dan, my boy! Pallas Athene!"

They must have spoken or struggled too noisily after all. A black-and-white-gowned figure turned to look in their direction. It did not matter; for in a moment the whole darkening scene was blotted out. As if this ritual, whatever it was, had called down fire, the long-threatening thunder burst in a roar that shook the valley, wind overturned the treetops, and lightning poured through in sheet after sheet of crackling blue flame.

Then a rush of water extinguished every light in the world.

Feet pattered, voices called, white shapes flitted past through splashing darkness.

When Towers could see again there lay before him a pond filled with upward-spurting drops. A stump rose in the middle of it, and an egg-shaped stone glistened there like a bubble of dark glass. These, pond and all, faded from view as he looked.

Runa was laughing and talking nonsense.

"Pretty? Fairly pretty? Oh, son Daniel, you have no gift of speech!"

VIII

DARKNESS of the storm became darkness of night. Rain, wind and thunder were gone suddenly as they had come. The elements, exploded in one blast, now seemed to fuse and create a stillness even more powerful. Sounds of water dripping marked the process; but these grew irregular, diminished, spread away and died in whispers and stealthy departing stirs under the forest.

"No good standing here." Runa flapped his wet clothes like a drowned bogle. "We'll catch nothing but chills, ague, dengue, sprew, quotidian tertian, frog warts, duck feet and premature baldness. Let us move. *Allons.* Circulate."

In his way he spoke good sense. Dan roused, and grew conscious that his own white drill was clinging to him heavy and cold, like wet rubber.

"We can't find her now."

"Lucky to find cover," said his friend, "and something dry. Lucky to find ourselves. Wait for daylight."

With Argo leading they wandered back over the way they had come. It was a dismal wandering. They slipped on mud, bumped against tree trunks or stumbling toward what seemed open darkness were swallowed headforemost and doused in masses of bush. A hundred nameless obstacles they broke through or trampled down; sometimes they fell like dominoes in a row; sometimes lost all contact and stood hailing one another, near at hand yet parted by invisible nets, black tangles where no man could advance or retreat. Presently Argo began to call upon the evil one—"Sehtan, Sehtan! Sehtan's cage of devils!"—crooning as though to invoke the powers of darkness. It was plain he had gone astray, given up, and begun cursing the world again. Rank herbs bruised underfoot sickened the air with a smell as of thoroughwort and ginger.

Amra Khan spoke: "A light."

Some reddish glow tinged the leaves before them. It swelled and brightened as they went forward, until meeting once more they could see a fire under the trees, and by its flickering could count noses.

"We're all here," said Dan. "May be her camp." He went for it straightway, letting the others follow as they chose.

"*Ko hai!*" he shouted.

This fire was a disappointment. It burned before a roof, or open tabernacle, of green thatch, and made the last raindrops sparkle as they fell from the high vaulted branches. In shadow, behind, rose two or three more green gables. Men jumped up at his call. But they were only the bearers whom he had left behind.

"Well done, men." said Towers. "Dry wood and shelter. Good foresight."

The bearers grinned at this chief who always praised the right kind of work. He entered the hut, to strip and dress by firelight, in public, for there were no walls. Runa joined him.

"Across the Valley Below. Not Dark Enough. We Wait"

"We can't do more to-day." Runa peeled off wet boots, groaning. "I heard once of a thing called sleep. For the sake of novelty let us try it after dinner."

They were to have no such luck, for when they had put on dry clothes, and sat eating, a shadow cut off the ruddy glow that poured under the eaves. They looked up, and against the fire saw Amra Khan's silhouette bending toward them.

"Strangers, for Tawah Sahib."

"Bring them in," said Dan.

Two short figures followed the tall one. Ducking under the blades of thatch they ranged themselves where the bonfire disclosed their faces. An old Malay woman neatly dressed in a red-and-yellow skirt and a tunic fastened by a gilt *krosang* breastpin bowed her head, which was sleek with oil. Though haggard and worn she had prepared herself for this audience. Beside her a flat-nosed thick-lipped youth in motley trousers and silver-buttoned mess jacket smiled lovingly at Dan, and made great salutation.

His eyes glittered like jet.

"Why, you are Sadik!" Towers exclaimed.

It was Parimban's boy, the faithful, with whom Leda had conspired when she sat in disgrace on the orphanage wall.

He laughed outright with glee, then checked himself and straightened his face in decorum.

"I am Sadik, tuan."

Dan forgot that he was tired. "Where's your mistress?"

"She has gone back to Nata Kasuma's kampong, sir," replied the youngster. His voice was low and musical, but quavered with eagerness. "These forest people would not help her. The thunder was a bad omen. They told us to wait another week. She could not wait.

"This mother Dewi, her nurse"—he presented the old woman in a courtly passing gesture—"had no more strength for the journey to-night. My mistress went on with Ibrahim's men. We two shall rest and follow, she said, in the morning or when Mother Dewi can. Therefore I stay here with Mother Dewi." The imp's broad face grew troubled. "It is bad, sir. Nata Kasuma's town is no place for my master's daughter."

Dan slewed round on the floor, got his old waterproof bag and drew out a fresh pair of boots.

"You're dead right. How far is she ahead? How long ago did your lady start?"

He laced the boots while Sadik answered. One hour or two hours—the boy thought little of time—had gone by since Leda passed this camp fire.

"We did not know it was yours," declared Sadik. "Or she would have stayed. Your men feared her and said nothing."

Dan got into coat and helmet.

"Oh, these bearers!" he growled. "Plumb fools! Bring a lantern, Amra Khan, and tell Argo he's wanted. I'm off to overtake her," he informed Runa. "You have your sleep out. See you later, back here or at the kampong."

But Runa sat dressing himself in haste.

"Wait a bit, Danny. I'm coming. Heavens, what a woman!" he muttered. "No wonder the bearers kept still; they took her for a wood sprite, poor fellows. Hold on! I'm ready."

So was Amra Khan, with staff and lighted lantern; so was their prisoner Argo, blinking half awake, tired, surly, but obedient to these dread masters who never slept. Round the fire the bearers gaped in amazement as Dan gave them his parting commands, to follow at daybreak with Sadik and the old woman.

"*Bai; tuan,*" they murmured. Right it must be if their chief said so; but these were strange matters, wild night walkings.

The four set out. Dan found young Sadik trotting by his side.

"My lady will rejoice now," said the boy. "I also. God is great. You come to her, so there is an end. Good. She will stop trying to get that treasure. It was a mad plan, hopeless. I told her so."

Both Dan and Runa halted.

"What's this?" they asked. "What treasure?"

Sadik stared up at them.

"You did not know?" he whispered. "Why, hers—her father's. We came here hunting that.

"Two great sacks of silver. My lord Parimban kept them in his houseboat, so those men killed my lord and carried them away, the night of the burning. How could his daughter travel to find you, sir, without money, when we thought you were across the sea, far off in the windward countries? To-night you come. All is well. I am no longer afraid."

Towers took the lantern, and raising it looked at this boy. A grave delight overspread the flat impish face, the black eyes twinkled. Plainly, Sadik was telling the truth.

"You're a pretty decent kid," said Towers. "Now skip back to camp and Mother Dewi. We'll do all the rest."

The youngster made a deep graceful bow and scampered away. For a moment the fire sharply outlined the prick-eared shadow of his turban dodging among vertical black bars and leafy network. Then he vanished completely into the night. Dan gave the lantern to Argo and waved his hand impatiently forward.

"Let's get on."

Their night march began in silence. Except for Amra Khan, who stepped out like a creature made of stuff more tireless than bone or muscle, they tramped on and on, heavy-footed, slow, clogged and bedeviled with sleep. Again and again the lantern bearer stopped dead in his tracks, with chin on breast and eyes tight shut. Dan, his own legs foundering, remorsefully prodded the man awake, kept him going, and struggled after, harassed by a dull sense of hurry, the reason for which he sometimes forgot, sometimes remembered with anger and dismay. Even Runa had lost his tongue, and came dragging along dispirited. Once he spoke:

"Bags of silver, eh? Lagadigadou! We know why old Ibrahim opened his heart so generous!"

His words, his laugh sounded like babbling in a dream.

The steady jog and sway of lantern light, the batlike flutter of darkness spotted with leaves, continually changing yet repeating the same fantasy, had a power of hypnotism. The ground began to rise; the path, if this drowsy cavern were a path, to wind and stagger. They were climbing a hill now, which was unbearable. About midnight it might have been when, without order given or word spoken, the travelers sat down on the ground. With lantern between toes, head dropped on knees, Argo began at once to snore.

"The poor brute's had a cruel twenty-four hours," said Dan. "We'd better ——"

He did not finish that speech.

When he finally woke it was to find the neck of a water bottle stuck between his teeth.

"Drink," said the voice of Amra Khan. "More. It is good. I made it. You will feel proud as Banker Seth. Ho, ho! Again, Now we are right."

The draught tasted like cold tea, very strong, drugged with a sirup too thick and perfumed.

Dan choked over it, then sat up, wide awake, his head clear, his limbs ready for action as though he had thrown off heavy wrappings.

"*Abe wabe main!*" laughed Amra Khan.

Runa likewise rejuvenated sat mocking him.

"What kind of poison was that?" Dan cried. "How much time have we lost?"

"Honeydew," sighed Runa. "Be still; wait; let it run down into your toes. Quarter of an hour, not more."

Tall, slender, peaceful, Amra Khan loomed above them like a benignant young slave of the lamp.

"We overtake your lady soon," he declared. "All too soon. It is not far." He shook his head mournfully. "Before we come to her let me speak, for my heart is divided.

"This day I have seen her. Brothers, how shall I choose between you, two men, but always a pair, like my hands? It is a hard thing that I have to say."

The two friends looked up, wondering, the man's words, his tone, conveyed so much grief.

"Say on," advised Runa.

Amra Khan bowed.

"My debts are to you both, but my first debt to Tawah Sahib," he continued. "I speak now, in time. When you fight each other for this lady I fight on the side of Tawah Sahib."

His hearers burst out laughing with great good humor; then seriously told him there was no danger of any feud; then laughed again, enjoying what he said as men enjoy the wisdom of a child. He did not laugh with them. His tawny handsome face wore a look of composure, though drawn thin with fatigue or pain.

"I have known the beauty of woman. It is soft, yes, but it cuts very sharp," said Amra Khan quietly. "It cut my father's stone house in two. The tongue is soft also, but goes on biting after the hardest teeth have crumbled."

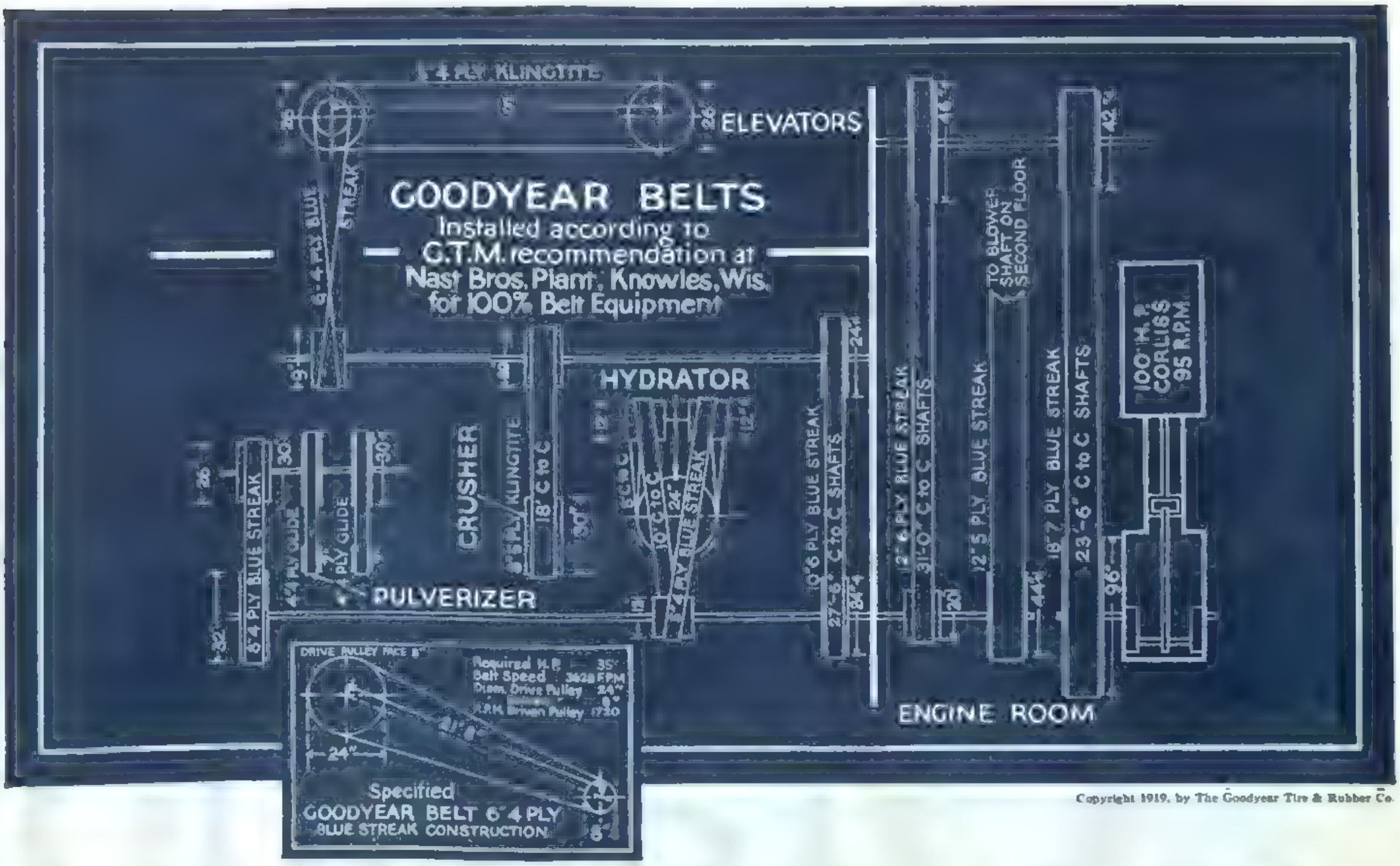
Under the fringe of leaf points and dusk round his turban he appeared to be smiling—an odd smile, gentle, sorrowful. It passed. He bent over the lantern, rapped his knuckles on Argo's head, and making an old Eastern pun cried: "Wake, son of a camel!"

The sleeper lifted a bleary face and foolish open mouth, into which Amra Khan promptly rammed his water bottle, as though dosing a horse.

By and by they stumbled uphill once more, winding in and out through countless dreary leaves and slack ratline creepers.

"Very well," said Amra Khan. "What comes of itself, let it come."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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One Belt, an Entire Plant—and the G. T. M.

It all began with a belt-killer—the pulverizer drive. Belts, with good luck, sometimes lasted a year on it. Even then, their short lives were full of trouble; for they stretched, jumped the pulleys, gaped at the plies. Then one day, about two years ago, the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—prescribed a 6-inch, 4-ply Goodyear Blue Streak Belt for service on that gruelling transmission from the 24-inch pulley of the drive shaft to the 8-inch pulley on the pulverizer.

Today the whole plant of Nast Brothers Lime & Stone Co., at Knowles, Wis., is standardized on Goodyear Belts. The initial installation, made in the Company's plant at Marblehead, Wis., on the basis of an expert analysis of actual conditions, has grown from that one Goodyear-served drive to a 100% Goodyear Belt equipment in the plant at Knowles. The study that effected savings in power and time and belt outlay was extended to an entire plant in a succession of analyses.

Serving different types of drives, the belts in the Nast plant today are of varying lengths and widths, different plies and types, but they are all of the one quality—Goodyear. On the hydrator there's a 5-inch, 4-ply Goodyear Blue Streak for heavy duty. An 8-inch, 5-ply Klingtite is in the hard service of the crusher. A pair of 4-inch, 4-ply Goodyear Glides work on the pulverizer. On the long reaches of the engine room shafting, where it's 23 to 31 feet from center to center, 6- and 7-ply Goodyear Blue Streaks unswervingly deliver full load of power.

Each of them is G. T. M. specified for its job. No one type of belt could do more than pretend to meet so many varying requirements. So the G. T. M. recommended application of the particular belt to the particular need. And Mr. Nast, constantly impressed with the 22 months' consistent, day-in, day-out, ten-hours-a-day performance of the original belt, met every G. T. M. recommendation with confidence.

And in unison the Goodyear Belts contribute to the plant operation the highest values of good belting. Flexible, they hold to the pulleys. Unstitched, they wear uniformly. They neither rip nor stretch. Judging, as Superintendent Koeding does, by the staying qualities of the original Goodyear Blue Streak, they will outlast by a year or more the life of the average belt. And their first cost was but little more.

The same valuable service from both the G. T. M. and Goodyear Belting is at your command. The G. T. M.'s analysis of a single drive or a whole plant is free to you. Our reward will come from it by the same process which resulted in the Nast Brothers' standardization on 100% Goodyear Belt equipment.

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

AKRON

The Columbia Grafonola

For a Merry Musical Christm
and Many Melodious Years to Co

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, New York

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THE GROWN-UP BOYS

Good ladies, little folks, an' girls,
Let's you an' me enjoy
The fun of playin' Sandy Claus
To some dear grown-up boy.
Let's send a brimmin' pound of love—
Age-mellowed, friendly, ripe—
To every grown-up boy who likes
His easy chair and pipe.

Like his, old Velvet's heart grows young
With each succeedin' year,
That fills it fuller an' more full
Of Friendliness an' cheer.
Let this good pound of Velvet prove
That loved ones don't forget
The husbands that are still their beaus—
And sons they still can pet.

Velvet Joe

Write to Velvet Joe, 4241 Folsom Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., for his 1920 Almanac. He will send it FREE.

Let's make this an old time Christmas

full of good cheer, old friends, bright fires—and fragrant with good tobacco.

What gift so typifies the merry spirit of the old time Christmastide as a pound of Velvet—the choicest pipe tobacco that hospitable old Kentucky ever grew? What gift is so acceptable to the smoker as a whole pound of this hearty old tobacco—fragrant as only *real* tobacco can be—smooth, mellow and mild from long ageing in the wood?

You may not know his taste in neckties; he may have a dozen scarf pins; but—

If he is a true devotee of the pipe there is no gift that will better convey to him the expression of your affection or regard than a pound of good old Velvet.

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Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

VELVET in handsome full-pound-weight humidors of glass

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

(Continued from Page 23)

"How did you find out?" Miss Elliott asked in a voice of mystery. It was mysterious because it was so low and so guarded.

"He came and demanded an allowance for her."

"Not so loud," she continued. "The fog carries sound, and you never know who's behind the hedge."

"You can hardly see the road." With bated breath he casually mentioned this obvious fact, and then put his hand through Miss Elliott's arm, bent until his chin was tickled by her fur collar and his lips were close to her ear. "You never spoke to her. You never saw her. And yet you read her. How?"

His awe-struck voice made Miss Elliott smile. "I studied the family. She happened to be true to type, that's all. Now you're not. Don't dream of trying the family method on Charity. You've been civilized. Please don't club Charity Turle. Just be sweet and nice to her."

"Nobody but you," he protested, "says that Charity goes with the estate."

Miss Elliott drew a little away from his closer pressure. "You know she does," she answered. "She's the one I've been sorry for. She's just as hard hit as the others by your coming. It was picturesque and romantic and all that sort of thing to give Dorothy a chance to live with you in your drafty old house. It may be prosaic common sense to marry Charity."

"Charity's hair is romantic," Roger murmured in her ear.

"Ah," Miss Elliott cried, "you love her! I hoped so. Her hair is lovely. You have stolen her cottage. A nurse has stolen her brother. You are robbing her of her poor old uncle's savings. But, if you love her ——"

"I do not," he denied.

"You must; or why was your pursuit of Dorothy so calm and methodical? She got even, all right. She hid Colonel Ryker behind you. She corresponded and no one guessed, because you were always near her. What loads of trouble that saved her. I am sure the duchess would have moved heaven and earth to prevent the engagement. A little sly, that!"

Miss Elliott spoke with considerable warmth.

Roger chuckled. "I escaped," he confessed. "That's the main thing, the only thing."

"Did you want to, so badly?" she asked.

"I did not know how badly until I escaped."

"You hide it too well." Miss Elliott shook her head. "You are splendid, but you know you cannot conceal from me what you are suffering."

Roger laughed.

"Please don't," she pleaded. "It isn't necessary. Pride is all right, but too much of it is not friendly to me. You say you don't love Charity. You are cool toward her at this moment. That's only because you've lost the other half."

"The other half?" questioned the mystified Roger.

"Why, don't you see?" Miss Elliott explained: "You loved them both. The contrast: one dark, one light; one elegant and dainty, the other a real worker. Each made you fonder of the other. You see it now, don't you?"

"Much too involved for me," he answered. "All news to me."

Miss Elliott gently insisted that she knew better than he. "It would have had one strange result," she said sagely. "If you had married Dorothy you would have fallen deeply in love with Charity. Now that Dorothy is taken from you you might gradually come to look on Charity as a sister if you were not going to play the game."

"Look here," Roger said. "How much of all this nonsense is nonsense?"

Miss Elliott showed patient resignation at being misunderstood. She meant every word she had said, she declared, and she made it quite clear that she thought it up to Roger to propose to Charity. Charity might resent so sudden a transfer of affection perhaps, but that was for her to say for herself. It could easily be explained. Dorothy had first claim; Charity, fair-minded, would admit that.

They emerged from the fog on a hilltop, and looked down on a valley of mist.

"It all seems clear now, doesn't it?" Miss Elliott asked.

Roger eyed her with a lowering brow, but his scrutiny was accepted with a calm confidence. "My head," he said, "is still in a fog."

"So long," she observed cheerfully, "as your heart is right ——"

"Oh, mine's all right," he broke in. "It's yours that's doubtful."

Miss Elliott laughed. "Charity is the pearl of the country," she declared, "and I am not hard-hearted if I insist that you ought to propose to her."

"You mean that?" he said, glowering.

Miss Elliott nodded with a grave face.

"Very well," he decided. "I must go to London to-night. I've just time to settle it first. I am going straight to her."

"My best wishes go with you." She smiled on him and stood watching as he strode down into the fog on the other side of the hill. She could just see that he turned, and she waved him friendly good luck.

Roger asked himself how far it was fair to couple a proposal with a request to be refused. Of course Charity was the best of friends and would be glad to do him a good turn. Dear old Charity wouldn't mind refusing him and even giving him a certificate that she had done so if he asked it. And yet—well, it wasn't so easy after all. No girl would exactly like to be proposed to by command of another girl, and no girl would choose to be —— Well, to be what? A stepping-stone to another, that was it. The truth was out. Roger quickened his footsteps. "Mary!" He murmured the name. He had learned only a week before that it belonged to Miss Elliott. And that was about all that he had learned about her. But he knew all that he wanted to know, all the same.

At the cottage he was annoyed to find Mr. Starlow awaiting him. They had met so often in the village street and in the lanes that they had come to exchange always curt but courteous greetings; but Roger had never forgotten that early, mysterious mania for spying of which Starlow appeared to have been partially cured by the confiscation of his field glasses. That nervous timidity which once had characterized the American had so completely vanished that it seemed to Roger that to-day his demeanor was almost threatening. His blue eyes were stern and cold, and his firm chin was thrust out almost pugnaciously beneath lips compressed into a rigid straight line. His hands were bare to-day, and Roger noted that their one-time startling whiteness had been somewhat modified, and that they looked capable at least of carrying a small parcel.

"Sergeant Hill," said Mr. Starlow in a cool, hard drawl, "it's just been told me that you are courting Miss Lingard."

The startled Roger flung back his head, and stared speechless at the impassive Mr. Starlow.

"I am an American citizen," the latter announced without apparent relevance.

"I am glad you're sure of it," was the quick retort. "You weren't once, you know."

Roger glanced at the clock. The wheelwright's trap would shortly be due to take him to the station, and he had hoped to see Charity first; but an interview which opened as did this one was hardly to be shirked.

Starlow's brows met in a deep frown. "I'm what I say I am," he answered, biting off his words in crisp anger. "Everybody knows it too. What do they know about you? A stranger—a private one day, a sergeant the next, a civilian the next. You worm your way into the friendship of the village. You get a foothold. You work your way into managing an estate that's going adrift. You push yourself into big houses. A duchess picks you up because you are good looking and have a glib tongue. The rest follow like a flock of sheep."

"Please sit down," Roger interposed with an immense excess of politeness. "This gets interesting. I have still ten minutes." His face was white and his eyes glittered. He seated himself, but his opponent flushed the redder and spoke in such hot anger that he could hardly be understood.

(Continued on Page 93)

"The Second Night They Got It. She Was Picked Up Insensible From Its Ruins"

TIRE CONSERVATION

The Way to Maximum Tire Mileage

GOODYEAR

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GOODYEAR

MADE IN U.S.A.

The Way to Maximum Tire Mileage

IN Boston, the Creed-Kellogg Company recently figured their Goodyear tire costs per mile and found them to be remarkably low. This they attribute not only to the toughness of Goodyear Tires, but also to the willing and expert service of a Goodyear Service Station Dealer. In a letter from the Creed-Kellogg Company, their Mr. Howard mentions that this service, which included a systematic free inspection of their tires, covering tread cuts, proper inflation, front wheel alignment, and so on, "has been of great benefit to us in securing more mileage." Go regularly to the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer and ask for this sort of mile-saving Goodyear Inspection Service.

THE largest single group of tire users in the world agree that the first step on the way to maximum tire mileage is a set of Goodyear Tires.

A large proportion of these users also realize that even Goodyear Tires will more surely deliver greater mileage when they are cared for and given timely service.

Our agreement with this is seen in Goodyear's sincere attempt, through the medium of its Service Stations and its Tire Savers, to further tire saving in every possible way.

In furtherance of this plan we list below the commonest of tire and tube injuries and the ways that you can use to correct them, to get maximum Goodyear tire mileage.

◇ ◇ ◇

TRUING UP WHEELS. Bumping into curbs, turning out into gutters and similar strains are likely to cause *mis-alignment* of front wheels. They travel then with a grinding action that wears down the rubber tread rapidly.

Ask your Goodyear Service Station Dealer to test your wheels for alignment. This may save you thousands of tire miles.

◇ ◇ ◇

TREAD CUTS. Not even the Goodyear All-Weather Tread can absolutely protect tires from *tread cuts*. For scraps of metal, glass, switch points, will cut the toughest treads when squarely struck.

When tread cuts first appear, fill them with Goodyear tire putty and cement; prevent the small cuts from becoming large.

◇ ◇ ◇

UNDER-INFLATION. Don't run your tires in a soft under-inflated condition. *Under-inflation* probably ruins more tires than any other one thing.

Test your tire pressure with your inflation gauge regularly, at least once each week. Keep the pressure up.

◇ ◇ ◇

FABRIC BREAKS. Hitting stones and ruts and bumps in the road, while running at high speed, may cause *fabric breaks*. These grow in size; the tube is pinched and a blowout results. This blowout may not occur until weeks after the fabric is broken.

Use a Goodyear inside protection patch over a fabric break before it has an opportunity to grow. Use the same patch without cement as an emergency repair after a blowout, and use a Goodyear Strap-on Boot on the outside of tire over injury. See your Goodyear Dealer about a vulcanized repair.

CARE OF TUBES. Take care of your tubes. Keep the wheel rim free from rust; keep the inside of casing clean; use enough, not too much, talc; keep the valves clean and tight; keep the air pressure up. Carry spare tubes in Goodyear tube bags; don't allow them to be injured by tools.

It is easy to repair tube injuries with a Goodyear Tube Repair Kit, or Goodyear Self-Cure Patches. Keep a Kit or a small box of Patches in your car.

◇ ◇ ◇

OTHER INJURIES. Chains improperly applied, or kept on after the necessity has passed, cause tire injuries. Driving in car tracks grinds off the side of the tread, and may break the side wall fabric. Unequally adjusted brakes cause rear tires to be worn in spots. When the rubber tread is soaked in oil it soon rots.

It is practically impossible to repair these injuries at home. See your Goodyear Service Station Dealer; ask his advice about a vulcanized repair.

◇ ◇ ◇

Use Goodyear Tires and Tubes. Keep Goodyear Tire Savers in your car. Get them at the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer's. Ask him for the Goodyear Lessons on tire care. Go regularly for helpful advice and tire inspections. This is the way to maximum tire mileage.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Offices Throughout the World

TIRE SAVERS

HEBE

Pure skimmed milk evaporated to double strength enriched with cocoanut fat

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

2 cups tomatoes
2 teaspoonfuls sugar
¼ teaspoon soda
2 cups HEBE diluted with two cups water
2 tablespoons butter
Dash of Onion salt
4 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper

Scald HEBE, cook tomatoes with sugar about fifteen minutes, melt butter, rub in flour and add HEBE gradually until all is boiling. Force tomatoes through fine sieve. Combine mixture and add seasoning. This will serve six persons.

HEBE for Creaming Soups

YOU can make the most delicious creamed tomato soups with HEBE—and so easily and economically. Try it for luncheon today or for dinner tonight. Use the recipe given on this page.

As an economical housewife you will welcome HEBE. You will find it a valuable addition to your food supply—for it will help keep down the cost of your cooking and baking.

HEBE is a wholesome and nutritious food, produced in clean, sunshiny buildings located in the heart of noted dairying sections.

In the production of HEBE, pure skimmed milk is enriched with cocoanut fat. These are the sole ingredients of HEBE. They are scientifically combined, creating a food that is balanced—a food that is rich in protein for tissue building, fat for fuel and carbohydrates for energy.

HEBE'S place in the home is distinctive—used in the kitchen as an economical auxiliary to the daily milk supply for cooking and baking.

HEBE makes delicious creamy soups and rich creamy sauces and gravies. To bread, biscuits and cakes it gives a quality of lightness, delicacy and smoothness that is most delightful. It is good in coffee too.

Once you use HEBE you will appreciate its wholesomeness, convenience and economy and include it regularly on your list of grocery supplies. Send for a copy of the HEBE book of recipes. Address Home Economy Department, The Hebe Company, 3201 Consumers Building, Chicago.

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A COMPOUND OF EVAPORATED SKIMMED MILK AND VEGETABLE FAT
CONTAINS 7.8% VEGETABLE FAT
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THE HEBE COMPANY
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Chicago **THE HEBE COMPANY** Seattle

(Continued from Page 89)

"It don't go with me," Starlow spluttered. "This frozen English way don't do with you Canadians. You've got to be born with it to get away with it. You are in the chilled-meat car and the ice has given out. You may catch the ladies with your smooth tongue, but not Starlow. Oh, no, not Starlow." He shook his head till Roger thought he must shake it off.

"Let it all come out, Mr. Starlow," Roger said with a maddening smile. "You've been storing it up, I see, since I was compelled to take away your pistol and glasses. Pour it out. It will relieve you."

Starlow passed his hand over his forehead and regained some degree of self-control.

"I demand it," he said a little less offensively. "I demand to know if you are courting Miss Lingard." He bent over until his face was within two feet of Roger's, and his fingers straightened and closed and clenched with such force that Roger actually saw the delicate skin on the back of one hand part in a long thin line.

"Don't be a fool," the latter cried sharply. "I took your pistol, and you can't fight with your fists." He pointed to the hand.

The American glanced at the broken skin. "No," he muttered. "I couldn't make good." He sat down reluctantly. "I'm sorry," he said sullenly. "I lost my temper."

Roger nodded. "Why? I have only five minutes."

"About Miss Lingard?"

"I am very curious," Roger said slowly. "I can't think how an American, a stranger, should become Miss Lingard's guardian."

"I haven't handled this right," was Starlow's ingenuous but surly admission. "I am Miss Elliott's guardian."

Roger rose to his feet at these unexpected words. He looked in silence into the eyes of Mr. Starlow, and gravely shook his head. "We cannot discuss all the ladies in the neighborhood in succession," he said with insolent disdain. He turned toward the door. Mr. Starlow bounded up and stood in front of him.

"I am American," Starlow cried. "So is she. She is alone here. She has no one to take her part. I make myself her guardian. Do you hear? I, myself. I've seen you going there, day after day, time after time. And now I'm told you're courting Miss Lingard. Sir, I demand your intentions."

Roger was instantly appeased. Mr. Starlow's methods were bungling, and his manner was offensive, but a chivalrous American idea appeared to guide his action.

"I am Roger Lingard," Roger abruptly announced.

"The missing heir?"

"The missing heir."

"Say, there's been considerable sleuthing for you. What's the idea?" Starlow was eying him with an intent curiosity.

"Some little things to settle up first. You see now that I am an American citizen just the same as you, and just as much entitled as you to appoint myself the guardian of any American young lady. So," Roger smiled pleasantly into the face of Mr. Starlow, "you're satisfied, I hope."

"Pretty near," the other agreed; "but not quite. There's two young ladies, you know."

"One is my cousin," Roger explained; "and she has not the slightest intention of marrying me."

Starlow pondered on this and looked into blank eyes with an amiable grin. "Eight bells and all's well," he cried with an accent of great relief. "Now the lady is off my mind, and you being what you are, you can do something for me if you will." He bit off the end of a black cigar and lighted it up. "She was 3174.6 net tons," he said, "and I was master. She was flying the Stars and Stripes and requisitioned by the army, working Suicide Lane."

"Suicide Lane?" Roger repeated, questioning.

"Yes, from the Bristol Channel to Brest with coal for the A. E. F. There were thirty-five American steamers at one time carrying coal for our locomotives and bunkers in France. On the morning of the seventh of May I was sitting at breakfast in the cabin. It was a bright sunshiny day and I was on the land side of the convoy, twenty-seven ships in all, just off Newquay in Cornwall, not five miles away. I was putting my fork in my mouth with a piece of salted herring on it when I looked through the porthole. A torpedo was coming, aimed straight at my eye. It seemed ten feet away. There was a yell from the deck. I rushed to the bridge. Nothing happened. The blamed thing, the lookout said, seemed to stop dead. Whether it sank or was diverted we never knew. A second got us. We saw it but we couldn't dodge it. It wasn't a question of getting into boats. The hull just seemed to fall in two parts by the bridge. I fell right into the opening, and I heard the deck jam together again over my head. The next thing I knew I was lying on the beach at Newquay without any skin on either hand—steamed off, somehow, somewhere, as I fell through some broken steam pipes. Within an hour they had me in hospital, and they gave me the new treatment, stuff that made a skin and let a new skin grow underneath. No pain to speak of; oh, wonderful! Then it was here for the hands to harden. I couldn't touch anything for weeks without gloves."

"Why didn't you tell us?" Roger asked apologetically.

"Some little things to settle up first," said Captain Starlow with a grin.

"Any lives lost?"

"A Portuguese fireman, no more. Now I've never sailed blue waters before. I don't know any country but my own. I don't understand the customs here. My father lives in Minnesota. I just want you to look me up. I want you to cable my father. I'm asking you to fix yourself at my expense, so as you can say, 'Starlow is all right. He's got ten thousand dollars stowed away. He's going back in as captain as soon as may be, at two-fifty per month, plus fifty per cent bonus.'"

Roger's growing interest in this conversation was suddenly fanned into a burning flame. "Sounds like you're going to be married," he said.

"You've guessed it." Mr. Starlow's dignified reticence was dropped as a warm cloak falls in the sunshine. "I've got the prize young lady of two worlds," he cried with a proud laugh. "She don't ask about me. She trusts me. But I want her to know. I want her to know through you. She trusts you."

"Ah! Then ——"

"Yes. You couldn't make a mistake. There is only one young lady in the country that measures up to the description."

"Put it there!" Roger cried, stretching out the hand of warm congratulation. "Miss Turle will have some money to put with yours."

"That," Captain Starlow indignantly exclaimed, "cuts no ice."

"Of course it does. I am her cousin, remember. Charity will have this house for her life. I can't give it to her, for the law doesn't allow it. She will have five hundred pounds a year for her life, and the principal will be divided among her children when they come of age."

He knew exactly what to say, Bickley Ryker had taught him that. But Captain Starlow haughtily proclaimed himself fully capable of taking care of his own family, and announced that he accepted no charity with Charity.

Roger laughed and said that was her business.

"It's the custom of the country," he explained, "and you can't prevent her following it." He glanced at the big clock. "I'm off for London," he cried gayly, "and I've one or two things to see to first."

He shook hands again most warmly. "I wish you both every happiness," he said. "Write the addresses. I'll cable."

He ran out, jumped into the waiting trap and just caught the train. From Gloucester he wired a mysterious message to Miss Elliott. "The third time's lucky," was all he said.

XV

DOROTHY LINGARD stood in the gazebo on the wall and sometimes peered through the jalousies down toward Castlechepe, and sometimes up the village street through the leafless branches of the old oak, and sometimes toward the east, where the road still followed the park wall. A hard frost followed by a high wind had prematurely stripped even the oak trees, and the Lingard estate stretched visibly before her in every direction. In an ordinary time those unscreened fields would have delighted Dorothy, whose pleasures were winter pleasures, and to whom open country meant better fox-hunting; but to-day she thought neither of estates nor of horses nor of hounds. Bickley Ryker was to come to her at the hospital at four o'clock, and he must almost certainly pass this way. She was passionately curious. She was sick with fear. The pupils of her eyes were distended, and her breath came and went in gasps which formed cloudlets of white mist in the frosty air. She had thrown him over. For less, far less provocation than that he had once roughly shaken her.

As she flitted from lattice to lattice tensely watching, shivering notwithstanding her heavy furs but not knowing that she was cold, her distracted, disconnected thought sought in vain for the secret of the domination of his passionate, masterful letters. He had said in his first letter to her that he was sorry he had lost his temper and forgotten himself, but he had also said he had great provocation. Her first little note to him had crossed his letter to her. In the note she had expressed humble apologies for insulting the soldiers, and she had been silent about the chastisement she had received. His letter, little humble though it was, had thrilled her; a real love letter, a passionate outpouring dashed off behind the trenches without restraint of thought or word; a letter unjustified by his relations with her, but more than justified by the conditions under which it was written.

So the correspondence had begun. Quickly kindled by his ardor her answers had become love letters. A gallant officer in hourly peril, far away, dim, shadowy, thinking always of her, writing daily to her; a daring correspondent, master of vivid words, baring his heart to her, careless of reticences, forgetting censorships; she had read with a high emotion that he was coming to her.

As the day approached the rapture of romance steadily declined, until at last she saw Colonel Bickley Ryker amid his old surroundings as her father's one-time orderly, and her personal slave and attendant. He had polished her shoes many a time. He had fetched and carried for her. Once in a rage she had struck him in the face with her riding whip. He had saluted, and she had burst into tears and begged his pardon. He had ridden behind her as groom and been ordered abruptly about by her friends. If these memories had thrust themselves in they had been burned in the flame of his letters; but now they would obtrude and would not down.

It was on the morning of his coming that she casually learned that he had corresponded with Charity Turle. This had proved the climax. Charity, like himself, was a descendant of churls. The lady of the manor might even be the successor of the village girl in the affections of Bickley Ryker. She had dashed off a note in which she had said that it was all a mistake and that she trusted to him to return her letters and forget her. Panic-stricken she had prepared for immediate flight, sure of effective protection with the duchess, who would greatly disapprove a marriage with Bickley Ryker. But intense curiosity and thrilling fear held her fast and led her well in advance of the appointed hour to the summerhouse on the wall.

When she had seen him pass and repass after reading the note which he would find at the hospital, she would fly across fields to Minturn, borrow a trap, and drive by byways to Dundry Towers. She wondered as she stood restless sentry in the gazebo what business called him to the village, and why he had written that he must go there first and could not come direct to her from the train. Was it to bid farewell to Charity? What was the expression that people used? She recalled it. Was he going to square the cottager's daughter before his engagement to the lady of the manor was announced? That was the usual thing, she understood, if entanglements existed. Dorothy's fine nostrils quivered with disdain.

She heard a trap approaching. Kellie Hill was passing; another of these strange war products, forced on her by topsy-turvy conditions and the duchess' support. This impertinent Canadian had tried to make serious love to her, and a wasp's sting had spared him a scathing rebuke for his presumption. Had he read the page he had rescued from the decoy pool? Of course. Did he know who wrote it? Probably. That was another reason for hating him. He was the only one who would know that she had gone mad for two months and fancied herself in love with Bickley Ryker. Always interfering, always witness of her moments of temper or weakness, Kellie Hill was detestable. There was no good in anybody for Dorothy in that hour. An automobile stopped beneath the oak tree and Bickley Ryker got out. Her straining eyes peered through the lattice, and her lids were pressed together until she was looking between narrow slits. She admitted his fine bearing, his soldierly carriage; these were now defects to her, for they were the results of his training as a private soldier. He did not look the gentleman, she told herself; he looked only the professional soldier. He glanced up at the oak. Dorothy drew back. She had glimpsed his face. It was radiant, triumphant, its habitual hard expression softened, its smile that of a happy man. She pressed her hand hard over her heart. It seemed that he must hear its beating as he came through the open door in the wall and passed almost beneath her. She followed that erect back with straining eyes until it was lost to sight behind an evergreen tree. More frightened now than ever she put her hand on the knob, resolved on instant flight; but she could not go. A maddening morbid interest, a passionate trembling curiosity, held her. She stood, bending forward, her eyes fixed on the spot at which he must reappear. Yet he could not come for nearly half an hour.

After a time the doctor's automobile came from Castlechepe and deposited Charity Turle beneath the oak. It was not then to bid farewell to Charity that Bickley Ryker had come first to the village. Dorothy would have been more angry could she have known that after seeing Roger Lingard he had motored to a village miles away to spend ten minutes with an old aunt, who was bedridden, who received an old-age pension, and to whom kind poor neighbors often sent in a plate of food from their own sparsely furnished tables.

"Thank you, doctor," Charity's clear voice rang through the frosty air.

"Always glad to give you a lift," the doctor said as he went on. "You make me feel brighter."

Dorothy's lips curled. Her rival? Perhaps. Charity was overdressed for her position. Barmaids in hotels came into some contact with ladies and so learned how to wear their clothes. Dorothy looked Charity over from bitter eyes, hoping to detect the loose end that invariably marked the villager who tried to ape her betters, and she was angry that she could not find it. Charity's fur-trimmed coat was London made, and the fur was real, and Charity's hat was offensively becoming. Dorothy had plenty of time for a minute examination, for the unsuspecting object of her inspection sat beneath the oak tree. For Charity to idle thus on a cold November day was unaccountable, but presently the explanation arrived, for the mysterious American with the white hands came swinging down the street. "An assignation."

The offensive word was murmured contemptuously and an ugly curl came again to the lips as Dorothy saw his face. It held the expression which had dignified and softened that of Bickley Ryker.

"News!" Mr. Starlow called out. "A bunch of it in ten words. What price? What price?"

Charity chided with uplifted finger and a shake of the head. "I don't buy with my eyes shut," she said, smiling.

She moved a little and Mr. Starlow sat very close to her.

"It'll make your mouth open," he said as he put his slowly darkening hand over hers and clasped it.

He looked up and down the road and everywhere but at the silent summerhouse on the wall, then he put his head close to Charity's. "Will you pay?" he murmured.

Dorothy could not hear, but it was sufficiently clear that he was bartering for a kiss. Lovers, and so desperately bucolic that they followed the rustic custom; they spooned beneath the oak. Such was Dorothy's contemptuous thought. Sitting there, so close together, was public notice to the village. It was equivalent to a paragraph in the Morning Post, which cost a guinea, and would ceremoniously read: "A marriage has been arranged," and so on.

Dorothy watched Charity edge away, shaking her head, saw the humility of the baffled lover, and noted his quick acceptance of defeat. Dorothy snorted slightly, elegantly, still it was a snort. Bickley Ryker would not be so easily stopped. These Americans were milksops; Canadians too; Kellie Hill had not once scared her. He had just followed her like a dog. Bickley Ryker would have led. She turned and watched the way whence he must come. She was in a tremor of fear which exquisitely exhilarated her. If he found her anything might happen. He might even kill her. She dwelt on that thought with a quivering delight.

(Continued on Page 96)

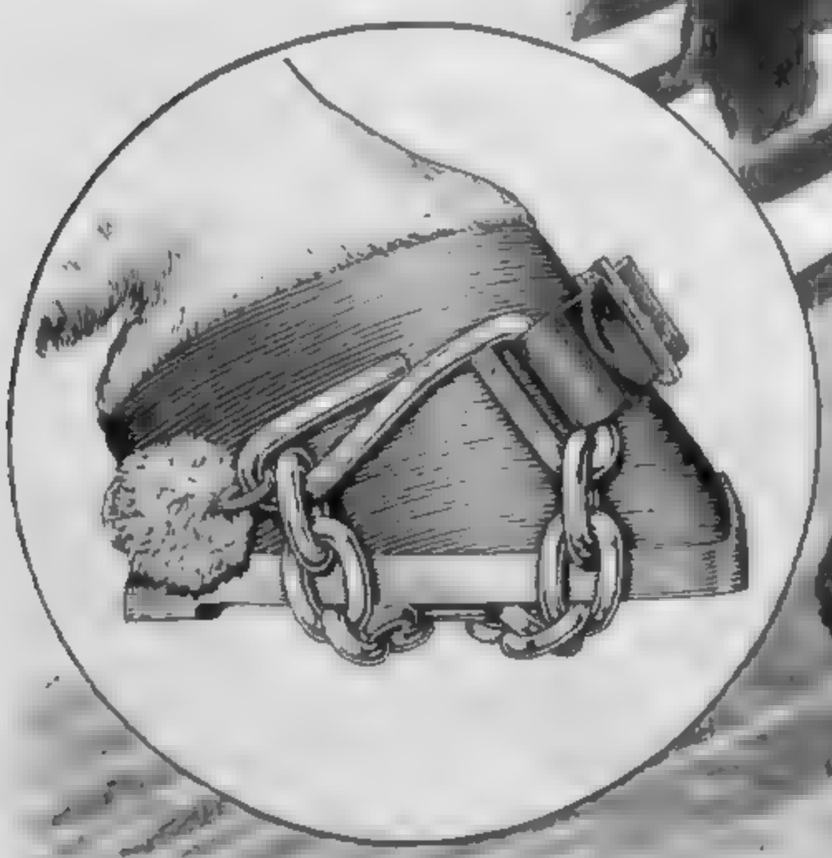
AMERICAN CHAIN

The Principle of the Weed Tire Chains for Automobiles and Motor Trucks Humanely Adapted to Horses' Hoofs

AMERICAN CHAIN OVER-SHOES give horses secure footing on slippery pavements and roads. The Chains are so constructed and arranged that they give the animal 48 points of contact—12 under each foot.

Cannot injure the foot or leg in any way, as it is impossible for the Chain or center link to touch the frog. They also prevent the "balling" of snow and ice in the shoe.

Awarded a prize of $500.00 by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—the only one of its kind ever granted. Warmly endorsed by the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. and the New York Women's League for Animals.



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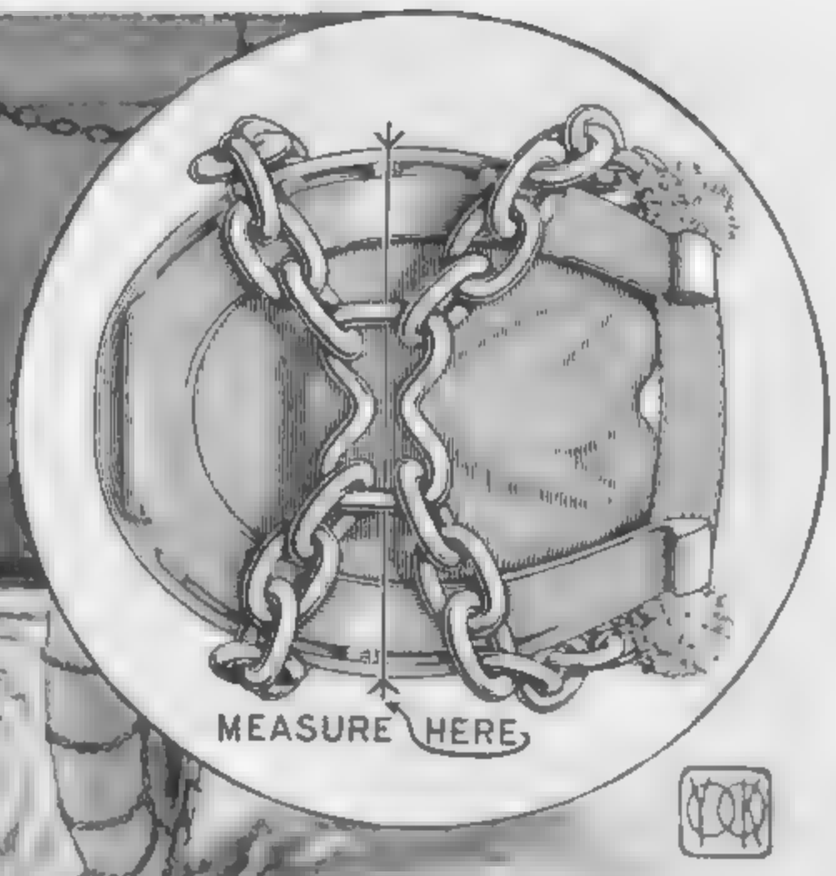

AMERICAN CHAIN OVER-SHOES

enable a horse to step out fearlessly on the slipperiest pavements and roads, and thus he can use every ounce of his strength for pulling power instead of wasting it in futile and pitiful efforts to keep on his feet.

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DIRECTIONS FOR ORDERING

No. 1 Horseshoe	(4½ in. across middle)	takes No. 3 Over-Shoes		No. 6 Horseshoe	(6⅛ in. across middle)	takes No. 6 Over-Shoes	
No. 2 " "	(4½ " " ")	" No. 4 " "		No. 7 " "	(6½ " " ")	" No. 7 " "	
No. 3 " "	(5 " " ")	" No. 4 " "		No. 8 " "	(7 " " ")	" No. 7 " "	
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(Continued from Page 93)

Meanwhile, as she watched, Mr. Starlow, unrewarded, parted with the news which was to make Charity's mouth open. It did, but not in his sense. When Charity heard that Kellie Hill was the missing Lingard she poured out scathing adjectives. Such deceit was mean, sneaking, lowbred, absolutely rotten, contemptible.

"Steady, steady," Starlow said. "What harm did he do? None. What good? A lot. And why was he hiding his name? Give a guess?"

"Did he tell you?" Charity asked coolly.

"No, I'm guessing too. I guess that he had a pretty fine idea. He was giving the Lingard girl her chance, and she didn't take it, so now he comes out in the open. That's the angle I see it from. Yesterday he was after her. To-day he's not."

"She's refused him?" Charity exclaimed sharply. "And he was never in love with her?" Charity's voice was a trifle shrill.

"You've got it," Mr. Starlow agreed.

She turned troubled eyes on him, then she looked this way and that, and seeing nobody leaned her head forward. "Your news is worth two," she said. "Here's one on account." She made a round O of her red inviting lips and Mr. Starlow kissed her with ardent respect.

"You do love me a little? Just a little?" said happy Starlow in a tremulous voice.

"I warned you that you must teach me that," Charity answered as she drew away.

"But you are beginning to learn?"

"There is plenty of time. I like you. We shall get on awfully well together. You shall take me to the States as soon as this war is over, and I'll run a farm, and you'll run a ship."

"You English," Mr. Starlow said with a sigh as he clasped her hand, "are awful restrained."

"We don't bubble over easily," was Charity's answer, "but we play the game."

"You do that," he rejoined. "He wanted that you should have some money from him every year. I told him my wife should be beholden to no man."

Mr. Starlow heard with surprise that he must not refuse. A marriage settlement was a wedding present, Charity explained, and could be accepted from any relative, however distant.

"I shall not come to you empty-handed," she said, and she glanced at him with a kind of pitiful apology which a lover could not be expected to recognize or understand. "I will make you happy," she murmured with a timidity in her utterance quite unusual there; and she let him take another kiss. Then they rose and strolled up the street together.

Dorothy saw Bickley Ryker coming. He was striding along at a great pace, and as he came nearer she saw that his hands were clenched and that an edge of paper projected from one fist. She thought that was her letter. His head was held as high as before, and his shoulders were braced as squarely. And now she could see his face. She had imagined ravages there. A set jaw and eyes sternly fixed on distance; a face of stone with cruel lines; no more, but enough to increase her fear. She quaked, but her trembling fingers, apparently against her will, clutched the hasp. She flung the shutter wide with a bang, and stood motionless looking down on him, outwardly composed, steady, apparently contemptuously fearless.

He glanced and bounded up the steps.

"He will kill me," she thought, and she stood unmoved as he rammed a shoulder at the door and smashed the bolt from rotting wood. She turned like an automaton as he stood before her, and faced him with wide, unwinking eyes whose dilated pupils gave dim vision. He raised his hands. She did not flinch. But they clasped her waist. He drew her to him, held her stifling, and pressed his lips to hers. Her lids dropped. She lay unresisting in his arms.

At length he held her away from him. Her eyes fluttered open.

"No more jokes like that!" he said. His voice was husky. His arms were trembling. She did not answer, and he shook her gently. "No more!" he said with a harsh emphasis.

"No; I am sorry," she murmured.

"Do you love me?" he demanded.

Again no answer. Again he crushed her to him and again once more he asked.

"Yes, yes," she whispered.

He set her down, not too gently, on the seat.

"Look at me," he ordered, and she obeyed. "You were ashamed of me," he said, "when it came to the meeting. Is that it?"

She drew a deep sigh as one waking might, and seemed to find it hard to focus him with her eyes. She nodded assent.

"But you love me, and couldn't let me pass, and opened the shutter."

She shook her head. "I—I—wanted to see what you would do," she said, sitting more upright and coming more to herself.

The answer was so odd, so unexpected that he burst into a harsh laugh. It relieved the tension. Both came slightly nearer normal.

"Now you know," he said. "You're just a kid suffering from war strain, and other strains. Did you know that Kellie Hill was your Cousin Roger?"

"I hate him. No. I don't care who he is."

He bent over her. "If you throw me over and marry him I will kill you. Do you believe that?"

She smiled. "I love you, Bick," she murmured.

He sat by her and put an arm about her and pressed her head to his shoulder. She rested contented, peaceful.

Meanwhile Charity and her lover had found Mary Elliott in the kitchen of the home farm. Captain Starlow with a look of guilt bowed with profound respect. To the salutation Miss Elliott paid no attention whatever. She ignored him. There was exchange of cool greetings with Charity. The two women had hardly met and now each was wondering what the other was to Roger Lingard, and each was fearful lest the other should know of that curiosity. Miss Elliott had made one of her very occasional descents into the village in search of butter—at least she told herself that she sought butter, but her real quest was knowledge of Charity's answer to Roger Lingard's proposal. No one could look so sober as this girl looked, she decided, after having had such a proposal.

Charity was fair about butter, and permitted no personal prejudice to interfere with her distribution of the prized commodity. She would spare Miss Elliott half a pound, she said. When she returned from the dairy she found that Captain Starlow had slipped away, and she came to a sudden decision. If he could not stand up for himself it must be her task to protect him. She wanted a quarrel, anyhow. Everything had gone wrong with her, and she was intensely prejudiced against this aloof and secluded Miss Elliott, who had come into the neighborhood dressed like an actress, had never done a stroke of work, and who made no advances to the village.

"One and threppence, please," she said, handing over the butter. "Why don't you speak to Captain Starlow?"

This blunt question was put aggressively. Miss Elliott's only answer was a slight lifting of her delicate straight brows, and a flash from her surprised eyes. She turned to go.

"I will have an answer," said downright Charity, who stood nearer to the door, her fine shoulders squared and her flaxen head flung back.

Mary Elliott, perplexed, said quietly: "I do not know him. Will you let me pass, please?"

Charity stood like a rock. Miss Elliott fastidiously swept her handkerchief over a chair and sat down. This white handkerchief so used was a red rag to a proud housekeeper. Charity's brown cheeks flushed and the light of battle shone in her eyes.

Mary sat as she had when Roger had thought of her as a stone image. She had the gift of a statuesque immobility; not that of Dorothy, who was obviously always flaming within when she sat so still—but rather that of a dreamer who glides into another world until the trifling vexations of this shall have adjusted themselves.

All the bitter disappointments and disillusions of Charity had come to a climax this day. She recalled the incidental gossip about the visits of Kellie Hill to Farmer Tudd's house. This gossip had a new meaning now that she knew that Kellie Hill had never been in love with Dorothy. She saw in Mary Elliott her successful rival, and she recognized in that rival's calm dignity a class sign. This American girl belonged to the order that she hated and was going to America to escape from; they had them over there, too, then. They had these women who would not fight it out with you, but just shut up inside themselves and let you storm yourself out, and then marched away as though they had won the battle. Mary Elliott was a type to her, just as Dorothy had been and was; and she was the more resentful against the individual and the type because she knew in her heart that Starlow recognized the type and bowed before the individual. He had tamely submitted to this girl's insolent ignoring of him. He had slunk away. To Charity it seemed like desertion of her.

She leaned back against the spotless kitchen table and caught its edges with a hand on either side. Her new engagement ring was conspicuous through no intention of hers. Her stare at her visitor could only be described as rude, but she was no longer repelled by icy dignity.

"If you have a special interest in Captain Starlow, Miss Turle," said Mary Elliott, "I shall be glad to explain." Miss Elliott's voice was soft and her sudden smile extraordinarily cheerful. She looked with an inviting cordiality into Charity's hard eyes.

"We are engaged." Charity's manner was curt, but she was already relenting.

"I hope you will be very happy, Miss Turle." The blithe voice rang out like a bell and it seemed to Charity that this odd girl appeared in an instant to have dropped some years.

"Thank you." Charity accepted these good wishes without enthusiasm.

"There's been a misunderstanding," Mary said. "I thought for a long time that Captain Starlow was watching me. He seemed to be following me about." She burst out into one of those catching laughs that Roger so loved to hear. "He had somebody more interesting to follow," she added. "I suppose that I was nervous and that he and I liked the same walks."

"No." Charity slipped off her cloak. "Loose yours, Miss Elliott, or take it off." The kitchen fire was hot, and the encircling settle shut off all drafts. "He did watch you, and he did follow you. When I got to know him well he had to explain that of course."

"Of course," Mary assented.

She was curious, but only slightly curious. Charity was engaged, that was enough for one day. Roger had played the game through. He had won by losing two girls. It shall be frankly admitted that Miss Elliott in that exhilarated moment said to herself: "It's my turn now."

"Captain Starlow was not trained for a watchdog or a guardian." Charity smiled as she seated herself in front of the fire. She amused herself by unfolding her little story by degrees, warmed by the engaging manner of her visitor, and fighting against a bitter undercurrent of antagonism. If Roger Lingard was interested in this girl why should she, Charity, play the jealous fool and perhaps expose a secret which must now be guarded with a double care? Charity had no thought of disloyalty toward Captain Starlow.

She told how he had been torpedoed and sent here to recuperate, and the vigor and detail of her story brought it all out with a vivid sharpness. She was quietly proud as she proved Starlow one who acted the man when the need came, and she was gratified by the quick perception of her listener. Mary Elliott approved her man.

The kettle boiled. Charity sprang up and proceeded to make some tea. As she measured out the spoonfuls of the stuff which was called tea in that hour of the war she mentioned casually the name of the steamer. "The Mary E.," she said. Miss Elliott turned quickly, her brows lifted in surprise.

"Yes," Charity said: "named after you. The pride of your uncle's fleet."

She ran to the china closet for the cups, and she chuckled as she heard Miss Elliott's following laughter. Oversensitive Charity, acutely sensitive to shades of manner, always eagerly responsive to camaraderie from the cultivated or even from those who could have been and were not, was glad to have opened friendly relations with the reticent girl of the hilltop.

"I read the rest," Mary cried. "My dear fussy old uncle. He said 'Rest at St. Dyfrigs. Miss Elliott will be there. Keep an eye on her.'"

"The very words," Charity said. The two looked at each other, commiserating man for his abysmal stupidity. "Captain Starlow took his orders as he would take a command to keep an eye on the binnacle." Eying Mary she added slowly: "He kept a log of your doings and sent it off weekly."

An exchange of glances, a moment's silence, broken by Charity.

"I stopped it," she confessed, "some weeks ago. I convinced him that you were able to take care of yourself It was hard He knew his duty to his owner, he said. I answered that you were not a ship, that you were sailing a straight course, anyhow, and that it was enough for him to watch me. He had to choose. It was love before duty, he said, and walked with me instead of following you."

"You have the sea words pat," Mary commented, a little dryly.

"I know Captain Starlow rather well," Charity said crisply. She had not been able to resist narrating her part in freeing this girl from espionage. It was the impulse of the momentary mood which had forced her to remind weeping Dorothy of the latter's insult to the soldiery. The never-dying bitterness that she was of simple birth was always welling up. "I hope you will forgive him."

"Oh, yes, of course."

It was more pleasantly said than would have been the case if Charity had not been engaged. Nothing else mattered. The two parted shortly. Mary had the butter and the precious knowledge. Charity had a heavy heart and a joyous smile for Captain Starlow when he came that afternoon.

XVI

"THERE!" Roger cried to the porter at the London railway station.

The demobilized porter moved as fast as his healed wound permitted—a tendon was stiff—and took the suitcase of an elderly gentlemen from a taxi. He led this white-mustached colonel of the American Red Cross in Roger's wake, and when the latter halted by a compartment in the train, the unsuspecting colonel was deposited there. Thus it was that by slight diplomacy Roger traveled down with Mary Elliott's uncle.

At the American Officers' Club at Chesterfield House, to which he had been invited by Captain Silas Hankin, of Chillicothe, Ohio, Roger had the night before heard this colonel addressed as Elliott. All Elliotts being dear to him he had listened as and when he could, had caught reference to "my niece Mary," and had heard the train time fixed for the surprise visit to her.

The train was starting as the colonel vociferously demanded American papers, but the girl on the platform shook her head. She had sold out. This was no accident, as Roger had bought the lot. He produced three, offering a choice. The colonel, pleased, nodded thanks to the kind young stranger and selected his favorite journal. He commented as he read, and was further pleased by the deferential acquiescences of this highly intelligent young man. He was excited by a hot newspaper attack on shipowners as profiteers.

"Venomous ignorance!" he snapped, to which Roger assented with a nod. The colonel angrily stroked his stiff white mustache. "My company owned seven large cargo boats," he said. "Four under the British flag were requisitioned by the British Government, three by the American Government. We had no control of them, and nothing to say about them, except to send them when we were told, and furnish the crews. All torpedoed. The lot. Of course they were insured at current values. Of course we got over twice what they cost us. We couldn't replace them. There were no ships for sale. So our doubled capital is in Liberty Bonds, and we have profited greatly by submarine attacks. Could we help it?"

"How could you?" Roger said sympathetically.

"We couldn't, except by refusing to take the money, and why should we make presents to underwriters? All the same—all the same"—the colonel slapped his knee in irritation—"it's a disgusting business."

He resumed his reading with a frown. He was a man who had had one of those round, rosy comfortable faces which cheer all to look on except the utter failures and the incurably envious. The face was thinner now and somewhat lined, and the once placid eyes looked strained. The one-time genial calm of prosperity, good digestion and alienation from all petty worries and annoying contacts had given place to a testy skin-deep irritation. Thousands of dollar-a-year men like this one were about doing serious work, honorably performed.

Roger's good luck held. The colonel's cigar case, gently jolted by train movement from the pocket of the heavy overcoat lying on the seat, fell softly to the floor. Roger kicked it under the seat. Presently there was a great searching of pockets. The fuming colonel finally accepted a perfecto, and puffed with astonishment and pleasure.

(Continued on Page 100)

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FACTORY owners who paint their plants merely to cover the walls overlook the big, vital purpose of factory painting. Paint saves lighting current, speeds up production, cuts manufacturing costs, assures accurate work and keeps the working force healthy, happy and on the job.

We have made a fundamental study of paint in mills and factories, worked out finishes and systems which wonderfully increase operating efficiency.

A white paint in a factory, which multiplies light, isn't enough. Usually there is a glare that is trying on the eyes, defeating its major purpose. The Sherwin-Williams Product for this use produces a soft, evenly diffused increased light which relieves eye strain.

For every purpose in the factory we have a finish that exactly meets each individual condition.

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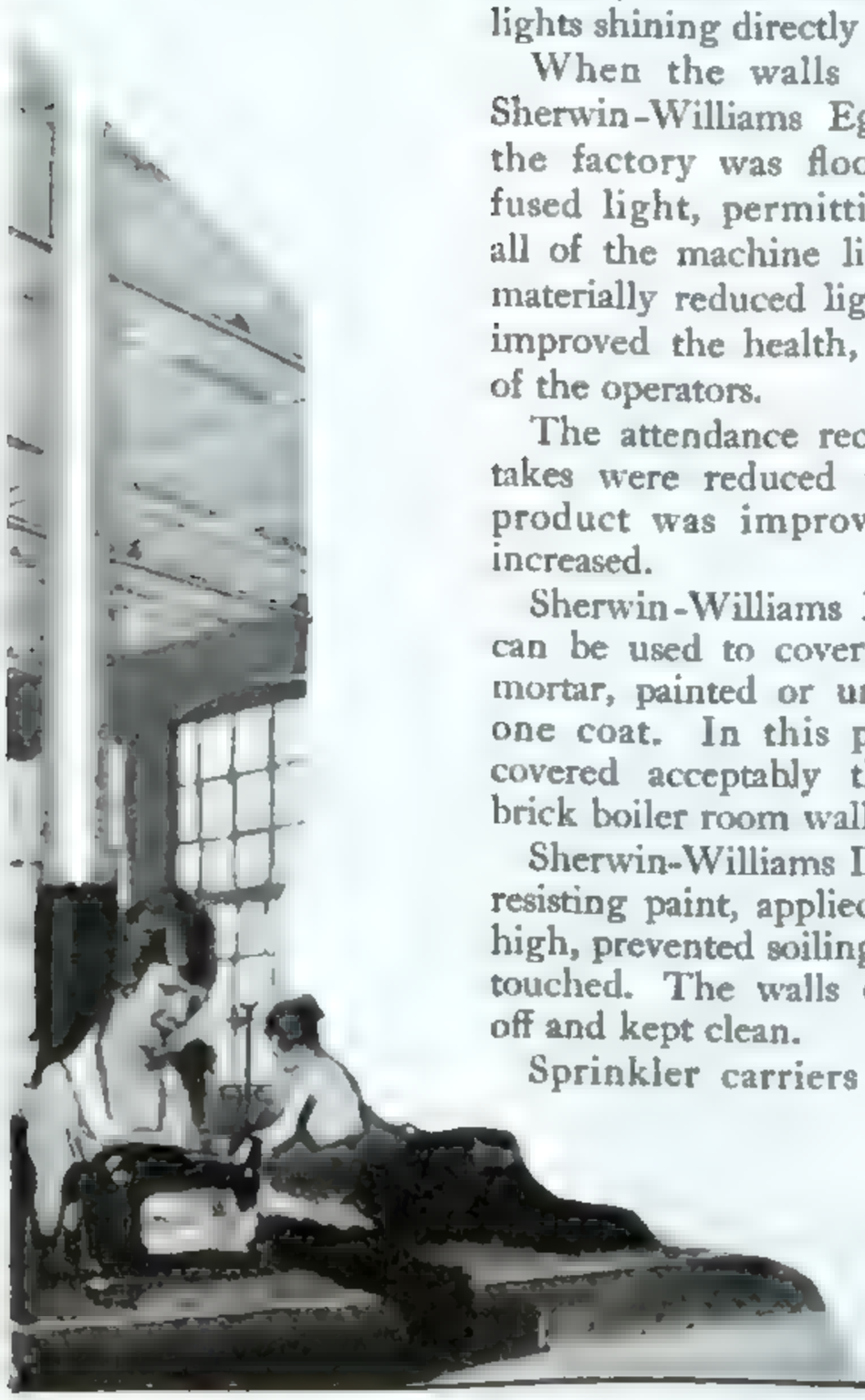

IN a factory at Newburgh, N. Y., making cotton fabric materials, the operators formerly worked at machines with electric lights shining directly on their needles.

When the walls were painted with Sherwin-Williams Eggshell Mill White, the factory was flooded with soft, diffused light, permitting the removal of all of the machine lights. This not only materially reduced lighting costs, but also improved the health, spirits and efficiency of the operators.

The attendance record was better, mistakes were reduced to a minimum, the product was improved and production increased.

Sherwin-Williams Eggshell Mill White can be used to cover metal, brick, stone, mortar, painted or unpainted wood, with one coat. In this particular factory it covered acceptably the smoke-blackened brick boiler room wall.

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PIGMENTS, CHEMICALS, INSECTICIDES DISINFECTANTS AND WOOD PRESERVATIVES

(Continued from Page 96)

He could not know that Roger had specially stocked a case at the club in preparation for just such a happy contingency as had occurred.

Roger became egotistical. He talked about himself as he had never talked before. He even allowed himself to be persuaded to show his two decorations, the Croix de Guerre with two palm leaves, and the Russian Order of St. George. He reminded the profoundly interested colonel that for political effect a Russian regiment had been sent to the French Front by way of Vladivostok and the Suez Canal; and told how his platoon had been serving on the left of this regiment, and how a chance had come to him to bring in a wounded Russian captain.

"A stroke of luck," he explained. "The Russian commanding officer had authority to decorate, and the wounded man was his aide. So I got overpaid for rather a small thing."

He told how an American boy had happened to join the British Army and gain an estate in England. He had a high wall round it, he said, which was neither useful nor ornamental. He was going to pull down the wall and use the stone toward the construction of thirty houses, each with thirty acres of land. He was going to sell these small farms, he explained, on long-term credits to thirty selected British demobilized privates who had had experience of farming. That would be his contribution toward satisfying the land hunger of the returning soldiery.

Roger's story, badly told, would have interested anybody from its nature; but it lost nothing as it fell ingenuously from the artless lips of a young man determined to make a deep impression on the unsuspecting uncle of Mary Elliott. The colonel's liking for this young American squire who smoked such excellent cigars was openly expressed. When Roger, about ten o'clock—the train had started at half past six—unveiled a lunch basket and displayed a whole chicken and some sliced ham and other things the colonel's liking developed almost into affection. He had breakfasted on coffee and two-day-old bread. Having just arrived from France he did not know enough about food conditions in England to realize that this opportune raven which had brought him meat had achieved a wonderful deed. Only a young man in love would have condescended to such depths of bribery and cajolery as those to which Roger had fallen. The two gnawed half chickens with eager appetites, and the colonel grew confidential.

With a second cigar after lunch his talk became cordially intimate, and finally touched the only topic which interested Roger.

Roger appeared to consider when he heard the name of Miss Elliott. "I am sure," he said at length, "that I have met her. Isn't she staying at one of my farms?"

"Has she quite recovered?" the colonel asked anxiously.

"Recovered?" A note of surprise marked the accent with which Roger repeated the word.

"They called her the Night-Bombing Cereus," the colonel said with a grim smile. "Five shells in six months on her hospitals. Does she seem all right? Does she look well?"

"Five times?"

"Yes, and the least of them took the front off the hut. Does she show it still?"

"She seemed in perfect health the last time I saw her."

Roger's voice was a trifle shaky. Five times! Shells!

The colonel's anxiety removed, he asked himself audibly and testily what the devil she was staying down there so long for. "You met Miss Elliott at the Duchess of Cloyne's, I suppose?" he questioned.

"No," Roger answered; "casually, that's all. I had to visit the farmer sometimes, and I sometimes saw Miss Elliott."

"She is not a good correspondent," her uncle complained. "And I've missed half her letters, anyhow. Do you know the duchess?"

"Oh, yes."

"I'm going there. She was good enough to ask me, though I've never met her. We have friends in common, and they sent me letters for my niece to her."

"Please tell me what happened."

The colonel explained how she had gone in 1915 to the French, armed with a perfect knowledge of their language and a year's technical training as a nurse; how she had been sent right to the Front; how she had been for a time liaison officer between the French and English hospital services; how she had gone back to nursing.

"In March," said the colonel, "she was sent suddenly to a *poste de secours* east of Amiens, a most unusual thing, for the French keep men only at these front stations. The aide majeur and the sous-aide were killed the first night, and her hut was wrecked. Two more such night attacks from invisible skies in two weeks. Then they sent her as *infirmière principale* to Montdidier, and they got her there too. That finished her for the time. They sent her to the Riviera. She basked, as she says, at the Hotel Lamartine, in Nice. She pulled herself together in three months and then went to Nancy, glad to be with Americans. She was head nurse in an evacuation hospital. The second night they got it. She was picked up insensible from its ruins. They put her in the hospital train and she never recovered consciousness in the twenty-four hours to Paris. When I got to her in Neuilly she insisted on coming to a certain fixed preordained farmhouse in Monmouthshire. She had nursed a boy from that house, she said, and he had described his home as a lonely hilltop where larks sang and lapwings whirled. She said these words over and over, and cried. So I wrote to his parents. They were grateful. It was quickly arranged. She was not fit to travel alone, but there was nobody to send."

A long silence followed. Roger seemed to be dozing. He was in reality shocked dumb. He heard the shells bursting, and he saw Mary Elliott picked up unconscious. He knew now why she had wished to escape all reference to war, why at first she had seemed so isolated and indifferent. He thought himself witless not to have guessed, and was ashamed that he had presumed to censure her. When at last the colonel spoke again he heard with indifference the news that peace was in sight, that it might come at any moment.

"I left Paris day before yesterday," the colonel said, "and I have it on high authority."

Roger nodded mechanically. He had heard many things on high authority. He was not impressed.

"Miss Elliott," he said, "has not said a word about herself."

"I had to pledge the farmer to secrecy," the colonel rejoined. "She had the French Cross, you know, and was made a lot of. She was afraid of being lionized."

"She escaped that all right."

The colonel nodded. "I know. One of my captains was convalescing at St. Dyfrigs and he mentioned her name now and again. He doesn't now. I can't understand it."

"Starlow," Roger dryly said, "is going to marry a connection of mine." He handed over another cigar, and the colonel chuckled between puffs.

"I understand now," he said.

He listened, pleased, to a panegyric of Charity Turle. Roger was so eloquent about her that they had almost reached Castlechepe before the subject was closed. He was relieved to learn that the colonel was going on to the next station, which was nearer to Dundry Towers. That opened a chance to warn Mary to expect a visitor, and an opportunity for a talk on another matter vastly more important.

"You've made this journey mighty pleasant, Mr. Lingard," the colonel said as they parted at the station. "I shall never be able to repay you."

"I'm not so sure about that," was Roger's enigmatic exit speech.

Half an hour later, rushing to Mary Elliott, he was stayed at the St. Dyfrigs post office by an apparition. The postmistress, without straw bonnet or false front, her hairless head round and yellow like some Dutch cheeses, swayed and swung her hands and gibbered.

"Peace!" She got the word out and sank to the floor. Roger jumped over her prone body and caught the swinging receiver. The news was official: "An armistice."

He ran down the village street shouting: "Peace! Peace!"

The houses shot their inmates out. Even the old schoolmaster ran. Roger from the bench beneath the oak told them. It was right. It was true. It had come from government. They stood, silent, staring, dazed; not a sound; not a movement. Then Charity's voice rang out, clear, strong. But they never finished the first bar of God Save the King. The women were crying too hard, the men breathing too thickly.

"It's come at last!" Roger said. "It's here. The killing is over. They asked it. They had to ask it. We've won! We've won! We've got ——"

He could not go on. Tamsa James had edged away. She was a widow and her only son had been killed four days before. The little crowd turned, following his eyes. Charity and Nancy Baines went after her and put their arms about her. She straightened at their touch.

"Your son's safe, Nancy," Tamsa said. "I'm glad for ye." She came back with head high held.

"At the hall to-night," Roger cried. "We'll have something doing there."

They cheered and they roared and presently these cheers were for the new squire. Wooden-legged Tim Parfitt and the philosophic schoolmaster were the first to seize him. He was shouldered and carried round and round the oak tree. When he recovered his senses, so to speak, after this gratifying manhandling, the children stood in a row:

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light?

They sang a stanza through, and then they clasped hands—children and mothers, and the old and the young and the rheumatic and the cripples—and danced in a circle round the tree and round Roger. But he leaped down and joined them. He was of them, not above them; and besides, as one of them the tears would not show so plainly.

He dropped out abruptly and ran up the street. Peace! And Mary Elliott did not know. Over the stile and up the field and into the larch belt; and then he saw her coming, running down the road.

"Is it peace?" she called.

He stood breathless trying to answer, but he could only nod. He opened his arms and she ran straight into them. He held her fast. Her head nestled back. She rested, panting, her loosened hair hanging over his arm, her eyes closed. His lips touched her forehead, then her lips, but they could not linger; each was still striving for breath. She broke away and stood looking at him from eyes like stars.

"Go to your people," she said jerkily. "You belong to them to-day."

"To-night," he said, moving toward her; but she shook her head. "At the hall."

"Yes—yes! I'll come. I'm of your people now. Go—now."

He could not go. She would not let him come. He stood, chained, exalted, moved to uttermost depths. She backed away, slowly, reluctantly, looking into his eyes all the while, turned at last and sped away up the hill. Her step lagged with her will. She wheeled and waved him to his duty.

When she had vanished Roger drew a deep breath and looked about him as one who wakes from a dream. Afterward in memory he could count the naked larch trunks in the little belt, so sharp was their outline to his quickened senses.

To-night; she was coming to-night. The great hall was to open its portals to peace and to her. That the joy hour of the world should be his also, his special and intimate hour, seemed no wonderful coincidence to him. It was only right that she should come to him amid the splendors of a universal rejoicing, and that peace should come to the world in his moment of exalted glory. He went down through the village feeling sorry for those who could celebrate no more than a cessation of war.

Everyone he met was shy and embarrassed. Some little girls curtsied. Some boys lifted their hats. Elder girls, singing, dropped their voices at his approach. Shouting lads skulked away as he came. He would have none of this. He laughed and talked and joked just as he had when he was Kellie Hill. But for that moment on the hillside he could not everywhere have broken down that wall of class so suddenly erected; but he was keyed to irresistible powers. His happy magnetism brought answering freedom of speech and manner.

By the time he reached the oak tree he had learned that that night was to be a welcome to him as well as to peace. Charity, elastic, enchantingly towheaded, excited, rushed by, pausing only to warn him that he was not to be allowed in the hall until eight o'clock.

"My dear Charity, it's peace, not me."

She glanced at him oddly, and flushed. "You are not exactly a dove of peace," she said, "but we're pretending that for to-night." She hustled off, hunting food for the great supper.

"Lucky Starlow, happy Charity," Roger thought.

Lady Milly Barbour, a fairy swathed in furs, danced up to him in the park and kissed him three times—for Kellie Hill, for Roger Lingard and for peace.

"Aunty's taken charge and we shall stagger you and the rest of humanity to-night," she cried. She hurried away to search country house attics for bunting and decorations.

At his manor house the duchess astonished him anew by her buoyant youth and the happy light in her beautiful eyes. Her son was safe. She, too, ordered him away.

"Come in your parade dress," she commanded, "with your ribbons. Have your speech ready. Have you seen Dorothy?"

"Not since I've been Roger Lingard."

"Be patient with her, Roger. Think what this night must mean to her. Is it true—Ryker?"

He nodded.

"Stop it," she pleaded. "Refuse a settlement."

"She wants it."

"She wants the bridle. Man to man—to escape a precipice; that didn't mean to clasp a yokel's hand and jump over with him. Lingard women never did know when to stop. Protect her, Roger."

"If she says she loves him, duchess ——"

"Oh, your sentimental American ideas! Run away."

Roger hurried to Lebanon Farm, out of touch for the first time with the lovely duchess. She had spoken treason to love in the hour in which it had come to him. His eager footsteps hesitated as he scanned the stolid front of the house. Things were different now. Invisible sentinels guarded the portals. He swung round to the back. In peace or war, in love or out of it, a farmhouse kitchen door is never barred. A ruddy fire roared and the sound of the churn came from the dairy. Presently he heard Mary's step on the stone hall floor.

She hesitated for an instant in the doorway, glancing reproach; but her eyes dropped and she flushed beautifully as he stepped toward her, holding out his arms.

"You should not," she murmured, "but since you have ——" She lifted a finger to her lips and bent her head, listening. "It's one step from the churn to the door," she warned. A smile flickered as he dropped disappointed arms and retreated a step.

"Mary," he whispered, "I forgot all I ran to tell you. I love you."

"I—knew—that."

"And to ask if you love me."

"You—knew—that."

He clasped her. The churn stopped short. He leaped backward. The churn resumed.

"And to tell you that your uncle came down with me. He is wandering about Dundry. There's nobody there to receive him."

"Oh—I'll go."

"We'll go," he corrected eagerly, unfolding his great plan. "They've barred me from my own hall till to-night. It's a big welcome to me. You must be in it. You must share it. It's for peace and you and me."

Mary's eyes widened. He heard her sharp little inspired breath of delight.

"Oh, my dear, my dear! That hall. May I? Could I?"

His arms were almost about her waist. A heavy footstep sounded without. It was only a cow in the farmyard, but the width of the table was between them before they knew that.

"I think," Mary said with a suppressed laugh, "that you and I could catch the pony." She nodded toward the dairy. "If she knows she'll come and help. Wait in the barn."

He slipped out one way, Mary tiptoed the other. She came to him soon, hatted and cloaked.

"At last," he thought, but a hen cackled madly and a dog came jumping with wild barking.

"A farmyard," said Mary demurely, "is a noisy place."

They caught the pony and got away undetected; not that detection mattered, but neither wanted to be interrupted by any third person in the world.

"And all the time you've had a letter of introduction to the duchess," Roger said as they drove down Rodney Hill.

Mary laughed.

"If I had crossed fields in French boots with heels three inches high," she said, "and jumped stiles in narrow skirts with eleven lace flounces, and frightened cows with a red sunshade with a jeweled handle, and carried my letter in a gold purse and

(Concluded on Page 102)

just brush and blade—

—your favorite razor and a Warner self-lathering shaving brush make the outfit complete.

—cut the kit—and reduce the time and inconvenience of shaving.

—perhaps it ought to be called the Warner *saving* brush.

—the soap you like best is automatically fed from the handle into the fine *Rubberset* brush—recharges cost little.

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—a man's snappy Christmas gift—sent on receipt of price—five dollars—little more than the cost of a good old-style brush—from your dealer's or Warner-Patterson-Perry Company, 1024 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

WARNER
SHAVING BRUSH

(Concluded from Page 100)

finally got to her with my damp hair hanging limp beneath a hundred-dollar Paris hat—she would have thought just what you did."

"I—I? What did I think?"

"A soldier came over a hill," she said, softly mocking. "He was a hero. He was very neat and full of courage. He marched to battle. He overthrew the colt and tumbled into a den of thieves, all heaped up with glittering knicknacks. And there in the den was a ——"

"Fairy princess."

Mary shook her head. "A mysterious forbidding young person, all spangled and dressed up."

"Dolled up. Deliciously scented and beautiful."

"Beautiful, but dangerous."

"Cold, heartless."

"Pardon me," Mary chided, "this is my story. And he could not make her out and he thought her deep and crafty, and a—a menace—yes, a menace to society. And the girl was mad clear through at his—austere scrutiny. That's rather good. That describes it. And at being caught like that, all dolled up and exquisitely scented! So she made up her mind to be as disagreeable as she could, and make him fetch and carry, and give him a chance to see the worst of her, and then to make him like her just as she was, without any explanations at all, and be sorry he had not understood her at the very first glance, notwithstanding all the shining gold things and the shimmering clothes and the French high-heeled slippers which he specially detested."

"Oh, oh," Roger cried, "you loved me at first sight!"

"I could not say that was not true, Roger," she admitted with a frankness which thrilled him. "At any rate, I never complained that you stole my butter.

"He tried to probe her soul," she continued. "He asked direct questions, indirect questions, tried everything."

"And learned nothing."

"And all because her kit had been bombed to shreds and she was taken to Paris with nothing except what she was lying in, and a new outfit was wished on her while she was dazed and half conscious, by a rich and silly old uncle. Oh, Roger, my dear Roger, what they did to him, those people in the Rue de la Paix! And the commissions those salesgirls got out of a poor old Red Cross colonel! '*Très chic, monsieur*, just the thing for negligée in the country.' And they would hand him a blood-red tea gown embroidered with gold stars. And I too ill to know or care; and when I opened my trunks here ——" Mary threw up her hands. "I was going to hide in the house till I could get some respectable things made. And of course you must force my door and bring a colt into my room and make yourself generally offensive. And oh, Roger, I love you!"

Roger glanced about. Some sheep wandered along.

"Where there are sheep there's a shepherd," Mary warned sententiously. Then she said for the second time that she was sorry to have neglected the duchess. "What will she think of me?" she asked regretfully.

"You soon had new clothes," Roger said. "Why?"

"Oh, of course you'd ask that. And why didn't I mix in with the village? And why was I a shameless idler while everybody else worked? And why did I stay here so long? Well"—she hesitated for an instant and flushed a little—"life was so exciting."

"Exciting?" echoed Roger, smiling.

"Yes. You see—I never knew when you were coming."

"You darling!"

"And then suddenly," she gibed softly, quoting his oft-uttered lamentations, "I learned that you were the slave of an immemorial past, the inheritor of an ancient tradition, a trustee for posterity, a link in a chain."

Roger laughed. "I don't care now," he said.

"That made life a whirlwind. Then"—her voice dropped almost to a whisper—"one afternoon I was potting ferns and telling you how to win Dorothy. And I knew ——" Her eyes told him but he pressed for words. "I knew that I—that I—wanted to be a scheduled heirloom and go with the estate to the heir. That made life a cyclone."

"An heirloom—you!" he repeated with a mock scornful laugh.

"You had just said it," she reminded him. "You said it of Dorothy—and I envied her."

"But you sent me to her."

"Ah!" She actually paled under strain of recollected anxiety. "It wasn't easy. And to Charity too." She put a hand on his and he felt that it trembled. "I am silly, Roger. I was angry with them because they were so blind as not to choose you." Her little laugh quavered into a sigh. "Each time I was sure I had lost you. But now I'm rewarded." Her voice rang with sudden joy. "I was tempted, dear," she owned. "Perhaps you did not owe it to them. I told myself that you did not, sometimes. I thought—I hoped—that you liked me best. I had my pirate moods. If you had come to me when my heart was flying the black flag I should have tried to capture you. No quarter for them. But now I'm so happy." She drew a deep breath. "It's so wonderful and sweet to have a clear conscience—and to have you."

When a lover hears admissions such as these, where are words for answer? He worships in humility, in dazed wonder that he should be thus exalted.

A bump, a high lifted near wheel—the pair looked into each other's eyes and broke into peals of laughter. Pony and cart were on the grass by the lane side, the pony contentedly browsing, the cart perilously tilted. They glanced backward and ahead and into the fields; but there was none to see how love had nearly spilt them in a lane.

"Roger!" The staccato intonation was one of distress.

Roger had a vagrant recollection of Dorothy stung by a wasp and felt a fleeting furtive inclination to laugh anew. Such tricks the mind plays in supreme moments.

"Oh, it's Dorothy's night," Mary wailed. Her under lip quivered in a manner which would have been thought impossible by those who had seen her under fire.

The eager lover instantly saw her drift. "She has Ryker," he said vehemently. "He'll be sure to come."

She shook her head. "Her only chance to be queen of a Lingard festival—her last chance—Roger." Her tone was piteous. "I can't go. No, I shan't see you come into your own. . . . No, no, I say. Please don't tempt me. Let us end it beautifully for her, dear. . . . You know better. If the bride goes the cousin is not even a dimmed star; she's quenched. To have shared it with you ——" The words trailed to a sigh.

Eloquent appeals, stormy reproaches, finally masterful commands; then she laughed.

"We are a couple of kids," she said. "There'll be the wedding to console me. Dorothy's night is to-night. Oh, do you think I could go and not be at your side? Would you mind much if I asked you to walk back alone—now? We might meet my uncle. He may drive over. He can't be trusted. He's a dear, but he would ask everybody about you, and his kind old eyes would glisten, and he would talk about his little girl, and if you reminded him that I had seen active service and he hadn't he'd say: 'Bless you, yes, but that doesn't make her a judge of men. Women must be sheltered.'"

Her mimicry was so ludicrously perfect that Roger had to laugh. He got down without protest. She was so generously right that he could but yield.

"The proudest and happiest girl in the country will be there only in spirit," Mary said as she leaned over the side of the trap and looked love into his eyes. Her last words were: "Make a lot of Dorothy."

That night an astonished Mrs. Tudd heard with dismay that Mary was not going to the great celebration.

"But your uncle, miss," she protested. "He left word as he would meet you there. He came from Dundry by train just to go there."

"Serves me right," Mary said, "for keeping away from them all."

"And who'd a better right to a long real rest?"

"I've not shared their troubles. I cannot share their pleasures. I should be cold-shouldered."

"There's one shoulder ——" Mrs. Tudd began.

"Oh, of course, uncle ——"

"Uncle!" Mrs. Tudd repeated disdainfully, but Mary had disappeared.

Later Mary heard from Mrs. Tudd of a pointed door in a tower, of a corkscrew stairway which led to the hidden forgotten minstrel gallery, perched high at the east end of the hall. Mary leaped for the dresser which held the despised French gowns, and sniffed with joy the faint scent of their violet sachets.

At eight o'clock three old fiddlers struck up a tune. It welcomed Mary in her ghostly gallery as well as what Tim Parfitt called the march of the élite. The notes of The Conquering Hero were lost in a cheer from a hundred throats which reverberated and echoed from the wide walls and timbered roof. The Duke of Cloyne and Charity Turle—Mary leaned forward, not believing, yet so it was—led the entering procession, and next came the lovely duchess on the arm of Colonel Elliott.

Mary's eyes shone as she shouted with the crowd below. "Roger has broken the slate," she murmured, by which she meant that he had smashed the table of precedence into fragments; and so he had, after a fierce fight with that democratic aristocrat, Tim the Cobbler, ex-footman and master of ceremonies. Fifty couples, including all the convalescent officers, all the nurses, people from neighboring estates, officers from Castlechepe, their wives and daughters; they filed in and formed a lane, clear across the hall to the red-carpeted dais on which stood two gilded chairs like thrones with arms which ended in ferocious carved and gilded boar heads.

At Roger's entry the cheering was frantic. He stood bewildered, embarrassed. Mary's heart bounded. "Poor Roger!" She smiled as the calm Dorothy steered him along the living lane. She knew that Dorothy was doing this by the position of her elbow. "She does it better than I could," Mary thought. "And she looks like a princess."

Mary laughed out loud—there was none to hear—as Roger obviously shied at the dais and the thrones, and she clapped softly as Dorothy seated herself, clasped her hands lightly in her lap and graciously surveyed the throng.

"Oh, splendid!" she said under her breath.

Dorothy understood ceremonial. In her heart Mary felt that it was a little overdone for the changed times, but the flame of self-renunciation burned so fiercely that it made ashes of criticism. She followed Roger's eyes as he looked at the decorations on the grim walls. She saw him turn to Dorothy and obviously draw her attention to the great stone chimneypiece.

Mary was sure that he was speaking of the American flag which floated on one side. She rose and saluted it, and the Union Jack, and the banner which bore the red boar's head on a white ground. She thrilled with pleasure before this sanguinary oriflamme of the house of Lingard which conspicuously hung among the faded rotting bannerets of Crécy and Poitiers and Navarre. She dropped into medieval musings and pictured Roger in shining armor looking up at her from below as she bent far over and flung a love guerdon from the minstrel gallery to his feet.

The glamour quickly faded. Her knight was now in khaki, mud-covered, haggard, spent; and she was in nurse's dress, bending over him. She opened her eyes and looked down over the floor with a new vision. It was very pretty and she was very glad for Roger, but it was pageantry, after all. No one had come there in eager loyalty to swear fealty or to pledge services to a new lord.

"And who thought they had?" She laughed at herself and watched them all presented by Tim Parfitt one by one, the oldest tenant first, then other yeomen farmers and their wives, the schoolmaster—without his pipe—cottagers, laborers, the postmistress in her wig, and last of all the fat lady from the turnpike house with her great cameo breastpin. Mary drew a deep breath of pleasure when Roger stepped down from the dais and met them all from a level floor. It seemed pathetic to her that Dorothy sat still and shook hands from an elevation. Roger understood; it was a reception, no more, and he was the guest of the evening; Dorothy would never understand.

She was glad to see how attentive he was to Dorothy and how careful he was that she should have all that was due, and more. When dancing began she smiled. Roger wanted to enjoy himself. Dorothy evidently wished to be stately. The couple disappeared beneath the gallery and Mary turned her eyes to her uncle, who was gallantly dancing with Lady Milly. She saw him stand still and look down in surprise at the upturned fairylike face. She could not guess that he had said with labored unconsciousness: "Captain Starlow has written sometimes of a soldier named Kellie Hill. Is he here?" Mary wondered why the couple sat down and what interesting story Lady Milly was telling.

A voice—Roger's; Mary made a leap for the door and gained the landing as Roger and Dorothy entered the gallery from the other side. She had not known that a second stairway ascended direct from the hall. She corkscrewed upward, careless of dust, feeling her way. She could hear their voices, but not their words. Five minutes passed—the time seemed thrice as long—and then they came out below her.

"Yes," Dorothy was saying, "I shall marry him. He's very exciting. I hate him when he's away, and when he's here I am so afraid of him that I love him."

She heard Roger descend, sniffing, sniffing all the way, and Mary was quite sure that he was not weeping over Dorothy's perplexing ideal of love. She went back to her seat with a heart beating fast. She hoped that her scent had betrayed her.

When five minutes later she heard sly muffled footsteps she pretended absorbed interest in the scene before her. When a pair of hands were softly pressed over her eyes she did not start. When an unnaturally gasped-out word "Guess!" was hissed into her ear she swallowed a lump and forced a broken murmur: "I can't think."

When her eyes were released she did not open them. When her head was slowly drawn back and an arm encircled her neck she nestled. When a pair of lips were pressed on hers she had no measure for time.

Roger took for all that he had missed that day.

(THE END)

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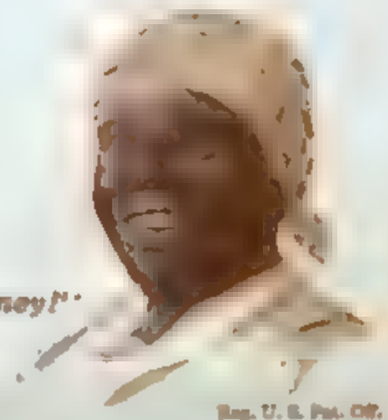

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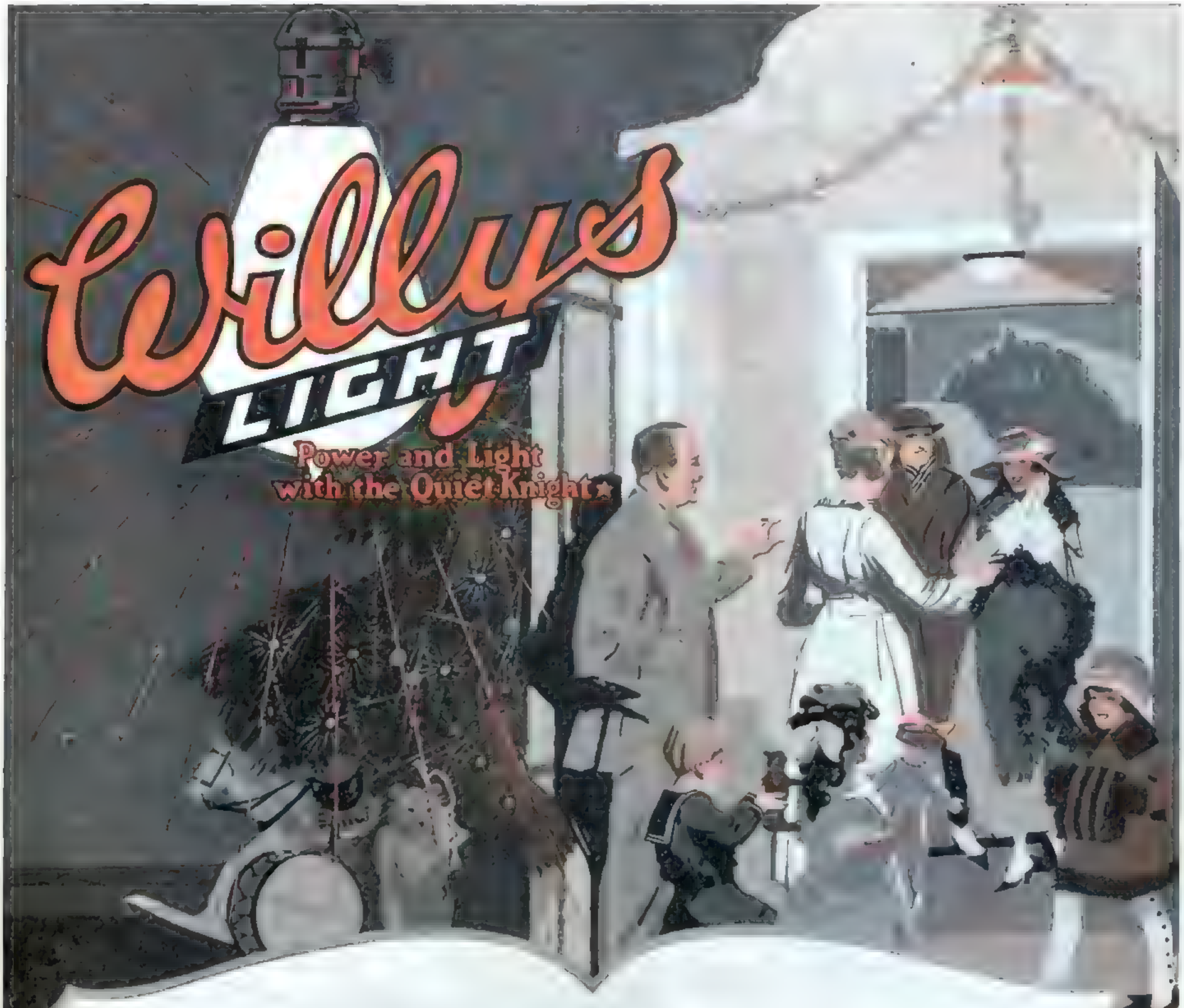

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The Willys-Knight Sleeve Valve Engine

COPPER DAN IMBIBES

(Continued from Page 13)

a furious pace northward into the hills. One Bob, hostler and confidential man at Curley's Maud S. stables, was driving.

Twenty minutes later, having found the Mary G. untenanted and unguarded, Connie, armed with a .45 revolver and a dark lantern, was being lowered in a mine bucket to the bottom of the fifty-foot shaft. Bob the hostler waited, alert for every movement in the dark chaos of shaft houses which fringed the hills. But no one moved except a watchman patrolling his beat along the dump of the Red Leg a quarter of a mile above. Then he was hailed softly from below, and gently—so as not to exaggerate its creakings—he wound up the winch. Connie and the bucket emerged.

"It's dead true!" whispered Connie as he stepped out. "Get them horses started and pound 'em on the back."

But as they rounded a turn of the road below the Red Leg two lanterns flashed from a growth of scrub pine, two figures stepped out into the road and a voice exclaimed sharply, "Halt!"

Bob the hostler, seeming to make a quick calculation—as men must needs do in that period of the West—that footpads do not carry lanterns, pulled his two champing bays to their haunches. The lantern light revealed the bearded face and the gleaming official badge of Lute Macomber, head mine guard at the Red Leg and adjoining Force properties, himself a coagent with Connie in the purchase of many a promising claim.

"Oh, it's you, Connie!" he exclaimed. "You poor pizen fool, you ought to be carryin' lights on a night like this!"

"What's the matter?" inquired Connie shortly and in a tone of irritation.

"Ore stealin's the matter!" replied Lute. "That's what's the matter! Four sacks from ——"

"Well, keep your troubles to yourself! I ain't stealin' ore," replied Connie. "Pound your mules on the back, Bob—wait a minute though!" He leaned over and dropped his voice to a confidential tone. "For the sake of Moses, Lute," he said, "put one of your men on guard at the Mary G. Copper Dan has struck it and nobody's at home. I've been down for a look myself."

Lute whistled.

"Meanin'?" he inquired.

"Meanin'," replied Connie, "he thinks he's keepin' it all to himself and he's gettin' drunk at the Arizona House. It's to-night or never for Martin W."

"You don't say so!" began Lute. But the rest of that sentence was lost on the nipping mountain breeze as Bob, responsive to Connie's commands, plied the whip.

And now through the abundant, flamboyant, bubbling life of Coronado Camp, newly rich and madly spending, three or four currents of destiny were flowing together. They were to meet before the night was done and thereafter everything was to move with the certainty of a Greek tragedy—or comedy.

From the hills came Connie the bartender and Bob the hostler, driving their buckboard like mad. Down Main Street from the Bella Union to the Maison Riche strode Martin W. Force, the observed of all observers. Behind his back old settlers were nudging tenderfeet and newcomers and exclaiming, "That's him!" From the gambling room to the bar of the Arizona House moved Tom Curley and Copper Dan, already established in a warm alcoholic friendship.

Tom Curley seemed to be doing his job well, even artistically. According to instructions his man appeared to be drunk but not too drunk—just up to the proper, happy, talkative, expansive edge.

Finally Jim Hanford, soldier of indifferent fortune, was drifting from resort to resort in the general direction of the Arizona House. A roving eye had this Jim Hanford. expressing the flaw in an otherwise commendable character. But that eye by now was growing set, morose. He had simply been doing one and the same thing too long for the general health of his soul.

And under the hills—but the hills always keep their secrets.

Now, Connie sat in the star apartment of the Maison Riche in close consultation with Martin W. Force. Spilled out on the black walnut of the center table was a little heap of carbonate ore, which as they pawed it over ran under their fingers like sand.

"Make your play for him now, boss," said Connie, "before he sobers up. He knows well as anything that the Red Leg was capitalized for three million and he knows carbonates. Got to be done to-night."

"I guess you're right," mused Martin W. "Sure his title's clear?"

"Dead sure," replied Connie. "How much ready cash you got in there?" He jerked his thumb toward the open door of the adjoining room, where the light from the doors of a stove illuminated a small iron safe.

"Could scratch up between thirty and forty thousand," said Martin W.

"Anything looks good to them," said Connie in the tone of a specialist diagnosing a case, "when they're loaded—especially if it's ready money. Part of it in gold? All right. That helps!"

"Of course I don't show my hand," said Martin W.

"Of course you don't," said Connie. "Drunk or sober, if he smells you in this he'll want millions. I buy it and transfer. Usual arrangement. 'T won't appear I'm your agent."

"O. K.," said Martin W. Force. "Where are you going to take him for your little operation?"

"Better get another room on this floor," said Connie. "Tom Curley and I will want to be close to you and the stuff."

"Cut your wolf loose," said Martin W., thoughtfully fondling his red necktie.

Shortly thereafter a confidential bell boy from the Maison Riche plucked Tom Curley by the sleeve as he stood at the bar of the Arizona House and handed him a note.

After a discreet pause Tom said to the exultant Copper Dan, who was ordering another round of drinks, "Lil game goin' on up to the Maison Riche. Private room! Frien' o' mine. Come on!"

An observer might have noticed that the speech of Tom Curley when he talked a few minutes before to the bell boy had been exact, incisive, and that now it was thick, uncertain.

"Whoa, Emma!" replied Copper Dan cheerfully.

"Back up an' take fresh start! Lucky to-night! I'd 'a' busted faro bank if you lemme. Bring on your lil game!"

Babbling hints that his luck had turned in every direction, Copper Dan weaved along beside his new-made friend into the web spun by Connie the bartender.

After a genial quarrel over the stakes, which Copper Dan wanted to make inordinately high, they settled down happily, expansively, to the game. Dan, as Connie the bartender did not fail to note, was growing uncertain in his movements and hazy in his mind.

In the course of this preliminary passage Connie was the winner, and Dan, betting recklessly, correspondingly lost.

"Looks like your luck was turning," remarked Connie the bartender as he gathered in the cards for a fresh deal. "You've been talking a heap about your luck."

"'S' all right about my luck," said Copper Dan in the raucous gargling voice of the drunken. "Can't change my luck with a lil card or two. Nossir! Luck's here, all righty!"

"Well," said Connie, "you've been hinting and suggesting about your luck all this evenin'. If you think you're lucky after this here exhibition of poker you've got to prove it to me."

"That's right," babbled Tom Curley. His voice was thick, where Copper Dan's had a gargling effect. "Come across now! Show us!"

An expression of triumph mixed with cunning illuminated the features of Copper Dan.

"I can't show you, can't I? Betcher bottom dollar I'll show you!"

After three or four vain stabs Copper Dan's right hand reached to the depths of his pocket and out came his handful of black dirt.

"What's that—bird shot?" inquired Connie.

"Richest lil old bird shot you ever did see!" said Copper Dan—"carbonate bird shot out of the good ol' Mary G."

"Lucky old horse!" exclaimed Tom Curley. "Good ol' Dan! Struck it myself las' week, Dan. Put it there!"

But Connie was poking the specimen with his finger critically.

"Well," he said, "there's carbonates and again there's other carbonates. And there's veins and there's also pockets."

"This ain't no pocket," replied Copper Dan, speaking more clearly as though argument had pulled him back to sobriety. "An' she assays—you bet she assays!"

"Have another drink," said Connie, pouring the appropriate libation from a brown bottle.

Tom Curley, leaning back in his chair, caught Connie's eye and with an infinitesimal gesture indicated the cards. As Connie jerked them accurately, professionally round the table he noted with the eye of experience that Copper Dan's jag was entering upon another phase. He was growing sleepy. As he reached for his hand his head jerked forward in a quick nod. Connie was unlearned in science; he had never heard of hypnotic suggestion. But he was a practical psychologist and he knew from long experience with several crooked trades that the moment when he begins to go to sleep is the moment when a drunkard is often wax in your hands.

"Dan," he said softly and in a monotone, "I'm thinking of buying out your Mary G."

Copper Dan pulled himself with a jerk out of sleep and stared vacantly.

"Hell you are!" he said, and his eyes began gently to close again.

"If you'll take a chance."

Upon this Dan's eyes slowly opened.

"I'm the boy that ain't afraid," said Copper Dan.

"Always takin' chances—good old sport!" exclaimed Tom Curley, keeping up the impersonation, though Dan's condition rendered such a course unnecessary.

Connie the bartender rose softly as Dan's eyes drooped again. He passed through the door into the hall. Tom Curley sat immobile, his hand on his cards. A minute later Copper Dan jerked awake.

"Why ain't we playin poker?" he asked.

"Because you're sellin the Mary G. claim to Connie," replied Tom Curley.

(Continued on Page 108

"Boss," He Said in a Low Confidential Tone, "Looks Like Copper Dan Schultz Had Struck It in His Mary G. Claim. He's Loaded To-night"

Dear Emerson — We're yours Exclusively

Arthur Fields

Kaufman Bros.
(IRVING and JACK)

The Three Kaufields
(IRVING and JACK KAUFMAN—ARTHUR FIELDS)

(Important Announcement: Arthur Fields, and "Irving and Jack Kaufman" have signed contracts which guarantee to the Emerson Phonograph Company exclusive right to their services in recording song-hits.)

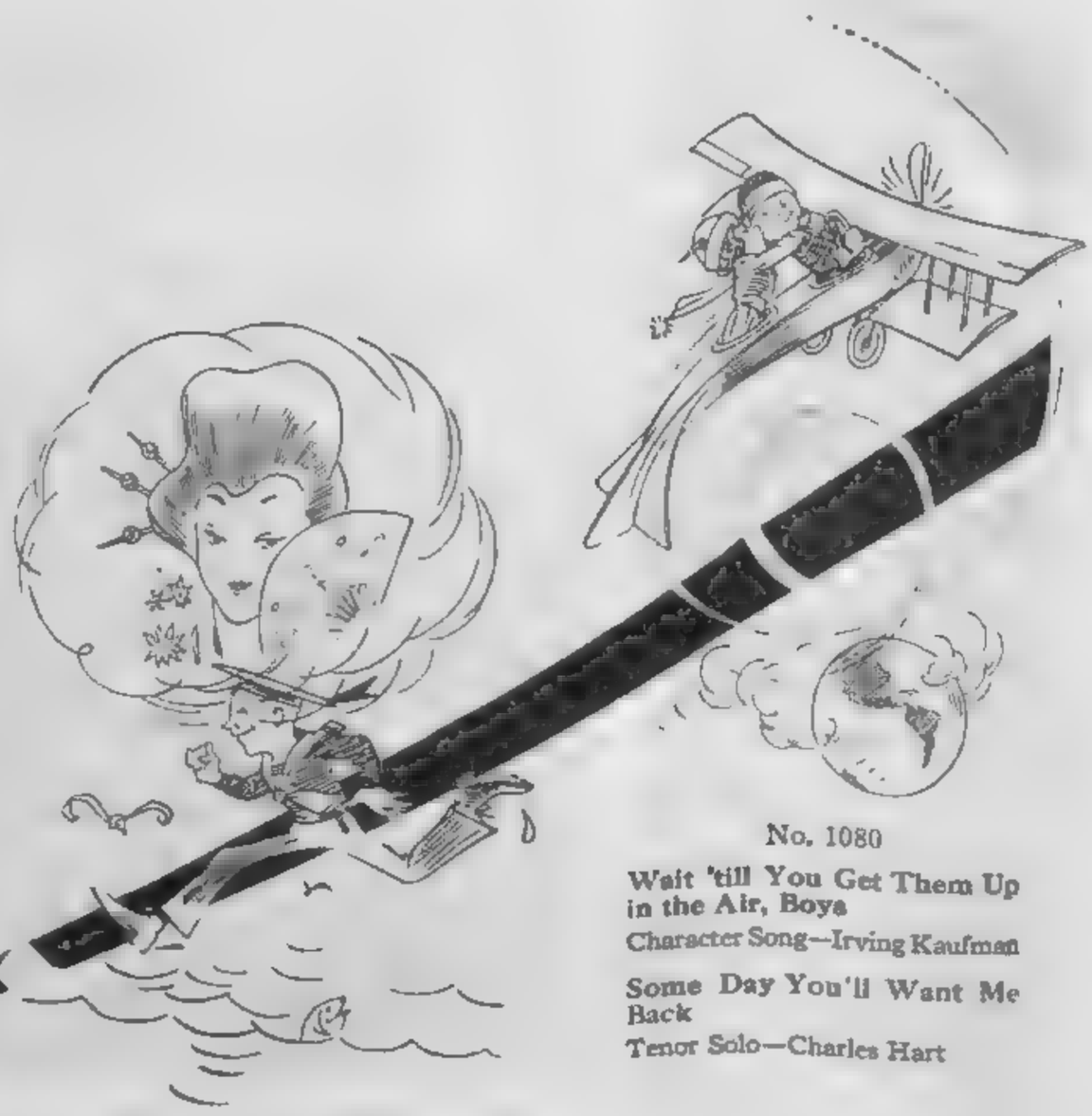
"SIGN HERE," *we said to Arthur Fields, "upon the dotted line." And Arthur grabbed the pen and said, "It's Emerson for mine. Hereafter all the songs I sing, I'll sing for you alone. And here's my seal and signature to make my wishes known."*

The Kaufman Brothers, Irv. and Jack, then drew up to the table. "We'll sing for Emerson," said they, "as long as we are able." . . . . . We're mighty glad to pass this welcome news along to you—the folks who favor Emerson because their hits are NEW.

* * *

THE SUCCESS of a hit depends largely on who sings it or plays it. To that end we spare no

No. 1091
Freckles
Character Song—Arthur Fields
I'm Like a Ship without a Sail
Tenor Solo—Henry Burr



No. 1092
Poor Little Butterfly Is a Fly Gal Now
Character Song—Irving and Jack Kaufman
That's Worth While Waiting For
Character Song—Arthur Fields

No. 1080
Wait 'till You Get Them Up in the Air, Boys
Character Song—Irving Kaufman
Some Day You'll Want Me Back
Tenor Solo—Charles Hart

EMERSON

No. 10100
Tell Me
Baritone Solo—Arthur Fields
Hippity Hop
Irish Character Song—
Irving Kaufman

No. 1094
I Don't Want a Doctor
Comic Character Song—
Irving Kaufman
When They're Old Enough to Know Better
Comic Character Song—
Eddie Cantor

+

No. 1093
There's a Lot of Blue-Eyed Marys
Character Duet—Irving and Jack Kaufman
I Cannot Believe I Lost You
Tenor Solo—
Pinckney

+

No. 1060
In Miami
Male Trio—The Three Kaufields
I Wanna Go Back
Tenor and Baritone Duet—
Irving and Jack Kaufman

expense in securing adequate rendition of the hits which go out over the Emerson name.

Arthur Fields has a following that takes in the whole country. This is equally true of "Irving and Jack Kaufman." It would be impossible to find three more popular artists in the song-hit line.

These three tuneful singers will continue to record the big hits of the day, weaving into the records they make, in their own well-known, delightfully individual ways, the original material for which they are so famous.

Not far from you is an Emerson dealer. This dealer is a good man to know. His stock of popular hits—both song-hits and dance-hits—is up-to-date, and he is always glad to play for you any selections which you may wish to hear. We cordially invite you to hear at your earliest opportunity, these new Emerson song-hits by Arthur Fields, "Irving and Jack Kaufman" and "The Three Kaufields."

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Makers of Large-Size Gold Seal Records.

Also records in foreign languages.

Emerson Records

The new Emerson Records "Measure up"—full 10-inch diameter. A big money's-worth—a big Music's-worth!"

E P CO INC
1919

RECORDS

(Continued from Page 105)

"Did I say I'd sell Mary G.?" inquired Copper Dan sleepily, casually.

"You sure did!" replied Tom.

Copper Dan's eyes fluttered asleep, then momentarily awake as Connie the bartender entered with two buckskin bags and a roll of bills.

He emptied the bags on the table. Clattering twenty-dollar gold pieces ran in a yellow flood, curved on their own edges in glittering circles. He slipped the rubber elastic from the roll of bills, made green and yellow patches with them on the turkey-red cloth of the table. Dan's eyes, remaining open as though with effort, dully regarded this display of wealth.

"Sellin' out for all that money?" he asked.

"Sure you are!" replied Connie.

"Dunno I ought to sell," said Copper Dan. "Wanna go to sleep now."

"You said you would," expostulated Tom Curley softly. He had now dropped the impersonation. "Be a good sport."

"Count it, Tom," said Copper Dan, his eyes drooping again.

Tom Curley made heavy flattering business of pawing over the gold.

"More than thirty thousand dollars," he announced.

"'Zat enough?" inquired Copper Dan, waking almost painfully.

"It's what you said you'd take," replied Connie. "You're square, Dan."

"A' right—shovel the money over me," muttered Dan. He tried to laugh at his own joke, but brought out only a weak uncertain chuckle.

Connie waited no longer. From the top bureau drawer, where they had been awaiting this moment, he produced pen, ink and two legal instruments of transfer filled in, all but the signature.

By them, in consideration of thirty-one thousand dollars duly in hand paid, the party of the first part gave to Cornelius J. Cotter, party of the second part, and to his heirs and assigns forever, all claim to the Mary G.

Copper Dan, gently shaken into wakefulness, was allowed to make experiments in handwriting on a blank sheet of paper before he affixed his signature. Considering his condition, the signatures to both papers were remarkably steady. By the time Tom Curley had signed as witness Dan had gone finally, demurely to sleep. His arms on the table, his head on his arms, he was snoring heavily.

Leaving Tom Curley on guard, Connie went downstairs to the hotel office and procured a room on the same floor. To it they carried Copper Dan, now inert, floppy. They deposited him on the bed, put beside him his money and his duplicate deed of transfer and gently closed the door upon him. When they returned to the room where Copper Dan had played his little game, Martin W. Force was awaiting them. He was smiling almost genially and Martin W. seldom smiled.

"Well, you landed!" said Martin W.

"I ain't sure, boss," said Connie as one deprecating praise, "but we could 'a' got it a lot cheaper. Bet I could 'a' made it for ten thousand."

"That's all right, boys," said Martin W. generously. "A likely figure is better. If he wants to fight in the courts he'll put up a bowl that he was drunk when he did it. Heap of good that will do him. But anyhow thirty-one thousand will look better than ten thousand. Even if it's a pocket it's probably worth more than that net. If it's a big body of ore—well, you remember the Red Leg."

"I'll fix up the transfer later," said Connie the bartender.

"That's all right," responded Martin W. easily. "Tom, you just drive up and see the claim is watched to-night. And tell the day-shift boss at the Red Leg for me, when he comes on in the morning, to put a force to work on her—heeled.

"Connie, you stick round town. If Copper Dan shows any leaning toward gun plays when he sobers up, you two fellows may have to lay low for a while. Call me if anything new comes up."

So Martin W. and his triumphant lieutenants parted company for the night. His stolid blond countenance entirely unilluminated by the joy which shone within, Connie strolled back to the Arizona House. Midnight was approaching but Main Street still ran full. Saturday night was rising to its diapason, its climax.

And lo, as Connie stood before his own bar indulging in pleasant conversation, there appeared at the street door Lute Macomber, night guard at the Red Leg, walking at a tense gait which betrayed nervous excitement. He saw Connie and strolled to his side.

"Quick, Connie!" he began, then checked himself. "Get to a private room, quick!" he added in a lower tone.

No sooner had the door shut on the babble of the Arizona House bar than Lute Macomber burst out: "Where's Copper Dan?"

"Rolled and trimmed—sleeping it off in the Maison Riche. But I landed him!" added Connie, a momentary expression of triumph lighting up his countenance, usually so stolid. "Put your peepers on this!"

He drew out the bill of sale of the Mary G.

Unaccountably the sight sent Lute back against the wall as though someone had struck him in the face. Unaccountably he burst out: "There go both our jobs, you damn—you damn tenderfoot!"

"What's eatin' you?" inquired Connie calmly if a little apprehensively.

"Salt!" cried Lute, raising his voice and then lowering it in the interest of secrecy. "You don't know salt when you see it! You've loaded Martin W. with a salted mine!"

Connie stood, his eyes staring, his mouth open, as Lute went on: "Salted with the ore he stole from the Red Leg—this here Copper Dan. When I put the guard on the Mary G. I found a piece of one of our Red Leg sacks stickin' out of the dump. I had the boys lower me to take a look. There was our four sacks of carbonates—the ones that was stole from us last night—spread all over the bottom. I scraped through to rock in two minutes. Salted his mine, this Copper Dan, with the ore he forked from the Red Leg. You mean to say you went down and examined it? Where do you come from—the East?"

Connie's face resumed its stolid cliffluke expression. His emotion seemed now to take him in the legs. He sank slowly into a chair, then suddenly bounced upright.

"Come on!" he cried. "Got your gat? Come on!"

"Where now—to another little pasear in the loco weed?" inquired Lute sarcastically.

"To the Maison Riche. I left him dead biled in Room 46 with the money—thirty-one thousand. Before he wakes up ——"

"Thirty-one thousand!" said the cynical Lute. "I'm betting he's about as much drunk as you are wise. We won't neither of us dare to stay in this man's camp after Martin W. gets onto this," he added pessimistically. Nevertheless, he shifted his side arm to a convenient position for rapid operations and followed.

As they entered the Maison Riche the night clerk, standing behind his little quarter circle of a desk, crooked his finger gently at Connie and Lute, who sidled over to the desk.

"Say, Connie," remarked the night clerk, "I thought your friend in Room 46 was dead biled. You said so when ——"

"Well, ain't he?" inquired Connie impatiently.

"He wasn't when he went out of here about a half an hour ago," said the night clerk. "He was all dressed and walkin' straight. Thought you'd like to know," he added with an understanding glance.

Lute grunted under his breath. Connie kept his stolidity of expression. He even controlled his voice as he asked, "Was he carryin' anythin'?"

"Yes, something or other," said the night clerk carelessly. "Didn't much notice what."

Connie and Lute managed to stroll with a casual pace until they reached the street. Once outside, they hurried through the crowd asking of every acquaintance the one question: "Have you seen Copper Dan Schultz?"

Copper Dan had been seen. A half hour or so before he had ridden down Main Street and turned into California Avenue, mounted on a lively looking horse and going strong. At this point Lute Macomber parted with Connie the bartender and with hope.

"You can't start a posse after him until daylight," he said, "even if Martin W. wants to let the law in on the joke, which he won't. And he's got the hull Rocky Mountains to hide in! I'm goin' to pack my few simple belongings before Martin W. gets onto this," he added sardonically. "The Dos Vacas zinc belt for mine. As for you—it takes a considerable of a damn fool to be hanged by a salted claim, but a bartender who don't know a drunk when he ain't drunk ——"

The back of Lute Macomber as he moved away in a general northerly direction expressed weariness with all life.

Drooping a little in his walk but still maintaining his cliffllike expression of countenance, Connie the bartender strolled back to the Arizona House. He had no special reason for this course. He sought his accustomed haunt, because in the present dreadful crisis he had nothing else to do. So hazily he followed fate to that familiar barroom, screen for his true vocation in Coronado Camp.

And now Jim Hanford, floating on the surface of his own current of fate from saloon to dance hall to variety theater, had arrived at the Arizona House.

By the far corner of the bar stood a novelty—a marvelous mechanical music box full of bells and and tin bugles and tiny drums which, when you cranked it up, rendered The Carnival of Venice with orchestral accompaniment.

As Connie strolled past the mild innocent brown eye of Jim Hanford caught him in its range.

"It's sure pretty music," remarked Jim Hanford pleasantly.

"It sure is," replied Connie carelessly.

He was strolling on, when he paused so suddenly that one foot remained poised. At the same instant a thoughtful expression crossed the open countenance of Jim Hanford. Both had been struck, if not with the same idea, at least with kindred ideas.

"Here," said the flash of Jim Hanford's mind, "is the man who tried to buy my Cleveland Belle claim for Martin W. Force."

The idea which sprang into Connie the bartender's mind was not so well formulated. It was merely the germ of a dazzling, attractive scheme—an escape from his present quandary.

The two men found themselves looking at one another over their shoulders.

"What say to a little drink?" asked Connie pleasantly.

"Don't mind if I do," replied Jim, in the accepted formula.

"S'pose we have it in the private room," said Connie.

"Suit yourself," said Jim—nothing at the moment suited him better.

Connie ordered a whisky, which when it came he merely touched to his lips; and Jim a beer. Then—for he had little time to lose—Connie broached the subject nearest the hearts of both men.

"Struck it yet in your Cleveland Belle?" he asked.

"Not yet," replied Jim. "Ain't deep enough yet."

Both men paused on the same unexpressed idea. Then Jim, the livelier character and the less patient, burst out with it.

"I been thinkin' about that proposition you made me for the Cleveland Belle," he said.

Though Connie's heart gave a thump, his face assumed merely an expression of boredom.

"Oh, that!" he said. "That's off, I guess. Martin W. Force ain't biddin' on galena now. I was gettin' it for him."

"I guessed Martin W. was in it somewhere," said Jim—"usually is."

"Can't see why he called it off," remarked Connie casually, "except he was stretchin' too far and wanted to let go on something. Always believed myself that your Cleveland Belle was right on the lode and as likely to hit it as any prospect up on Sacramento Hill."

"Think so myself," said Jim, "or I wouldn't be strainin' my back every day workin' it."

"You didn't know, did you, that I'd busted with Martin W.?" pursued Connie the bartender.

"Nope," said Jim, opening wide his brown eyes. "I never rightly knew you was j'ined to him. Only had my suspicions."

"Most people didn't. Well, I have clean split out with him. I'm rustling for myself in this here minin' game and thinkin' about quittin' the bar. How you fixed financially?" he asked, suddenly shifting the point of attack.

Jim Hanford, a poor, inexpert bargainer, considered for a moment. Obviously the thing to do in selling a piece of property was to assume great prosperity and therefore indifference. On the other hand, Connie might be about to offer a grubstake. And he was broke—clean broke. His board was in arrears. The last of his really money had gone to pay the wages of the faithful Swede who spelled him in working the Cleveland Belle. Truth conquered.

"I ain't fixed at all, to put the matter blunt and truthful," he said.

"I kind of thought that was the way she shaped up," said Connie. "You wouldn't entertain a mine-swapping proposition, would you?"

"Maybe—if it looked good and there was boot or something to go on with," replied Jim.

The imp of restlessness was stirring within him; he had to restrain his voice. "Something new—new!" the exultant imp was whispering.

"Jim," said Connie, "galena ain't a poor man's proposition. Galena has got to be drove for and developed. The stuff for a poor man is carbonates. Suppose you do strike galena—what happens then? You sell out to some syndicate for a tenth of what it's worth. Suppose they give you some stock in the concern. You can't beat that Wall Street game. They'll get it back from you, if not one way then another. But carbonates is another matter. Carbonates is like striking coined money. You could scoop out carbonates with your Swede and a spoon."

"Guess that's so," replied Jim Hanford, "but what's the object of this little college-bred lecture on mining?"

"Object's this," said Connie, growing crisp, succinct as he came near the point: "I've got Copper Dan Schultz's Mary G., up in the carbonate belt right under the Red Leg. And there's a pocket in sight. I bought it outright, speculating. Only a pocket—yet. But this came out of it." He produced the handful of black sand from the salted bottom of the Mary G., which had already that night been through so many strange adventures. "Assays two-fifty a ton."

"Why ain't you holdin' on?" asked Jim, forcing himself to a skeptical attitude.

"Well," said Connie, "sometimes I think I will. Of course I will if I can't trade for a proposition I like better. But here's the way it frames: When Copper Dan Schultz scratches into that pocket he offers me a chance to buy—just as soon as he finds it is only a pocket. I look into the whole proposition. There ain't any thirty thousand in sight, nor yet any ten thousand. But it may be the first of a string of pockets, or it may even be a loose outcropping of a big body like the Red Leg. So to-night I do business with Copper Dan. And thirty-one thousand I pay him for the claim. Maybe he wouldn't have let go at that if he hadn't needed the money just like you do now. It's a chance and I'd rather take a chance on strikin' galena—the main lode—with your Cleveland Belle. If I do I can get backing. You can't.

"Now," pursued Connie, "let's look at this proposition from your angle. You're takin' a chance at the Cleveland Belle and you'd be takin' a chance on the Mary G. But the Mary G. is a poor man's chance. You can scoop out those there carbonates and sell 'em like they was so much ready money. There's your stake to go on—several thousand dollars' worth of stake."

Connie stopped to let this sink in.

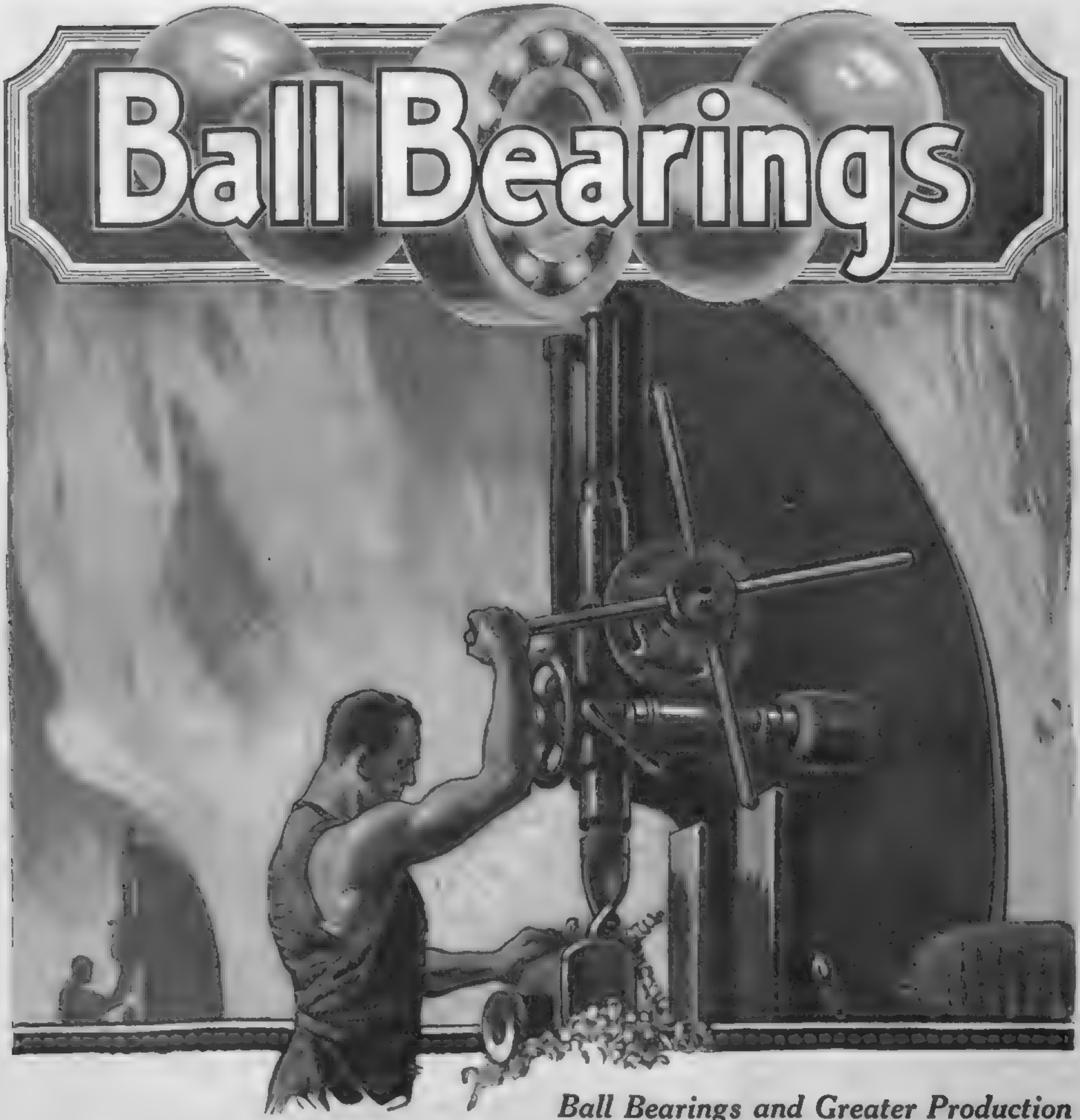
After only a moment's pause Jim answered, "All right—I'll go up and look into that proposition in the morning."

Connie in spite of himself took one short quick breath—almost a gasp. Here came the delicate and difficult part of the operation. His man was plainly impressed. But if he himself was going to exchange the salted Mary G. for the speculative Cleveland Belle and thus restore himself to the graces of an injured Martin W. he must do it now—in that very room—before garish day revealed the truth. His mind working like a flash, he determined to experiment with drawing in the bait a little.

"Examination nothin'!" he said. "I've trusted you and you trust me. You take her to-night sight unseen, or you don't take her at all. Sight unseen! Before morning I may just as likely change my mind."

What happened next was the most delightfully surprising event in the eventful career of Cornelius Cotter, bartender and secret agent in the mining game. It was as though one had started to fish and before his fly struck the water a five-pound trout had leaped in to the boat. He had expected an all-night fight of wits. But what did he know of that restless imp whispering in the brain of Jim Hanford? How was he to tell that to-night of all nights Jim was ready for anything that involved change? For

(Concluded on Page 111)



Ball Bearings and Greater Production

IT is not too much to say that the high-grade, American-made Ball Bearing has worked wonders in the machine tool industry.

For instance, through the application of Ball Bearings, it has been possible to maintain in perfect alignment drill spindles rotating at thousands of revolutions per minute.

Such things have been made possible because the Ball Bearing is so nearly frictionless that heating and wear at the rubbing parts are virtually unknown.

The result is faster drilling, which means increased production and more accurate work, a longer life for the machine and, therefore, less depreciation.

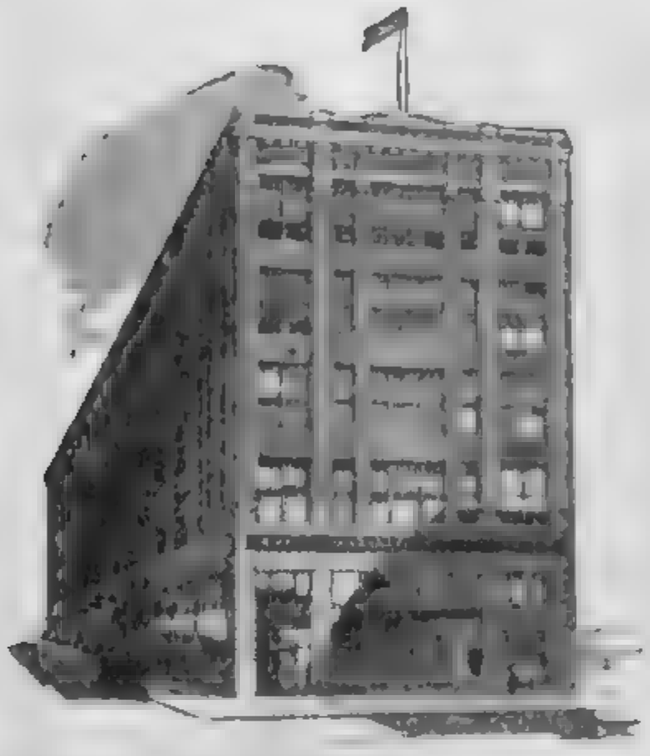
Ball Bearings are standard equipment in up-to-date machine tools.

The Fafnir Bearing Co. Hess-Bright Manufacturing Co.
Gurney Ball Bearing Co. U. S. Ball Bearing Manufacturing Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY BALL BEARINGS

HAUGHTON ELEVATORS

Made in Toledo



Goodyear Long Island City Branch
with Haughton equipment. Goodyear uses 80 Haughton Elevators

Ford Montreal Branch
One of 25 Ford Branches with Haughton equipment. Ford uses over 100 Haughton Elevators.

IT requires about half of all the Haughton Elevators produced to satisfy the demands of present Haughton users for additional Haughton equipment.

The experience of these users has demonstrated to their satisfaction that Haughton Elevators mean a real saving in operation, maintenance and upkeep expense.

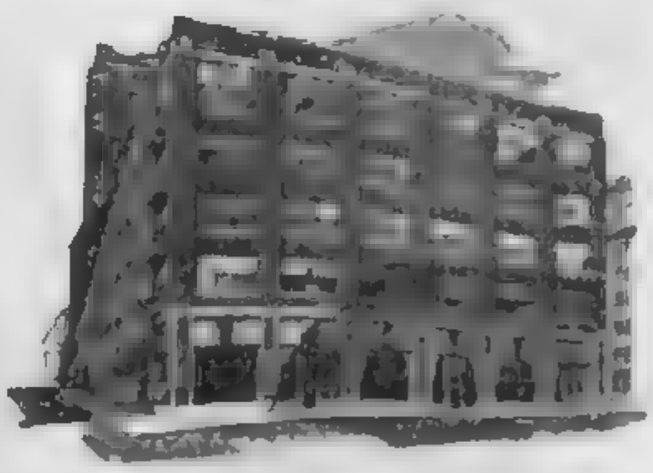
Says one such user—who has re-ordered twelve times—

"Our opinion is best expressed by the fact that in equipping our new plant we gave the entire contract to the Haughton Elevator & Machine Co."

Haughton standards provide an unusually ample margin of power, strength and durability, even beyond the most extreme demands of service, and these standards are rigidly adhered to in every Haughton Elevator, for whatever type of service it is designed.

THE HAUGHTON
ELEVATOR & MACHINE CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO

Kerr Building, Detroit
An example of the modern store building equipped with Haughton Elevators.



Overland Kansas City Branch
with Haughton equipment. Overland has re-ordered 28 times.

The Firestone Plant
at Akron, using 22 Haughton passenger and freight elevators. Firestone has re-ordered 14 times.

(Concluded from Page 108)

Jim had dropped his hand with a heavy thud on the table.

"All right—I take you," he said.

As, giving his man no chance to change his mind, Connie the bartender moved away to seek his private stock of legal blanks, he had to control the jerking in the muscles of his legs.

Next morning Martin W. Force was called as usual at ten o'clock. The confidential bell boy of the Maison Riche, who always performed this ceremony, handed him a long thick envelope.

"The clerk said this was something left for you special," he said as he raised the curtains.

Giving vent to a series of yawns, Martin W. opened the envelope. One of his yawns died midcourse as he beheld a transfer of the Cleveland Belle claim from Cornelius J. Cotter to Martin W. Force. He opened out two other enclosures similarly shaped. They were respectively a duplicate of the transfer of the Mary G. mine from the same Cornelius J. Cotter to James Hanford and a transfer of the Cleveland Belle from James Hanford to Cornelius J. Cotter.

While he adjusted his mind to these strange transactions, he saw that he had overlooked a note scratched in lead pencil on a billhead of the Arizona House. It read:

"*Dear Boss:* The Mary g was salted, but Lute Macomber found it out after we closed our deal and you ought to do the rite thing by him. Copper Dan wasn't loaded and he got away with the stuff. He salted it himself with ore from the Red Leg but i made it all rite. I shoved off the Mary g on Jim Hanford for the Cleveland Bell that you always wanted site unseen. He don't know the Mary g is salted & he thinks i bout the claim for myself so it's me he will try to shoot so i'm making myself scarce until it blos over. Adress general delivery Cedar Camp where i'll be unless he finds i went ther in that case i will give you a new adress. Im sorry but you always wanted the Cleveland Bell & anyhow it is better than a salted proposition. I remain.

"yours truly

"Burn this." "YOU KNOW WHO."

Somewhere behind Connie there was undoubtedly slave ancestry. Faithless to all the world besides, he was unquestioningly faithful to the boss.

"Hell!" ejaculated Martin W. when he took all this in. But as he pulled off his red-edged silk nightshirt and set himself to dress, the knots which Connie's letter had tied in his forehead began to untie themselves. In that place and in those times men played the whole game of life as they played roulette, and like a true gambler he fixed his mind not upon the stake he had lost but upon that present turn of the wheel which might bring fortune.

"I always wanted the Cleveland Belle—Connie was right," he reflected. "Bet she's on the lode. Better rush a force to work on it right away."

Then he chuckled aloud to think of the resourcefulness, the utter slickness of Connie the bartender.

"Must do the right thing by Connie when this blows over," he thought.

By eleven o'clock that morning Jim Hanford had charged into the Arizona House—"a-rarin' and a-snortin'," said one of the beholders—on the trail of Connie the bartender. All day he pursued this fruitless quest and in his wanderings he talked so much that by night the entire camp, including the astute editor of the Times-Bugle, knew all about the duplicity of Connie.

Jim loudly proclaimed his intention of making Connie useless for anything but a colander. It is doubtful nevertheless if Jim would have done any shooting. In the first place, he was talking too much, which is always a bearish symptom. In the second place, Jim was of an open and generous nature to which blood and slaughter were naturally alien. But according to the ethics of the time and place Jim must at least make a respectable bluff at his intention of shooting in order to maintain his standing with the community—just as a dog with no real intention of biting feels that he must conscientiously bark at you when you come up the front walk.

Toward evening, when he had talked his throat hoarse and his nerves weak, Jim Hanford met before the Bella Union Lute Macomber, the mine guard, and received a little friendly advice. Lute was in a relieved frame of mind. He had learned—without learning exactly why—that his oversight in letting Copper Dan steal four sacks of ore from the Red Leg had been forgiven of the mighty Martin W., and this plaint of Jim Hanford's made it all clear.

"Well, what you kickin' about?" inquired Lute. "You traded a prospect for a prospect, didn't you? Nothin' in sight yet in the Cleveland Belle and nothin' in the Mary G. Ain't you as likely to strike pay dirt in one as in the other? Why don't you go ahead and sink her?"

"Where will I get the money?" asked Jim. "If the world was up for ten cents——"

"What's the matter," interrupted Lute, "with the salt—those carbonates in the bottom of your shaft that was used in these deceivin' and illegal operations?"

"You're forgetting," replied Jim Hanford. "They were stolen."

"Stolen on me from the Red Leg," agreed Lute. "But I'm willing to forget 'em. So will Martin W. be willing if I mention the matter to him. You've been cold decked and nobody's going to be hard on you. Sell 'em. There's ready money for a start."

At the time Jim only snorted and resumed in a hoarse voice a description of the rough but thorough dissection he intended to perform upon the person of Cornelius Cotter, bartender. But as he plodded home that night to his boarding house the advice struck in. Why not? It was a new venture!

When he woke next morning, however, the memory of his wrongs had returned. It grew and sharpened when he opened the Times-Bugle. There on the front page and treated in a humorous spirit was the story of his adventure in mine swapping. Following the custom of a region where it was always open season for editors, the Times-Bugle used no names, but all the world would know.

Again that day Jim wandered, talking to whoever would listen, displaying the large revolver with which he intended to eliminate Connie the bartender. Considering the tone of that article in the Bugle, everyone was sympathetic. By night indeed Jim had worked up a kind of melancholy satisfaction in his own martyrdom.

However, when on the next day and the next Jim continued to tell his troubles, public opinion changed. Men who had already heard the story three times found excuses to shut off conversation and go elsewhere. On the next repetition they began to laugh. The climax came in the crowded barroom of the Bella Union. As Jim entered someone cried from the rail: "Cheese it, fellers, here comes Old Salty!"

A roar went up which shook the clapboards of the Bella Union.

Purple in the face, Jim turned and started home. And now his rage settled down to a cold deadly fury—a mood which surprised even himself. Silently he entered the common bunk room of the miners' boarding house where he slept, silently he undressed; silently he lay awake staring up into the darkness. Somewhere in the cold depressing midnight hours he spoke at last, causing the man in the bunk above to turn over and grunt.

"I'll show 'em!" he said.

At dawn he was up and out on the trail of the faithful Swede whom, together with a fellow countryman, he lured away at the shaft mouth from a steady job on the Red Leg. They took possession of the Mary G. with all its physical properties as legally transferred by Connie the bartender. By noon they had scooped up the four sacks of carbonates which Copper Dan had used to salt the mine and had sold them to an itinerant ore buyer.

The Swedes, inspired by a week's pay in advance and promise of a quarter share between them should they strike anything, fell to in their own quietly methodical fashion. Jim Hanford worked in a blaze of energy, taking out his rage on the drill heads. The night life of Coronado Camp knew him no more.

Passers-by used sometimes to see him by the winch when he was spelling the Swedes below. Among them were those who threw out remarks about salt. Jim Hanford merely turned upon such an eye grown cold and dangerous, but he said nothing. The small boys of Sacramento Hill caught the joke and—as small boys will—rubbed it in. They would stand upon the rocks above the hollow and call in concert, "Old Salty! Old Salty!" Instead of following established precedent and driving them away with stones Jim merely gave them that same cold glint and went on working. Soon even the small boys lost interest in this sport. Careless, easy-going, prosperous Coronado Camp went on to other things and forgot the joke on Jim Hanford.

Forgot until one afternoon in September when the shrill wind from the peaks presaged early snows, when the roads were alive with struggling freighters jerking enthusiasm into their six-mule teams in order to get up the winter supplies before the snows rendered the passes impassable. Late on a brisk windy afternoon in this season Tom Curley entered the Arizona House bar and confronted Oscar—day bartender now, vice Connie resigned.

"Say," he said, "Old Salty—that there Jim Hanford—has come to life again. He's seekin' and searchin' for Connie like he did when he was first done. Don't seem exactly to be biled, but he's actin' funny. Look out he don't take you for Connie and bore you two or three times for luck."

Scarcely had he delivered this warning when Jim Hanford himself burst through the door. Tom Curley dropped back to a strategic position at the end of the bar and let his right hand flutter carelessly to that pocket where he kept his side arm.

Oscar looked over his man expertly, critically, as bartenders had a way of doing in the days when our ancestors took the obsolete drug, alcohol. Jim's movements were sharp, even aggressive. Jim's brown eyes were preternaturally bright.

"Have you heard anything from Connie?" he asked in a very clear brisk tone.

Oscar slipped his hand unostentatiously to that shelf under the bar where he kept his own weapon. But he spoke in a friendly tone of jesting conciliation:

"Still yellin' about Connie? Thought you'd loosened up on your idea of killin' him."

"Killin' him!" exclaimed Jim. "Killin' him?"

He reached with both hands to the pockets of his rough frieze coat, causing both Tom and Oscar to thrust nervous thumbs onto the hammers of their guns. However, when Jim's hands came out of his pockets they held not weapons but black dirt. This with the motion of a sower he strewed along the surface of the bar.

"Silver-bearin' lead carbonates," said Jim. "The Mary G.'s richer than Jay Gould! Broke into 'em last night. Bored ten feet and they're still there! If you're hidin' Connie, produce him! Kill him! I want to kiss him!"

Another Wonderful Product *from* Phezland

IT IS our privilege to gather and preserve for your enjoyment the exquisite fruits and berries that grow to perfection in the valleys of Oregon and Washington—PHEZLAND.

We are specialists in the preparation of fresh fruit products, and in the very heart of these fertile valleys have erected modern plants to receive the fruits as they are gathered, wet with the morning dew.

We offer through dealers everywhere Phez, pure juice of the loganberry, Applju, sparkling apple juice, and Phez jams and jellies—blackberry, raspberry, strawberry, fresh Oregon prune and loganberry.

THE PHEZ COMPANY, SALEM, OREGON

Branches: 6 Harrison Street, New York 19 La Salle Street, Chicago 24 California Street, San Francisco

We want more growers in Phezland.
Write the Phez Farms Company at Salem, Oregon,
for full information regarding Phezland Farms.

GOOD OLD AMERICA!

(Continued from Page 4)

round Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, expressed my laugh in words. An Eastern lady tourist, a romantic, sentimental creature summering on a dude ranch, asked him the same question which had been put to me: Did he not like Europe better than America? Wasn't it more picturesque, refined—more livable, don't you know? All those darling old peasant women out in a field of poppies garnering the grain! It made the landscape so romantic—like What's-his-name's picture of the Angelus! And had he seen the little girls and boys of Belgium harnessed to carts with those big furry dogs, their sabots clattering on the cobbles, their cheeks rosy with cold, and running with all their might to keep up with the dog? So quaint! Did he now really and truly prefer to live in grubby, prosaic America? Thus the tourist lady of the dude ranch.

The man, seventy-four inches of Western sunburned brawn, laconic, humorous, stood looking down on her much as a big benevolent Saint Bernard looks down on a lady's tiny, yapping wrist-watch pet. After the Armistice he had helped to convoy the Polish troops in France across Prussia to Poland, and he had confided to me some of the sights he had seen in that gaunt, famine-smitten hinterland. They were not pretty—those tales. He stood looking down on the lady with a puzzled frown; then he looked off at the encircling mountains, stark granite shafts and peaks and pinnacles, painted with the first snow of the season; then he looked at me, got no help, and suddenly he gave the whole proposition up, jerked out a brief "Oh—hell!" and walked away.

Rafting Timber for Bridges at Edmonton

The dude-ranch lady was shocked and aggrieved. I hastened to explain.

What the Ranchman Meant

"He really didn't mean hell, you know—at least, he didn't mean at all what you mean by hell. He meant something quite different—far worse perhaps—but not a bit what you think hell means. You see, his mind is still full of pictures—dark pictures, ugly, harsh, terrible pictures of damnable things the people, and especially the poor people, have had to suffer and endure. He told me that what hit him worst was the stony resignation of them all. They starved and curled up on the roads and died without a word. He said he never realized that life could be so rotten bad. It got him to thinking about governments. For he could see that it was not just their present plight—but they'd been harassed and pressed down for centuries. And then he came back to this big, free western land out here, where there's work and hardship aplenty, and yet people have a chance to kick out for themselves and to climb, the little fellow as well as the big fellow, and salt down something for their old age.

"And so I suppose the thought of comparing those old countries, where the poor have had no chance for ages, with America, where many a mechanic pulls down forty to fifty dollars a week, and sports a flivver, and sends his kids to college, and buys Liberty Bonds, made him sort of sick. Put it this way: Your question made him see the big gulf of difference which yawns between the continents of Europe and America in the matter of the prosperity of the masses, even in the way the masses think and act; and in order to answer your question and express his sentiments adequately on the subject it would require a corps of stenographers working day and night shifts for months, and an Encyclopædia Britannica, and the eloquence of Macaulay and Burke and Abraham Lincoln all rolled into one, and he saw that wasn't practicable. So he just washed out the whole proposition, question and answer, with a simple 'Oh—hell!' After all it was not his job, you see."

I do not know whether the estimable lady of the dude ranch ever did see. I fancy not. In mental caliber she was a popgun, a pea shooter; and he was a French seventy-five. Their ammunition was not interchangeable. Since then that question in varying form has been put to me a number of times, and now I am going to answer it. This article, therefore, is to be considered as an elucidation of my Western friend's brief but comprehensive summary of the situation. It is a free translation of his "Oh—hell!"

When after an absence of two consecutive years I returned I was prepared to find my country prosperous. In Europe I had become accustomed—but never reconciled—to paying Klondike prices for food, clothes, lodgings and labor, and then having paid these top prices to have fobbed off on me cheap and inferior grades of all those things, with the justification that it was the result of the war. And in the large, that justification held good.

I was accustomed, too, to labor troubles. I do not like the tone of Europe concerning labor. All work and no pay makes Jack a mad boy. And in Europe Jack has been underpaid for centuries. Accordingly he is mad clean through and through. In Europe labor has some ancient wrongs as well as modern ones, and these wrongs have envenomed its point of view—and, above all, its method of procedure. That I am going to speak of later.

In America before the war, that now dim, almost prehistoric period of world peace, we had, I recalled, a fair degree of prosperity, and workers of all grades seemed fairly content. The I. W. W.'s, an outlaw roving bunch, kicking round Western mining towns, who took their politics and their murders neat, had not much more than appeared over the horizon of our world. Socialists, professors of economics and parlor dilettantes had thumbed over this literature of unashamed violence which outlined a new code of ethics and honor, and judged that it came out of Europe. In those days—to revert once more to the terminology of my Eastern friend—there were a helluva lot of things that we didn't know about Europe; and as a result of this abysmal ignorance, to a certain élite class, the European brand on anything, from wine, women and song to parlor politics and philosophy, at once made that thing fashionable, distingué, chic. These dilettantes in life, seekers after strange gods, toyed with the ideas of sabotage and a bloody class revolution as a child toys with a loaded revolver, fearful yet fascinated. They got an emotional kick out of such dalliance.

Aside from the I. W. W.'s and the parlor revolutionists there was still another class who were hell-bent for destruction. These were the immigrants from Russia and militaristic Germany and Southeastern Europe generally. Now these people in their own lands had something to rebel about. They had bad government; a bad government, rigid, insusceptible of change or improvement by the people—that is, by themselves. The old defects and cruelties of custom had solidified into institutions, and these institutions bound them in as if they were in an iron cage. Then thousands and tens of thousands of them migrated to America, and their old rebellious habits of mind migrated with them, and kept right on functioning.

Conditions in this new country were totally different; poor people like themselves by dint of industry and perseverance and intelligence could climb to prosperity, and they did; they became bankers, famous cigarette makers, moving-picture kings, millionaire manufacturers. Their sons and daughters went to the public schools and colleges. Food was plentiful. Streets were clean. State and Federal legislation in many cases protected them against unjust exploitation. Labor itself was organized and the principle of collective bargaining was sweeping like a big, slow wave over the country, and wages and living conditions were being constantly ameliorated.

And yet, despite all these indubitable signs of a new order—a free country, bigger opportunity, suppleness of government and pressure of public opinion, all of which elements worked to their advantage—these tragic, gloomy immigrants, pessimistic and thwarted souls, steeped for generations in bitterness and hate, could not see that circumstances had altered. They had come out of the land of limitation and darkness, but the eyes of their souls were still in the dark.

I remember a small group of this particular type whose meetings I occasionally frequented. How hard and fierce and fanatically passionate they were—and how narrow! How determined not to yield a single inch to that old archenemy of theirs—the Government! What dark and sinister prophecies they made when this country should go down in bloody revolution! With hands upraised, speaking in English so broken as to be scarce recognizable, and reverting at the height of their dark ecstasy and passion to their own native tongue, how they derided, scorned and condemned any one of their number who would timidly rise to suggest that such and such a social condition might be ameliorated by law—if only they would all work together to effect the change! How they hissed him.

"Opportunist!" was the epithet they had for this feeble-minded renegade, and they hurled it at him like a hand grenade. The first time I heard this term of opprobrium it was uttered in such a stern, passionate tone of denunciation that I jumped to the conclusion that it must be a state's-prison offense at least. An opportunist must be a monster of such frightful mien that he ought not to be permitted to live and pollute the air—that much was clear. Later I discovered that it merely meant appealing for remedy to the law. The feeble-minded renegade, it appeared, simply wanted to establish free milk stations for babies in the congested districts of New York during the summer. But the apostles of revolution hooted at the idea. 'Twas just such half-baked bourgeois stuff, they declared, that made them everlastingly tired. It showed, they held, a peanut-sized brain. Their platform was this:

Sinister Connivers

"The American Government is rotten at its core. Don't try to help it. Hands off. Let the whole rotten fabric fall to pieces from interior decay. The more you patch it up the more you stave off the inevitable dissolution. Let the end come and come swiftly. Hasten it if you can. What matter a few thousand babies? The world is full of babies!" Thus the fanatic apostles of the gospel of despair. They wanted to roll up the entire civilization of earth in a fiery scroll of flame.

But taken altogether America did not bother much over all these sinister connivers. They were no more than a few fleas on a healthy dog. When I came home, with the taste of war and Europe still fresh in my mouth—it's not a taste I can recommend—I immediately started to make

(Continued on Page 117)

DIAMOND T

PRESENTS

"The Desert Susan"

A Drama of Superlative Performance

Time: August 28 to September 2, 1919. *Place:* Desert Highway between Los Angeles and Phoenix. *Characters:* Universal Film Mfg. Co., the Railroads, and Diamond T Farm Special.

A CRISIS had arisen—both r-e-a-l and r-e-e-l. Phoenix photo-playhouses were threatened with indefinite darkness. While the villain (disguised as a railroad strike) laughed, the telegraph and telephone wires into Los Angeles clamored their S. O. S. ("Save Our Shows.")

In desperation, the Universal Film Manufacturing Co. turned to "The Nation's Freight Car." "It can't be done," they told the Diamond T distributors; "do you want to try it?"

The record speaks for itself. A stock Diamond T Farm Special (1½ tons), carrying its pilot and two Universal men, with two tons of films on board valued at over $100,000, left Los Angeles Thursday night, August 28th, headed for Phoenix, Arizona. Orders were: "*In time for next week's shows, SURE.*"

Through San Bernardino, Beaumont, Banning, Indio, Mecca, and Blythe; across the Colorado River; on through Vicksburg, Buckeye and Salome; thence on into Phoenix, sped the truck—five hundred and seventy miles of mountain roads, hub-deep sand, and washed-out trails, without a hitch.

Seventy hours' running time from Los Angeles, The "Desert Susan," as she was christened by the Mayor of Phoenix, cruised into that city, her crew red-eyed and heat-crazed, but *on time.* Arizona could have her fill of films. . . . . "It couldn't be done, but we did it."

The complete record of that wonder-feat—the sand-storms, washouts, cloudbursts, rescues of sun-stricken drivers, and following of vanished trails through wastes of water—is told in the booklet, "The Tale of The Desert Susan." Every lover of business romance and admirer of American grit will want a copy, and can get it on request.

"The Desert Susan's" average speed was 16 miles per hour

DIAMOND T

"The Nation's Freight Car"

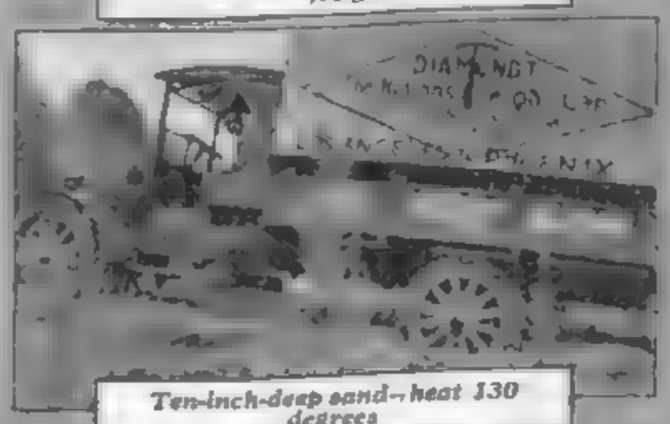
DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR COMPANY

4519 WEST 26TH ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"The Desert Susan's" human freight

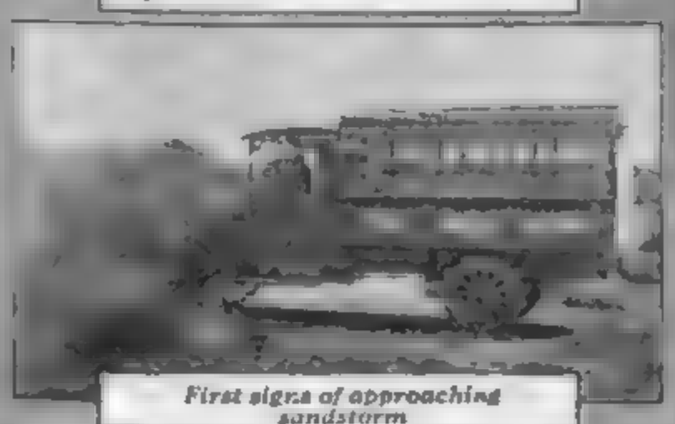
Ready to dare more desert!

A problem in desert navigation!



Ten-inch-deep sand—heat 130 degrees

Pulling thro' Colorado River bottoms



First signs of approaching sandstorm

Ferry at Colorado River—waiting

"Master Diamond T" - mascot and boss

Cruising into Phoenix—on time!

What They Think of Northern TRADE MARK FIBRE FOLDED TOWELS In Texas

LONE STAR PRIDE of progressiveness is almost as strong as pride of state.

This is well attested by the celerity with which Northern Fibre Folded Towels have been adopted as standard towel equipment by some of the greatest Texan institutions.

Yet this is not unduly remarkable, for the dainty neatness, the wholesome cleanliness, of these "different" paper towels is instantly appealing to every person who recognizes the true value of sanitation.

Try Them at Our Expense

You have to use one of these towels to fully appreciate their superiority. A letter on your business stationery will bring you, gratis, a neat package of twenty-five towels and information as to where you can obtain a supply.

Northern Fibre Folded Towels are ideal lavatory equipment for hotels, schools, factories, offices, stores, or any place where towels are used. Delivered one at a time from an attractive white cabinet, they offer a clean towel for each pair of hands, yet there is no waste. In entire keeping with the most modern lavatory equipment. Cloth-like and strong in consistency yet perfectly absorptive.

NORTHERN PAPER MILLS
GREEN BAY WISCONSIN

Also makers of Northern Fibre Tissue for Lavatories

Towel Talk

Paper towels have definitely supplanted cloth towels for commercial use—and Northern Fibre Folded Towels are recognized as the ultimate in paper towels.

Manufactured in a factory that is a model of sanitation. Made from the best grade of spruce pulp They could not be more sanitary.

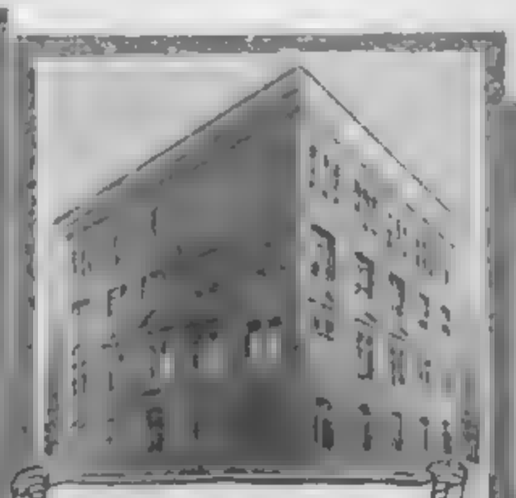
Very strong and cloth-like. Soft to the hands.

Delivered in the most satisfactory way—folded.

Remarkably economical.

Sold only through legitimate trade channels

Great Southern Life Insurance Co., Dallas, Texas—Northern Fibre Folded Towels used throughout building.



Southwestern Tel & Tel Co., Dallas, Tex.—Northern Fibre Folded Towels are standard equipment here.

Southland Hotel, Dallas, Texas.—Another hotel user of Northern Fibre Folded Towels.

Southland Life Insurance Co., Dallas, Texas—Another user of Northern Fibre Folded Towels.

Administration Bldg., Texas Woman's College, Fort Worth, Texas—Another building using Northern Fibre Folded Towels.

Dallas Hall, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.—Equipped with Northern Fibre Folded Towels.

(Continued from Page 114)

the grand tour to see what America was like. America versus Europe—I wanted to savor the contrast. I savored it. Let me say in a word what were my first impressions. Though I was prepared for good times, fat times, I was nevertheless astounded at the abundant, reckless, improvident prosperity I saw round me on every side; people in all walks of life, high and low, workers and idlers, spending money by the bucketful, throwing it about like confetti at a fair; buying at top prices the most expensive, de-luxe commodities in the shops; the highroads of the country choked with automobiles until the dust darkened the sky—automobiles owned not only by the rich but by the plumber and the carpenter and the roller in the steel mills. If paralyzed, famine-menaced Europe could see our automobile-gorged roads—see the hundreds of thousands of merry little joy-flivvers owned by our workers! The peasants would be justified in their rooted belief that all Americans are multimillionaires.

I noted scores of midwestern towns. Cars were parked in every available space along the principal streets. There were garages on every block. In certain midwestern sections it is estimated that there is an automobile to every five individuals—not to every five families, mark!—and in some areas the proportion rises until there is a machine to every two and a half persons. Magnificent heavy motor trucks thunder along the country roads, carrying fruit and produce ten, twenty miles to the railroad centers. On the Continent they still use the clumsy two-wheeled cart hauled by an ancient swayback mare. In this country in rural districts women and children pile into their cars at dusk and drive fifteen miles into town to the movies. On the Continent there are no such places of popular amusements, save in the larger cities. In the small villages and hamlets there is absolutely no form of public evening entertainment—and no time for it. The citizens are tired. They go to bed with the chickens.

"My customers won't buy anything but the best class of fancy goods," declared a department-store owner to me out in a small town in Wyoming. "They want the highest-priced stuff we've got; and they don't squeal on the price either. They haul out a wad of bills big as a bolster, peel off a few layers and lay them down on the counter, and then they look round to see if there's anything else they can spend money on. You ought just to sit there a while and watch 'em come in."

A Mad Orgy of Spending

I did. I sat there for more than an hour waiting for an eastbound train. And all that time I never heard a customer ask for a less expensive article. It was invariably: "Is that the best you've got?" Filthy lucre was nothing in their young lives! I recalled how the French peasants haggle and beat down prices, finger the goods to test its serviceableness, and fight for every sou. Was I in another world? Which was better: A necessity so stern that peasants became avaricious, trying to wrest a livelihood from their toil—or a prosperity so ample that people lost all sense of proportion or restraint?

"That's a fine, durable piece of goods, Mrs. B——" said the clerk in my hearing. "It's guaranteed to wear."

"Oh, my goodness!" was the laughing retort. "That's no recommendation to me. I don't want it hanging round forever. Show me some stuff that'll wear out."

It was the same thing in the trains. Travelers were clamoring for drawing-rooms and private compartments—the same class who before the war used to grimace at the cost of an upper berth. The dining cars were filled to repletion with those who in the not too remote past used to carry a humble cold snack along. One night in the diner there sat opposite me a large robust lady in black who consumed three dollars and eighty-five cents' worth of nourishment and then tipped the waiter a dollar. And when ladies take to tipping waiters with dollar bills I know they've got prosperity, for their ordinary sky limit is a quarter.

Changing connections in Montana one night I discovered that not a single berth in that long overland train was vacant, though I had telegraphed for reservations two days ahead. I drifted out into the vestibule, where stood another traveler out of luck. We exchanged condolences.

"And what's more," he added, "I'll not only have to sit up all night on this train but I'll have to sit up all the next night out on a park bench after I arrive."

"Why? Is it Pioneer Week in your town?"

"No, but all the world's on the move these days. Looks like a migration. You can't get a bed to sleep in at any of the hotels in this region unless you wire two or three days ahead. But I should worry!"

He laughed and held up a fat little black order book.

"You'd think pipe organs—fifty to seventy-five thousand-dollar pipe organs—would be pretty medium hard things to sell out in this roughneck country? Well, how many orders do you think I nailed on my last trip?"

"Pipe organs!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Who buys pipe organs out here? The churches? The West must have got religion since I left."

"It's the motion-picture theaters. They're the churches that catch the populace today. They're building a new string of them throughout the Northwest. And, of course, they all want music. Well, in the good old simple days a fiddle or a ukulele could get by, and a stringed orchestra was considered mighty nifty. But no more. Nix on that cheap stuff. The people won't stand for anything less than the best. Their taste in music has been so educated by the phonograph that they know all the high-grade operas same as they say the peasants down in Italy do. The movie theaters had to get into line with this big, upward world movement of giving the people the best. So when one theater bought a pipe organ all the others had to buy one, too, or else close their doors."

It was the same tale everywhere I traveled. People with nickelodeon pocketbooks before the war were now earning enough to pay for pipe-organ music. Big fellows and little fellows, too, were wading deep into larger propositions than they had ever tackled before. The whole atmosphere crackled with optimistic enterprise. They wanted money to develop more power, to extend their plants, to stretch out, amplify. I listened to the talk, lost in astonishment. How far was all this from bleak, war-worn, hungry, desperate old Europe, just struggling to her knees! How unreal, legendary, seemed those tales of bitter want and discontent which on the other side have become so commonplace that they no longer stir the jaded emotions.

But after my first astonishment I experienced relief.

"At least," I said to myself, "I've got away from the grief, the gloom, the hopeless cynicism of soul which prevails on the other side. Hooray for America! It's an island of optimism in an ocean of despair. This war has not gored us in the vitals as it has gored France, Belgium, England, Italy, Germany and Russia, and left us with our internal economic systems in an eviscerated mess. Financially and industrially Europe is on the toboggan slide crying for help. But America is practically uninjured, untouched. And we're young. We're healthy. We're free. There's no old oppression or festering antagonism to breed hatred in our blood. And so why shouldn't we have automobiles—if we earn them—and go to organ recitals, buy the best food and clothes and entertainment, fling the money round a bit and drive dull care away?"

The Get-Rich-Quick Spirit

Thus I argued, feeling, nevertheless, all the while that in all this loose and easy spending there was a certain instability, a certain blindness, a certain reckless indifference to or ignoring of our responsibilities—those plain humdrum responsibilities which make us self-respecting at home and win us power and admiration abroad. Perhaps it may seem no great matter either for a youthful individual or for a youthful nation to indulge in foolish frivolities, spend his patrimony in riotous living, spree round with the boys like a regular feller, and go in generally for a semi-intoxicated expensive expansiveness.

Perhaps for just once in a way that is not going to damage fatally either a youth or a nation which is sound of wind and limb—unless indeed during that period of loose irresponsibility he meanders off the broad highroad and lands in a slough or walks over the edge of a precipice.

It is this irresponsibility which chiefly strikes the stranger in America to-day. We are wrapped up, every one of us—capital and labor, rich man and poor man—in our own individual self-advantage; in driving the shrewdest bargain that we can get away with, irrespective of the other fellow, the public or the world at large. We're drunk with money, power. All the good old adages of wisdom, such as "Slow but sure," "Rome wasn't built in a day," "Many a mickle makes a muckle," we have tossed overboard as unnecessary ballast. And sound as we are intrinsically—and just how sound that soundness is it takes a three years' residence in Europe to appraise properly—nevertheless, such a selfish, irresponsible, spendthrift policy of exploitation on the part of all groups alike is bound to tell. The body politic or the body economic or the body industrial is bound to buckle and crack wherever the strain is greatest.

And just where is the point of greatest strain at the present moment? Undeniably it is in the relationship between the employer and the worker. Each party to the conflict—if we admit the truth candidly—is trying to win the balance of power. Each side is out for himself—and devil take the public. Each side charges the other side with insincerity, bad faith. Neither side is one whit more moral or virtuous or unselfish than the other side. For there are good capitalists and bad arbitrary capitalists, good workers and bad workers, and good, justifiable strikes and bad, outlaw strikes.

But, intrinsically, it is a line-up of power—naked power. And power in itself is neither good nor bad, moral nor immoral. Like electricity or water power, it all depends on what is done with it. If, let us say for the sake of example, the power of capital is employed to exploit this country, gut its natural resources in the shortest possible time, at the lowest possible cost of production, just for the sake of amassing more millions or of satisfying a lust for power or the intoxication that swinging such stupendous propositions brings—then that power is being used in a vicious direction and should be curbed. Or if the power of industry is used to gain economic control of the country for the benefit of one particular group alone, and to pull down the present Government, which aims to sustain the just demands of all groups—then that power is being used in a vicious direction, and should be curbed.

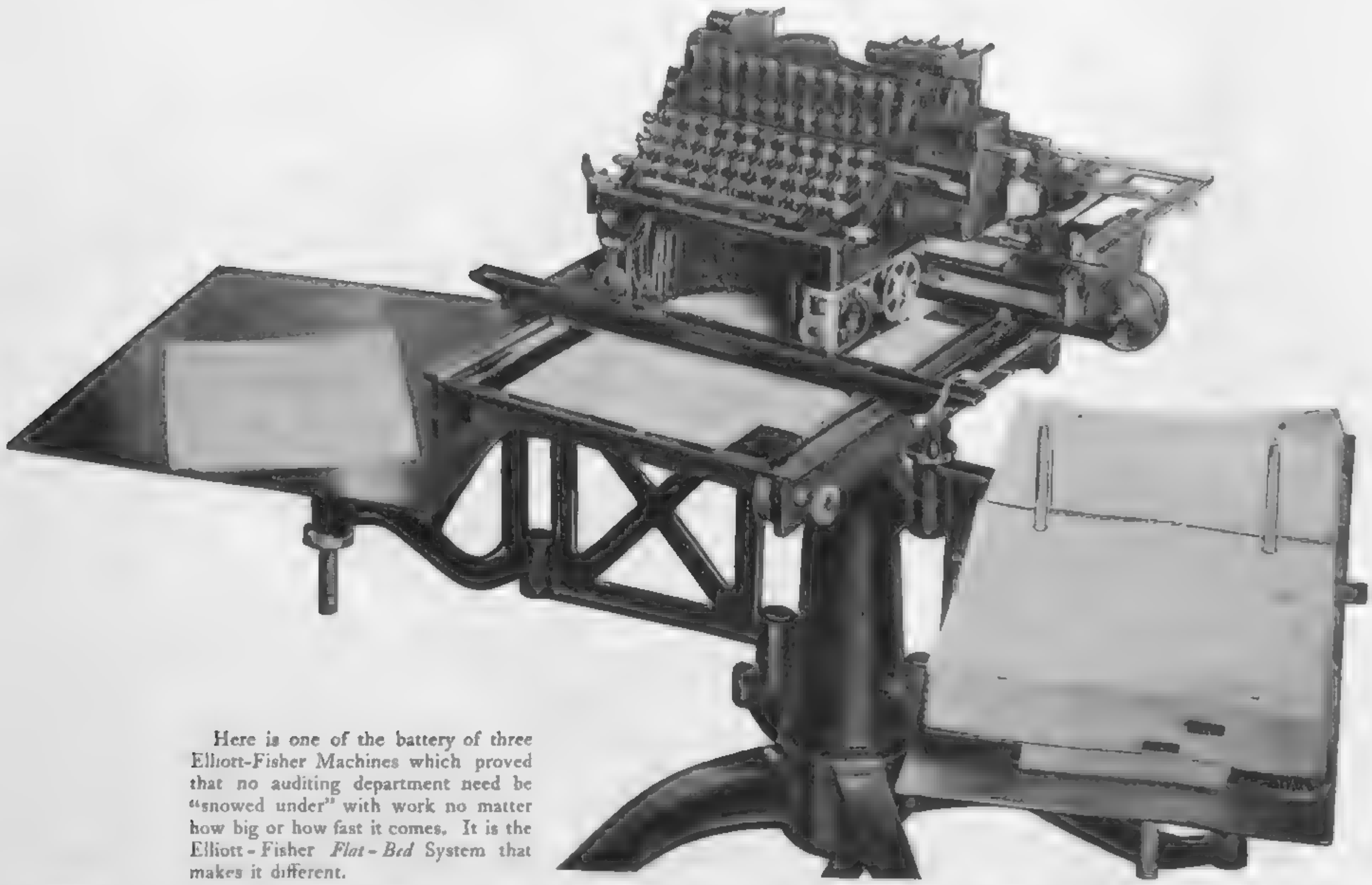
Neither the arm power of industry nor the money and brain power of capital is perfect, sacrosanct or infallible. Both are at bottom driven by the same primitive urge: Self-interest, a bigger place in the sun. Both need a lot of watching. Both have certain inalienable rights—and with those rights go certain inalienable responsibilities. Both sides do a powerful lot of yelling about their rights; but I have yet to hear since my return either side rise up in meeting and testify how he meant to tackle his responsibilities. Both sides are deaf mutes when it comes to that angle of the theme. And that significant deaf-and-dumb attitude on the question of responsibility is the nigger in the woodpile in both camps. Speak up, honorable gentlemen who represent workers, and likewise honorable gentlemen who represent employers. Bury the hatchet of your differences—your just and inalienable rights—and let us hear you orate for a while on your just and inalienable responsibilities. Chin music on such a subject would seem beautiful as the fabled divine harmony of the spheres to the invisible third party to the contract—that poor, meek, long-suffering contingent, ground between the upper and the nether millstones of the struggle, which is called the general public.

Said the manager of a big furniture store in New York to me this summer, when I complained of three consecutive increases in the price of an article inside of three consecutive months: "Yes, that's right. We've raised three times. You see, we've just had one continuous strike after another of late, and we've given the men what they wanted each time. Had to. And we don't care. We just clamp the extra pay on to the general public."

A good old scout, that General Public! I hope your heart and liver and lungs and bank account are O. K., *mon cher*

(Continued on Page 120)

Big Firm's Auditing Department Sets New Record by Successfully Handling over 200,000 Separate Invoices for Payment, on Purchases of Supplies and Raw Materials, all within Six Months.



Here is one of the battery of three Elliott-Fisher Machines which proved that no auditing department need be "snowed under" with work no matter how big or how fast it comes. It is the Elliott-Fisher *Flat-Bed* System that makes it different.

Elliott-Fisher

Flat-Bed System of Accounting—Bookkeeping—Billing—Recording

Western Automobile Concern Saves Discounts on $20,000,000 With Three Elliott-Fisher Machines

ONE of America's Largest High-Class Automobile Manufacturers in the Middle West, with eight factories and an army of employees, solves his accounting difficulties and saves thousands of dollars in discounts on the purchase of supplies through the speed and accuracy of the Elliott-Fisher Flat-Bed System.

The business of this nationally known concern* requires the purchase of supplies with such rapidity and volume that every accounting method employed broke down until an Elliott-Fisher System was installed.

Since January First, 1919, the date the present system went into operation, all discounts have been taken, despite the fact that all accounting is done at a central office and delays have to be overcome constantly, such as receiving O. K.'d invoices from branch factories located from one to three mail days away.

Some of the accounts handled are as low as 15 cents and the average is under $100 on the entire total of $20,000,000 purchased, between January and July, 1919.

These results have been obtained the first half year the Elliott-Fisher System has been installed, with a 4:45 p. m. closing hour and *no overtime*.

Elliott-Fisher is a system which permits making all records of a transaction at *one operation;* carbons are clear and in perfect registration. All figures are proved as written.

The human element is minimized. The *Flat Writing Surface* of the machine facilitates handling all types of forms, books, cards.

This system applied to your business will simplify, economize, and expedite *all* your accounting problems. Write for details.

*Name on request.

Elliott-Fisher Company, Harrisburg, Pa., and 100 Branches

-Fisher

Flat-Bed System of Accounting—Bookkeeping—Billing—Recording

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général, to stand all this pressure. It's giving some of us double pneumonia of the pocketbook.

What struck me upon my return was the artificial or imported grounds of some of our industrial troubles. For the logical, fundamental causes of industrial unrest may be boiled down to the following: Scarcity of food; scarcity of man power; scarcity of money; scarcity of raw materials or of industrial plants. In addition, a government may be so autocratic, rigid and oppressive that the people may suffer chronically from a combination of the above causes, as was the case of the Italians under their petty princes, the French before the Revolution, and the Russians under the czar.

But these fundamental causes of unrest do not exist in America. Some of them do still exist in Europe. And in order to expose the roots of this subject, which touches us all so closely, I am going to outline some of the problems of the workers in Europe, so that we may see how fundamentally different is our problem here, and how ideas and methods, the evolution of bitter ages, which are the weapons the European workers have forged to fight their battles with, are not the weapons needed in our republic.

To begin with France: For four years France has been the cockpit of the world, and she shows it. She possesses practically all the fundamental grounds of complaint which I named above as valid causes of industrial unrest. Her raw man power has been killed or hopelessly maimed to the extent of two million lives. A large proportion of her mines and factories have been put out of commission by Germany. Her coal supply is scarce. She has no raw materials. And the value of the franc has fallen so low that her capitalists may not buy in the markets of the world except at a ruinous rate of exchange.

Causes of Discontent

All these factors react directly and disastrously upon the workers, the peasant farmers, the miners and demobilized soldiers seeking a job. No jobs. Nothing doing. Or jobs which are all work and no pay. Last spring the French Government found itself so impoverished, so pressed by multitudinous demands that it could not furnish seed for the peasant farmers in the northern devastated regions to put in their crops. 'And had not American philanthropic societies come to his aid old Jacques Bonhomme would have been forced to sit and twiddle his thumbs while the precious spring season rolled by. Now there is little danger of Bonhomme's becoming a Bolshevist. He is far too hard-headed, industrious and conservative.

And yet he has some just grievances. Last spring I used to see him upon the snowy roads, rheumatic, all too thinly clad, often limping from some old wound, tramping ten, fifteen, twenty kilometers to the nearest commune center to obtain seed for his little farm. And when he arrived the odds were fifty-fifty that the Red Cross helper would say: "Sorry, monsieur. Nothing left. You'll have to come back another day." Nothing for it, then, but to tramp the long way back, and repeat the process—with the same chance luck upon another day. These and a thousand other irritations of bureaucracy had so embittered Bonhomme's spirit and outraged his sense of justice that if you talked with him he would declare savagely that he'd turn socialist for half a sou! Join those lazy rascals of syndicalists in town, who wanted to tear down the government because they were too lazy to work! One gnarled old ex-poilu, who had tramped ten kilometers for seed, only to be disappointed in the end, broke down and

wept—those hard, scant tears of middle age—as he poured out to me the tale of his wrongs.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" he cried. "In America, that country so rich as I have heard, your Government does not serve a poor honest man thus!"

Why did not the French Government help? Because it was already overburdened; because it was otherwise engaged. But at bottom, in hard reality, it was because the peasant's time and the peasant's life have always been cheap in France.

And that brings me to the French Government, which is a factor in the present unrest. The French have had four revolutions, all of them bloody, and still their form of government is not so supple, so independent, so truly and essentially democratic as that of England, which has won her victories not by the guillotine and street barricades but by hammering away on her reform bills. One reason for this is that though the French as a race are beyond peradventure the most original thinkers on the face of the globe, and have been the pioneers, the trail blazers in the realms of pure science, philosophy, art and theories of government, yet when it comes to the laborious practical application of these same principles to the prosaic problems of everyday life, your average Frenchman is not there. It's the idea which intrigues him, and not the practical application thereof.

A French soldier, telephonist at one of their advance listening posts during the war, told me that he and his comrades would rig up the most elaborate and perfect secret-code system of telephoning so that the Hun in his advanced listening gallery might not understand the orders.

"But," he laughed, "we never used the code after we made it; or we used it just long enough to see if it would work. After that we lapsed into French again!"

The fun was in creating the code. And that in a nutshell is the chief difference between the French and the American points of view. The Frenchman demands: "Explain to me the philosophy of the idea." The American says: "Hang the philosophy. Let's see how the darn thing works. Could I use it in my business?" The Frenchman does not think of proving up and cashing in on his ideas. He keeps them in one compartment and his practical conduct of life in another, with water-tight bulkheads in between. Mentally he is the biggest, boldest adventurer that ever sailed the unknown, uncharted seas of thought. Practically he is bound by conventions, ancestral traditions and hoary old customs which clothe him and cling to him as ivy clings to a moldering old wall. He thinks in the future but he walks in the past.

The French Government is a practical demonstration of this. It is a bureaucracy, comparable to Dickens' famous Circumlocution Office, where nothing gets done; where petty, officious—and the more petty the more officious—clerks fiddle and tinker about all day endeavoring to make their particular department even more action-proof. Woe betide a proposition or a mission if it gets becalmed in one of those small Sargasso Seas! Not that the clerks take no cognizance of your request—taking cognizance is the very best thing they do. But that's as far as it goes. Every week comes a polite little note saying: "Madame, we have had the honor to receive your communication relative to so-and-so, and we wish to assure you that your request is under consideration. Receive, madame, the expression of our distinguished sentiments."

Every week a note just like that. Week after week. No action. Just cognizance. Upon one occasion, when I had put in a request for permission to make a trip in the French military zone, those letters kept on arriving long after I had made the trip—which I achieved by private influence—returned to Paris, written it up and sent the article back to America. Finally I went down to the office.

"Look here," I said, "I want you to kill that request to go to X."

"Oh, that's all right," beamed the clerk. "Mademoiselle's case marches. It marches very well."

"But I don't want to go now."

"Patience, mademoiselle. Consider. Yours is not the only demand in this office."

"But, listen—I don't want to go! I don't want to go because I've already gone."

"*Comment?* Mademoiselle has gone—without permission?"

"No. Monsieur Tel-et-Tel gave me a letter to your chief."

At once he was all discreet smirks and smiles.

"Oho! Mademoiselle has friends. But that's another pair of gloves."

And he bowed me to the door as if I were Louise de La Vallière. A two-franc piece accidentally dropped into an accidentally adjacent palm made him thereafter my particular cognizance man.

Adventures in Red Tape Jungles

But without influence a poor person might importune those bureaus for years without avail. A brave, self-supporting little French widow whose two sons were at the war put in a request for a weekly allotment with which to send parcels of food to her sons at the Front. In 1914 she put in that request, and at irregular intervals, thereafter, when she could find time she repaired to the bureau, sat long hours in the frigid anteroom, and if by good luck she achieved the inner sanctum a clerk would take down her complete case afresh, look up her *dossier* in a vast dusty pile, return and report ambiguously: "Madame, your case is under consideration. It marches."

"And—and when will it be acted on, monsieur?" poor, affrighted little Madame Friant would stammer, urged on by stark need.

Now such a question in a Circumlocution Office is regarded as the height of bad form, because it makes a subtle accusation of—well, procrastination. And the clerk would swell up majestically and thunder: "Madame, I have told you that your case is under consideration. Do you think that France has nothing to do but to look after your petty affairs?"

Whereupon the poor little suppliant would shrink up and evaporate noiselessly from the presence of the law, not to return again until a certain specter wolf of need would begin quietly to dog her footsteps and push her into that bureau again. But one day Madame Friant appeared at my door in a mixture of laughter and tears.

"What do you think has happened?" she cried. "Something very amusing—very bizarre. This morning in my mail was a fine big envelope—oh, very imposing, august. And up in one corner the inscription: *Ministère de la Guerre*. And my concierge said as she handed me the letter: 'Aha, petite Friant! You're somebody. You're in government circles. The Minister of War writes to you. *C'est chic, ça!*' Well, mademoiselle, I kept wondering what was in that letter all during breakfast, for if you will believe me I had not the courage to break the seal. At length I opened it. And what do you think was

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Soft Water
and Your Bill for Wearing Apparel

Above—A blouse washed in hard water. Note its grayness, caused by the insoluble scum that hard water leaves. Below—A similar blouse laundered in soft water. Observe its complete cleanliness.

The sum you pay annually for wearing apparel is determined by a number of factors—your own tastes, the quality of the purchases you make, the wear you give them, the frequency with which you buy, and *water*.

Of these, water is one of the most important. If soft water is employed in the washing of your things, they will wear much longer than will be so if hard water is used. It is for this reason that modern laundries employ soft water in their laundering work.

Most water is hard. The hardness of this average water is about ten degrees. If soap is added to this water, an insoluble scum is produced—it is this scum, usually, and not soil from the body, which makes that familiar "ring" that forms in the bathtub.

When clothes are washed in hard water, this scum fills the pores in the weave and gives fabrics a gray hue. To remove this coating, the laundress must use a very large quantity of soda, and rub more vigorously than is good for the clothes—your bills for what you wear are increased.

A chemist, Dr. Robert Gans, discovered that if hard water is filtered in a special way it can be made just as soft as rainwater. Modern laundries accordingly use this Gans method to make their own "rainwater."

Things washed in the filtered water become clean quickly with the help of a minimum amount of soap and a simple process of sousing and rinsing—apparel lasts longer and your bills for what you wear are lessened.

In modern laundries as many as 600 gallons of this velvety water play over your clothes during every washing. Water that is discolored is drawn off and pure is added as many as from nine to twelve times while washing is in progress.

This soft water laundering process is only one of the many helps that modern laundries have evolved for the benefit of the housewife.

If you would be free from the labor of washday, send your family bundle to one of the modern laundries in your city.

The American Laundry Machinery Company

Executive Offices, Cincinnati

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inside? 'Twas this: 'Madame, with respect to your request for a weekly allotment we have the honor to inform you that the affair is under consideration. Receive, madame,' and so on. That was all. After four years! Oh, mademoiselle, is not life bizarre? And, at bottom, not amusing."

Journalists and army officers and members of missions learned during the course of the war that if they wished to accomplish their duty before time commingled with eternity they should avoid that front door of the bureau, which was the entrance to the dead Sargasso Sea, and try the side or rear entrance with letters or influence.

Now this practice of getting action, not by straight-ahead government procedure but by subtle side-door intrigue, has its roots in something very deep in the French tradition. For in the days of the empire when the plainest human rights were only privileges, bestowed or withheld by whim, that was the way they did things—by currying favor with the mother of the king, or with his mistress, or with his favorite prime minister. Weren't they quaint! So this penchant for intrigue and the patronage of the high is not just a picturesque weakness of the people. They practice that system because they always practiced it—because in former times it was the sole road to achievement. And now that their kings and princes have departed via My Lady Guillotine to the pale Elysian Fields the people go on practicing it because it has become a tradition. It is in their blood and the marrow of their bones.

One cannot turn an empire—and especially a rotten empire—into a first-class republic overnight. And France was an empire for many centuries, with a rigid caste system, an aristocracy that was practically a cult, with a fixed gulf between a gentleman and a peasant as deep as that which separated Lazarus in heaven from Dives down in hell; and even now there still exists in the people, in their instinct and habits of thought—and particularly in their modes of action—many remnants of empire days. They have what might be colloquially termed an empire hang-over. This accounts to a large extent for their roundabout modes of government.

It accounts also for the kind of organization the industrial workers have evolved for themselves in France. What I am trying to show is that a form of government or of a labor organization does not spring, perfect and full-grown, like Minerva, out of the heads of a few geniuses—or lunatics. It is a slow growth, and depends for development on the kind of conditions that surround it—just as the flow of a river cutting its way to the sea depends on the topography and the geologic character of the land.

Vestiges of Bourbonism

So much for the roundabout government of France and the empire hang-over. This hang-over also exhibits itself in an antagonism, often covered but for all that running very deep, which exists between the worker and those who in the old days were the rulers and made the law. Let me give some examples of what I mean. In the spring of 1918, when it was thought in Paris that the Germans might capture the city, an elderly Frenchwoman, owner of one of the most beautiful châteaux in the environs of Paris, began to store her furniture. As it consisted of rare museum pieces, exquisite in workmanship and design, this was not surprising. I went to see her.

"But why are you storing all these lovely old things?" I asked. "Do you really think the Germans will break through in this direction and sack the place?"

"Ah, you mistake me!" she replied quickly. "It's not the boches I fear—in the event of their victory. It's the French mob. I've good reason to fear them," she added with a gleam of passion. "They killed most of my ancestors."

This little old aristocrat of an ancient régime had a terror of the French populace such as is said to have haunted Napoleon. I observed the working of this antagonism upon another occasion. The American Red Cross had rented a farm in France for the reeducation of French *mutilés*, and were performing an excellent service. The ex-poilus, most of them of peasant ancestry, were picking up their broken lives, learning new improved farming methods under an agricultural expert—and naturally they blessed the name of America, which they never uttered save in accents of tenderness and naïve pride.

Grand Rapids of the Athabasca

Now the Frenchwoman from whom the Red Cross rented the land refused to permit the poilus—most of them still laboriously hopping about on one leg—to take a cross-cut through a vacant field, thereby forcing upon them a detour of more than a kilometer. And by every petty avaricious method that she could devise she poured forth her hatred upon those wrecks of men. Her favorite phrase was: *"Vive la guerre! Nous aurons moins de petits propriétaires.* (Long live the war! We shall have fewer small holdings.)"

An Echo of the Old Days

The brutality of this remark, uttered to men who had given the members of their bodies to save their country, served to light up as with a vivid sword flash of lightning those dark cruel old days when the small peasant landholders were at the mercy of the aristocrat overlord; and such remarks were not the exception but the rule. This old lady was but a left-over from the days of the empire. The rest of her crop—together with many noble and good—were wiped out during the Revolution.

I shall cite one more instance of the undercurrent of antagonism. It was during the strike in Paris of the workers in the subway—a strike which presently extended to the busses and surface trams, until the city was tied up in a double bowknot. Only the taxi men stayed out—and they reaped a golden harvest. During this season of distress the fares going in a similar direction often doubled up, two, three and even four customers using one cab. And at the crowded railway stations it happened not infrequently, after you succeeded in obtaining a taxi, for a stranger to approach and demand: "Madame—a thousand pardons!—but does your road lie in my direction? Will you permit me to share your cab?" And in the emergency, unless you were a churlish carl, you usually consented.

One night during this strike I arrived in Paris after dark. A somber drizzle had set in. The big open square before the station was deserted, not a single taxicab in sight. Only one ancient ramshackle horse cab, its somnolent white-hatted *cocher* wrapped in his great cape, remained on the rank. I gave him a hail. But just at that moment a woman with a black sateen apron and bearing a basket of vegetables jostled me out of the way and sprang into the cab. Thinking the rudeness was accidental I approached.

"Madame," I said, "will you permit me to share your carriage—if our roads lie together? It rains, and as you see there are no cabs."

For answer she leaned far out so that I could clearly distinguish the little mustache on her upper lip as she shook a brawny fist under my nose.

"Aha, you dirty aristocrats!" she cried. "'Tis your turn now to walk—and we—we, the people—we ride!"

It seemed to me as if I had suddenly been shot back a whole century.

"But I'm not an aristocrat!" I protested. "I'm an American."

My villainous accent convinced her. She dropped the menacing fist, moved over her basket, reached down for my bag, and said kindly: "Mount! Mount, madame. The night is bad."

I got in meekly, wondering if the days of the Commune had returned, and this harsh-featured lady were one of those grim dames who used to sit and knit under the shadow of the guillotine. It turned out that she was the wife of a prosperous baker over by the Batignolles. Nor would she even permit me to pay my share for the cab when she discovered that I was not her hereditary foe!

Talk Louder Than Action

All this discussion of ancient antagonisms might seem beside the point were it not that in this article we are looking at sources, roots, from which forms of government and organizations of industry have sprung. They will grow straight up, these forms, like a tree in the open free air, if allowed; but if thwarted and suppressed they will still find a way; they will grow—but they will grow twisted, flat along the ground or tortured into all sorts of monstrous, grotesque and illegitimate shapes. Now there is in the blood of the French a penchant, a leaning toward direct action, action outside the law—action even against the law, to pull down and destroy the law. This tendency has its source in that ancient grudge against the cursed aristocrats, who made and executed the laws of which the people bore the brunt.

Try as we may, we cannot get away from our ancestors. The dead do not die. They still live inside us. And so the French industrial movement, when it came into being, followed the traditional line of least resistance in outlining a platform, a policy, which stood for direct action rather than indirect action; which stood for activities outside or even against the existing form of government.

This theory of industrial labor is called syndicalism. Syndicalism, the simon-pure article, aims to abolish the present republican form of government and to set up in its place a government for and by the industrial workers—in effect, an autocracy controlled by a single class. It is in sympathy with the Third Internationale—the present Russian soviet government under the control of the Bolsheviats, where such overthrow has already taken place.

That is the pure theory. But in actual practice—and in practice, as I have already pointed out, France is extremely conservative—the whole movement is not so radical as one might suspect. That is to say, the French do not act so loudly as they talk. And the Confédération Générale du Travail—the C. G. T., as it is popularly termed—which is the official organization representing the industrial workers, numbers among its leaders many sane and moderate men. Even with four revolutions behind it in history, to pave the way, the organization is not so all-fired revolutionary. Perhaps I should better say, because of the four revolutions behind it it is not so revolutionary. For in those four revolutions, bloody and agonizing, France did not accomplish for her people so much as England has accomplished without a revolution under a monarchy. It begins to look as if there might be something the matter with this weapon of bloody revolution.

A Victory for Law and Order

As a matter of fact there are among the leaders of the industrial movement in France men who are Moderates, Liberals, Socialists, as well as members of the extreme left wing who favor the soviet brand of autocracy. But this extreme left wing of revolutionary radicals do not rule the movement. They are in the minority. Also, as an element of moderation, is to be added the fact that France has just been through one terrible war. She has had enough bloodshed for a while. The mind of the poilu balks at the thought of more blood. He wants his working conditions bettered, to be sure, but not by means of the bayonet and the barricade. And so the C. G. T. slowly but definitely is altering its course, turning its face away from revolution and embarking upon the course of settling its problems by means of the law. It is the crisis, the crossroads of the whole French industrial movement.

For France to embrace sovietism is for her to return to the terrible days of the Commune. And accordingly, when recently the workers won the eight-hour day, not by violence but by legislative action by the French Parliament, it was a defeat for Bolshevism and a victory for the law. This, when one considers the stern industrial problem which confronts France to-day, is a far greater triumph than we in America can conceive. To turn away from direct action when direct action is in your blood, to decide to put grievances up to the law for adjustment when suspicion of the law is your heritage—that kind of action reveals better than anything else the real stamina in France beneath all her fret and foam.

Doubtless the coming elections in France at which the demobilized soldiers vote will tend to ease still further the tension. For the present administration, never strong, which has been in power since 1914, has become afflicted, as one of its own leaders declared in the Chamber of Deputies, with senile paralysis from all the stresses and strains it has endured. Certainly fresh blood in the government to handle all the gigantic post-war problems will be a gain not only to the workers but to the nation as a whole.

To capitulate briefly the labor situation in France: First of all, the country has real grounds for industrial unrest. These are the loss of her man power, of her mines and factories, the scarcity of raw materials with the consequent high cost of living and the depression in the value of the franc. In addition to these physical external grounds of unrest she has a hereditary trend toward revolution, an ancient grudge—dwindling

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Fits Any Ice Box

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but not dead—against aristocrats, which grudge extends to the law. In that environment, with that historic background, has come into being the organization of industrial workers—the C. G. T.—with a bent toward action outside of and against the existing form of government. But that bent the moderates and the constructive leaders of the government have thus far combated successfully, and the general drift of the movement shows definite signs of turning its back on revolution and of hitching up with the principle of threshing out its problems by law.

If I have sketched the conditions in France rather than those of other countries on the Continent it is because France is to Eastern and Southeastern Europe, industrially and economically, what America is to France—an upheld radiant lamp illuminating the dark, a torch guiding the way. Outside of France living conditions for the workers grow worse and worse. Here actual starvation lifts its gaunt specter head. In Belgium hundreds of thousands of workers, refugees in France and England during the war, returned after the Armistice to their native land. They returned to a staggering high cost of living, to a staggering low standard of wages, bankrupt employers, and a deficit all along the line. There's real cause of unrest for you! Nothing artificial about that; nothing faked. It's the empty stomach that makes your true radical; and the empty stomachs in Europe would make the American workingman look like a caricature of Taft.

Full Stomachs and Empty Heads

"Madame," said a woman one day, halting me on a street in Brussels, "for the sake of humanity, and because you are a woman, stop and listen to me." I listened. "I came down here from Charleroi, where my three children are, to see if I could get relief from the committee. But the head of the committee whom I must see, she is not in town, and they told me to wait. But I have waited two days—and still she does not return. And now I have spent all that I have, and I have no way to return to my children in Charleroi. The committee tell me to wait. But I have no money to wait—and I have no money to return! I ask myself: 'What are my children doing?' Madame, I think I am about to go mad!"

I poured some money into her hand and she ran off, sobbing, toward the station.

"Do you suppose she was a fraud?" I asked a Brussels member of the relief committee the next day.

"Alas, no," she replied. "Our poor country is full to overflowing with just such cases of desperate need."

As a contrast to the above, the other day there defiled past my window in New York a Russian Bolshevist parade—afterward dispersed by the police. The paraders, I observed, were comfortably clad, with sturdy shoes and warm suits. Their faces were not gaunt or pinched. No abdominal emptiness here. The vacuum was above the collar bone.

So much for the general labor situation abroad. England I have not dealt with—but England is in the same boat with France in regard to losses of men, money and ships. But England is going after the problem in a broad, human way. She is threshing out her problems by means of government committees and arbitration boards, compromising, yielding or standing firm as the individual situation may dictate. This sort of political game England plays much better than we do. Her labor leaders are better trained and disciplined in statesmanship. Her workers are more homogeneous and solid and there are fewer alien races to handle. In addition, she is attacking the question—by all odds the biggest question of our day—not by French or Italian or Russian methods but in accordance with her own psychology, with the instincts and traditions and historical background of the English-speaking race. She is bringing to it the best brains of the country. And England's best brains are hard to beat.

The Acid Test

The acid test of any form of government is what it does in the way of general education, general opportunity, and in lifting the standards of living not for the few, the élite, but for the great masses of the people; in providing for these not only means to obtain food, clothes, shelter and decent hours of labor but also in fostering individual independence, individual intelligence, individual spirituality. It was these latter qualities which Germany left out of her great militaristic program—and which now she has got to build back into her national edifice.

From this acid test the United States emerges with a fairly high grade. It does not assay one hundred per cent pure gold. It's too imperfect in spots for us to brag about without feeling uneasy. Nevertheless, lumping everything together, the principle which we're so laboriously working out has brought the citizens of this land farther than the citizens of any other land along that road toward the City Perfect in the Mountain Delectable toward which the soul of man has so persistently hankered through the ages.

It is not the purpose of this article to go into the details of the present industrial unrest in America, but rather to picture the unrest of Europe; to show how certain valid causes for the discontent which exists on the Continent do not exist in America; and how, in addition, the old oppressive forms of government fixed the lives and the thoughts of the people into a bitter mold of hatred against the law.

This tradition tyranny is particularly true of the Russians. The itch, the urge for revolution is in their very finger tips. Their emotions stray in that direction instinctively because they have strayed in that same direction for ages, until now it is become the one big open thoroughfare of their minds. All other roads lead into it. They can't keep off it. It is an obsession, a disease. They are so wedded to the thought of action obtained by violence that they scoff at the idea of action obtained any other way. Anybody who stands up for the present democratic form of government is a bourgeois, a Bourbon. Anybody who wants to smash things is a revolutionist—a glorious martyr!

Now all of us desire action, forward progress, freedom. That is the goal of all the peoples of the earth. The Bolshevists and radical reds have no exclusive copyright on that desire. It's in the methods of obtaining the goal where the difference occurs.

In other words, if you want to open a bottle there are two modes of attack. One mode is to smash the bottle. The other is to employ a corkscrew. Of course it is presumed you know how to use a corkscrew. And it is presumed also that your corkscrew is a decent, respectable instrument—none of that *ersatz* stuff such as I met with over in a castle in Germany, where four cheap tin imitations, which bent like hairpins, failed to get into a bottle of sour Rhine wine, and eventually we were compelled to call in the butler, a nice old thing who waited on Her Sacred Imperial Highness, first cousin to the Kaiser; and he produced a corkscrew with which he was wont to extract the corks for Mrs. Hohenzollern—and when we looked, behold, that corkscrew was patented in the U. S. A.! As a method, corkscrew extraction is not nearly so dramatic and picturesque as smashing the bottle, but it is more modern, and it conserves the liquid inside.

Corkscrew Government

Now the United States is a corkscrew type of government, and its people are a corkscrew type of people. As a nation and as individuals we go after problems with a corkscrew, applying pressure in the region where it will do the most good, tugging, sweating, ofttimes cursing, with all hands standing round giving expert and inexpert advice, but somehow or other getting most of our obstinate corks pulled. Now the prosaic corkscrew in this metaphor is the law. And the hands gripping it are the hands of a self-ruling people. The hands could smash the bottle if they liked, but they have agreed on the use of the corkscrew.

And should it ever come to a showdown in this land between the two methods it would not be hard to guess on which side the great body of Americans would stand. Why, you poor, old, obsolete prophets of violence and despair, pathologic derelicts of a dead dynasty, where do you suppose you'd stand if America should take a straw ballot on the proposition as to which of the two methods she'd indorse? You'd be snowed under so far that it would take a hundred years to dig yourself out, digging union time at the rate of eight hours a day.

It is possible, after Russia has settled down and the chaos of the revolution is past, that the time may come when her citizens—all of her citizens and not just one class—will enjoy the benefits of education, of opportunity and of decent working conditions which prevail in America to-day. But her present generation will not see it. For it takes more than the wave of a bloody revolutionary hand to accomplish such results. It takes time; yes, and the friction of honestly opposed wills, and moderation, and brave compromise, and all the slow forces of evolution, to accomplish such a result. And to-day Russia is a one-class autocracy under a dictator, just as formerly she was a one-class autocracy under a czar.

Lenine the Autocrat

Upon this subject the report of Lincoln Steffens, whom the Peace Conference sent to investigate conditions in Russia, says:

"The soviet form of government which sprang up so spontaneously all over Russia is established. It is not a paper thing; not an invention. Never planned, it has not yet been written into the forms of law. It is full of faults and difficulties; clumsy, and, in its final development, it is not democratic. The present Russian Government is the most autocratic government I have ever seen. Lenine, the head of the soviet government, is farther removed from the people than the czar was, or than any actual ruler of Europe is. . . .

"The people in a shop or an industry are a soviet. These little informal soviets elect a local soviet, which elects delegates to the government—state—soviet. The government soviets together elect delegates to the All-Russian Soviet, which elects commissaries, who correspond to our Cabinet. And these commissaries finally elect Lenine. He is thus five or six times removed from the people. To form an idea of his stability, independence and power, think of the process that would have to be gone through with by the people to remove him and elect a successor. A majority of all the soviets in all Russia would have to be changed in personnel or opinion, recalled, or brought somehow to recognize and represent the altered will of the people."

In comparison with the absolute imperial power wielded by Lenine the former czar was a simple democrat! Nor are all classes of people represented in these soviets—only the peasants. And only the poorer, more illiterate peasants at that. In connection with this Mr. Steffens says:

"The poorer peasants and soldiers at the village inn were the first soviets in the country; and in the beginning, two years ago, these lower-class delegates used to explain to me that 'the rich peasants' and

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'the rich people' had their own meetings and meeting places. The popular intention then was not to exclude the upper classes from the government but only from the soviets, which were not then one and the same thing."

But in the course of the revolution these soviets of the poorer peasants became the sole instrument of government, and everybody outside of them—the richer peasants, the bourgeoisie as well as the aristocrats; in short, everybody who had climbed up a few rungs on the ladder of prosperity—was simply pinched out of any representation whatsoever. They had no say. Those who did attempt to register their say were wiped out by the red terror.

That is the type of autocracy which exists in Russia to-day. That is the type of autocracy which the Bolshevists, the I. W. W.'s, the revolutionaries and a few parlor lunatics are trying to foist upon America. Honestly, is that kind of stuff good enough for us? Did our boys—and our girls too—go over to Europe by the millions to fight against autocracy only to come back and find that same bloody old marauder stalking round at home; stalking round in sheep's clothing, slinking among the sheep—yes, we're a lot of us sheep and mutton heads too—and saying: "Let's have a soviet here in America! Oh, the fine soviet in Russia! Oh, the grand and noble soviet in Russia! Let's pull down this miserable bourgeois Government made by George Washington—a damned aristocrat; and Benjamin Franklin—a social climber; and Abraham Lincoln—an ambitious predatory lawyer. Let's have a little red terror! Let's have a soviet America!"

Not much, my pathological friend. I'm sorry for you. You're what a dark, crooked and dangerous government has made you; you're what hunger and cold and disease and false imprisonment through the ages have made you—a nut. But you can't steer our ship; you're not big enough, free enough, sane enough. And you've got to stop rocking the boat.

What has all of this to do with our present labor troubles to-day? This: Our labor difficulties may be divided into two distinct types or brands. The one is the straight clash between employers and employees; the inability to find a common meeting ground; the obstinate reluctance—on both sides—to yield certain principles to arbitration. The second kind of discord, far more sinister and profound, is that fomented inside the ranks of labor by Bolshevists, reds and I. W. W.'s, who don't want labor and capital to agree; don't want accord; don't want better wages or better hours; who hate equally capital and the Federation of Labor, because both equally stand as obstructions in the path to their goal; and that goal is a row, a wreck, the red terror, revolution—soviet America. These radicals with their imported doctrines are trying to disrupt the Federation of Labor—which, whatever its defects, is a native American product and has done much to lift the standards of life for our workingmen—by joining its ranks and trying to scuttle it from the inside.

Thus we have outlaw strikes, engineered by the I. W. W.'s. Thus we have honest labor leaders advising the unions to abide by their contracts and the results of arbitration, and we see them howled down by the passionate revolutionary crowd, who would like to bolt the entire body of American labor into their own vicious ranks. They are injecting into the situation foreign methods, foreign ideas. Their goal, should they achieve it, would wreck not only America, it would wreck the world. For the world in this after-war crisis is depending on America.

Now these wild fellows must be kicked out of American labor organizations, and the union members inside the organizations are the men who must kick them out. If they don't the time will come when the radicals will kick them out. Outlaws must be treated as outlaws by honest men or law itself will cease. Every obstinate irresponsible workman who refuses to vote to arbitrate his grievances; and every obstinate irresponsible employer who refuses to meet duly elected representatives of labor, or to arbitrate with them, declaring that he, the employer, is capable of running his own business without public interference, alleging that such public interference is an infringement of his inalienable rights as a citizen—so argued the slave owners before the war—that workingman and that employer are playing directly into the hands of this third group, antagonistic to both, which desires to wipe them both, and the entire Government, off the slate. Neither employer nor employee sees clearly this third lurking figure, which intends if it gets a chance to assassinate them both.

And this, I think, covers the ground pretty fairly why I prefer to live in America. It elucidates my Western friend's remark. Yes, we are crude, we are vulgar, we are new. But we have got hold of a principle, of a method of procedure, which we've tested out for a hundred years; a principle which benefits all classes; which amalgamates all the races that come to our shores, so that they are no longer Irish, nor Italian, nor Polish, nor German—but plain Americans. We have millionaires who were immigrants from Sweden, from Egypt, Japan, China, Greece, the isles of the sea. Yes, we are crude. But if Europe and Asia would do their share in disseminating ideas of freedom, decency, sanitation and education among their masses America wouldn't have such a darned big whale of a job on her hands. She'd have more time to be picturesque! As it is, she has to reeducate them, reshape them from the ground up.

How did our troops—made up of every race under the sun—stack up with the troops of Europe? How did they compare in physical stature, health, cleanliness, education, independence of mind, resourcefulness in tight corners—as well as in their ideas concerning womanhood? What did our men think of the German workingwomen who toil like beasts of burden? This is not a contention that the American at bottom is one whit better than the European; but it is a contention that living under the American form of government, with the advantages it confers on its people, tends to give its citizens a bigger, saner, cleaner outlook upon life. And that is why we must not turn back the pages of history and accept doctrines, ideas, principles which belong to another age, another country, another blood.

The world situation is too critical, Europe is too sick for us not to stop, take mental stock of our attitudes as individuals, as workers, and determine which of these two methods we intend to indorse. Even after we've kicked out our foreign firebrands there's still the other half of the problem to solve. And that other half of the problem in itself is so grave that it is going to require all the intelligence, moderation and sense of responsibility that America can muster. If we fail, through obstinacy or selfishness or incapacity, with that lurking figure in the background—then we deserve to fail.

THE SINS OF SAINT ANTHONY

(Continued from Page 17)

She might have been a wild woman out of the Nibelungenlied or one of the fatal enchantresses of the Icelandic sagas.

Freya hurled herself into the Fairmoor party like a devastating flame. She danced—as all grand opera singers do—with a vast and threatening gesture. But though she had no sense of rhythm she dearly loved exercise, which established compensation. The Fairmoor men, married or single, seemed to rush into her sublime embrace like chips into a whirlpool, while the Fairmoor women withdrew to the side lines, to squeak and gibber venomously.

"She looks and acts," said Valeria Vincent, "like a passionate cook."

This remark trickled among the jealous wives and maidens of Fairmoor and brought them some comfort.

Anthony, of course, was on the crest of his wave of popularity among the men. He was besieged for introductions to the conquering Scandinavian and he distributed these favors with an impartial hand. But he maintained the rights of the possessor firmly also. When a victim had languished in the embrace of the operatic pythoness a little too long he would step out on the dancing floor with the air of a master and tap Freya on her shoulder. Then with a glad cry of surrender she would release her partner and encircle Fairmoor's Galahad.

Persis sulked, of course, when she wasn't dancing with her aviator and contributed her share of sharp feminine epigrams to the theme of the evening. She did not tell Anthony, however, what she thought of Freya. She didn't get an opportunity.

Mrs. Vincent, however, decided to exercise her franchise of impertinence.

"Where did you discover that beautiful monster, Tony?" she asked after she had made him dance with her. "Did you engage her at an employment bureau? What does it all mean?"

"She was sent to me by heaven to comfort my blasted life," he told her.

"How did you meet her?"

"That's a secret."

"You don't mean to say you like her?"

"Why not? She appreciates me at my true worth."

"You're showing some speed, Tony."

"Watch my smoke!"

IV

A MONTH later Anthony's immaculate thirty years in Evanston had been completely forgotten and he was firmly established as the town rake. Freya had come and gone with the closing of the Ravinia season, but there had been others, each of them regarded as a flagrant advertisement that Anthony was scattering roses riotously. He had dropped all of his old friends and developed a habit of turning up at Fairmoor with flamboyant ladies in tow. He did nothing actionable under the club's laws for decent behavior. His companions were of the kind that could be introduced to Fairmoor's bravest and best without question, but they were all of the kind that caused talk.

There was, for instance, the married woman from Chicago, ten years older than himself, whom he brought out often for afternoons of golf. She was known to be riding hard for a divorce, without being particular in her choice of a corespondent, and she had a dangerous husband. She and Anthony played without caddies and always brazenly left the course at the third hole to stroll over into the adjoining forest reserve.

"Of course there are plenty of picnickers in the reserve," said Valeria Vincent when she heard of this idyllic custom, "but it's disgusting of Tony just the same. She's almost old enough to be his mother—and that little toad of a husband of hers is capable of anything. When he files his bill he will probably name every man in sight, and Tony can certainly be distinguished by the naked eye."

Then there was the second stage vampire with whom Anthony replaced Freya Svendson at one of the dances—Jeannette Adair by name. She played the Babylonian Woman in Belshazzar's Feast, a spectacle of ancient debaucheries woven about a scriptural story. The costume she wore in Belshazzar's Feast was notorious for being the season's most ingenious arrangement of nudity and beads. Jeannette was a professional vampire drafted from motion pictures into the theater and she worked at her art on and off the stage as vehemently as if she were pumping up an automobile tire. She did not cause so much havoc at Fairmoor as the triumphant Freya, whose physical endowment she could not equal, but she managed to send most of the married couples home quarreling and she was regarded as proof that Anthony's degradation knew no bounds.

▼

ONE day Persis Meade humbly sought out Valeria Vincent for advice about Anthony. She still had her dapper knight of the air for steady companionship, but she was beginning to miss Anthony, now that he was lost in the wilderness.

"Do you think he would reform if I married him?" she asked wistfully of Valeria's superior wisdom.

"It's terrible, the way he's acting! I do want to help him. I feel responsible for him somehow."

"There's your aviator, remember! Aren't you responsible for him too?" Valeria wanted to know, with a touch of irony.

"I suppose so, but perhaps Bobby doesn't need me as much as Tony."

There was a ripple of laughter from Valeria.

"Apparently Tony doesn't need you at all, my dear—or any of us. He seems to be getting on famously without us, anyway. Why didn't you think of all this when Tony asked—when you had a chance?"

"I didn't believe he would go away and end everything and become a fiend," said Persis sadly.

"Then you really miss him?"

"I miss our talks and things. Tony was a great pal."

"But aviators are fascinating, aren't they? Well, I'm sure I don't know what you can do about it now—unless you want to propose to him. Could you go that far in your missionary zeal?"

"Well—tell him I want to see him, will you? He never comes near me now."

"Of course I will," Valeria promised. But she was not certain when she would fulfill that promise—whether it would be to-morrow, or next week, or next year.

VI

ABOUT this time Anthony ostentatiously moved out of the comfortable room in the College Club, where he had lived for years, and into an apartment, to the furnishing of which he devoted himself with great publicity. He interviewed all his friends about rugs and curtains and period bedroom sets and kitchenette utensils. Vans laden with household goods of luxurious appearance arrived at his new abode almost daily for a while. This was going to be a suspiciously ornate bachelor's establishment, it seemed.

At his housewarming, which was stag, his guests prowled about the flat and asked impertinent questions.

"Where's your collection of Japanese prints?" one of them demanded eagerly.

"You boys are too young to see them," Anthony said sternly.

"Why so many rooms for one lone bachelor?" another asked.

Anthony explained that he hoped to give a party now and then.

"That guest chamber looks very feminine to me," observed a cynic.

"I have an old maid aunt who lives in the country and is a great gadder. She might drop in on me, you know."

The guests went away agreeing among themselves that Anthony was a desperate character. They were confident that within six months the law would step in and abolish him.

"He can't get away with any of that stuff in this town," was their verdict.

So they toddled back to their celibate quarters in the College Club, each pretending to grieve over the moral collapse of their old friend.

Anthony lived there like a hermit—under amateur espionage—for several weeks, taking his breakfasts and dinners at the club as usual. Then he stopped coming in for meals. The spies failed to report any new clews, but his brother bachelors began to wonder at his absence from their table.

The explanation came from his own lips to some of Fairmoor's best gossips, male and female, in the aftermath of a bridge party. He was quite artless about it.

"I have a housekeeper now and take most of my meals at home," he said. "It's a kind of experiment in practical philanthropy. She's a little Italian girl about seventeen years old. Rather pretty too. An artist friend of mine told me about her. She came to his studio to get work as a model and fainted after she had posed for ten minutes. He discovered that she was half dead from hunger. Sounds like a play, doesn't it? She had run away from home—brutal Black-Hand stepfather and all that sort of thing. She couldn't get work at the shops because she didn't speak English well enough. Well, my artist friend kept her there in the studio for a day or two, but he didn't really need her as a model, and his wife got jealous, so he asked me if I couldn't do something for the poor child. So I've taken her in I practice my Italian on her, and she's a genius at cooking spaghetti. Her name is Angelina Rosa Benedetti."

If he had made such an announcement before the enormities of his debâcle had been committed Anthony would have been asked without delay a score of enthusiastic

(Concluded on Page 129)

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(Concluded from Page 127)

questions about his protégée. There would have been exclamations of feminine curiosity, a thrill of interest over the romantic situation, praise for his humanitarianism and offers of collaboration in the charitable enterprise. But for the Anthony believed to be capable of any turpitude there was in answer to his story nothing but a chilling silence. The bridge party stared at him blankly and with bated breath. It was interested indeed—much more deeply and poignantly interested than it would have been if Anthony had been his former self—but it did not care to express its interest in his presence.

At last Felicia—of Anthony's sentimental past—now the mother of stalwart twins, said frigidly: "That must be very convenient for you, Tony."

Then the bridge party broke up and drifted away from Anthony, the philanthropist, as if he had confessed to leprosy.

VII

"IT'S true," this same Felicia was telling Valeria and Persis excitedly. "I have seen her. I walked past Tony's apartment on the other side of the street and looked up at the living-room windows. She was there peering out from behind the curtains. Of course I couldn't stand there staring, so I can't say exactly what she is like, but she seemed very young and small and pale. Rather a refined face, I should say."

Persis blushed and said she didn't believe it. Valeria's brightness of demeanor seemed to pass under a winter cloud.

"I've talked it over with father," Felicia continued, "and he says we should investigate the matter carefully." Felicia's father was a clergyman. "So he telephoned Tony and asked if he couldn't call. He was very tactful. He said he would like to talk with the unhappy girl and offer her spiritual aid and comfort. But Tony told him she was a queer little thing who didn't talk much and wouldn't see visitors. 'She just wants to be alone,' the wretch said. 'She has had a sad life and isn't very well.' Can't you do something about it, Persis?"

Persis declared that she didn't want to see the creature.

"Of course Tony must marry her," Felicia declared with authority.

"Don't be so dictatorial, Felicia dear!" snapped Valeria. "I shall grant Tony the right of doing whatever he thinks best. He's a pretty good sort, no matter what has happened. If you or Persis or I had married him when he was a poor, forlorn, proposing idiot this would never have happened. So let her who is without sin among us cast the first slur. Do you think he must marry her, Persis?"

"Oh, I don't care what he does!"

With which Persis darted upstairs and didn't come down again until she was sure her nose wasn't red.

VIII

ANTHONY was preparing to regale himself at dinner in his abode of sin. "Angelina Rosa," he was saying with a flourish of his cocktail glass, "I drink to your beautiful though somewhat beady eyes."

The telephone bell rang.

"Tony? This is Valeria. You've done it this time! The Pharisees are coming to chastise you with rods!"

"Why so excited, Valeria? Please don't talk so fast—and try to be a little more intelligible."

"It's about that girl you are keeping in your flat. The Law and Order League has swung into action. The landlord is going to cancel your lease. A search warrant is going to be sworn out. If they find her there you will be arrested. The trustees of the Presbyterian church have canceled their contract with you for the new building. You're going to be expelled from Fairmoor and the College Club. You will probably be tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail."

"Say, where do you get that stuff?"

"From Felicia mostly, and it sounds as if much of it were true. Her father is president of the Law and Order League, you know."

"This is dreadful, Valeria! What do you advise me to do?"

"Get that girl out of there as soon as possible. To-night! Now! Don't let them catch you!"

"She's a pretty sick child, Valeria. She needs a woman's care. Will you help me?"

"Certainly I will! What can I do?"

"Well, my car is laid up for repairs ——"

"Mine's out in front now. I'll drive right over."

"Good girl! Ring the bell three times—two long and one short—and then come up quietly. We will be ready to start."

Valeria arrived, hot, breathless and pale with excitement. Anthony greeted her quizzically and led her into the living room. Valeria looked round wildly.

"Where is she?"

"Packing up. We'll have to wait a while. There's no great hurry, I think. I haven't heard the baying of the bloodhounds yet."

"Oh, Tony, how could you!"

Valeria sank into a chair in a wilted kind of way. He took her hand affectionately.

"I've been telling myself I am to blame," she said. "You remember that night at Fairmoor last summer when I told you all those nasty things about yourself?"

"About being too pure?"

Anthony grinned shamelessly.

She nodded.

"So you got mad and went in for a life of crime. You've gone the limit too. You weren't content with stage vampires and married flirts. You had to let this sort of thing happen. I'm awfully sorry, Tony. You're a nice boy in spite of everything, but you have gone quite crazy. Do you forgive me?"

"Don't be absurd, Valeria!"

"You have ruined your career, you know. You've lost that new church job, though they say you submitted a perfectly brilliant set of plans. And you won't get any others—not round here."

"Let them go to Hades with their church!" declared Anthony firmly. "There is no joy in that kind of architecture anyway. I'm tired of ecclesiastical ornament and hagiology and imitation Gothic. What I want to build is houses—houses for people to live in, Valeria—jolly houses where jolly married couples can honeymoon and be happy and have a lot of kids. Houses in the new American Anthony Osgood style, if you please. And I'm building them, Valeria. I'm swamped with jobs. The husbands will hardly speak to me, but the wives insist that I am the man for them. It's queer, but married women seem to dote upon an immoral architect—or at least upon his immoral architecture."

"So the life of crime pays?"

"It has its compensations. Come on now, I'll introduce you to Angelina Rosa. She's a queer little thing."

He took her out into the dining room and showed her Angelina, who was sitting at the table in a chair opposite his place.

She was, indeed, a queer little thing, who didn't say a word. She did not flinch at the penetrating and hostile stare which Valeria directed at her, for she had begun life in a shop window and was accustomed to the criticism of her own sex. She neither blushed nor turned pale nor lowered her eyes in shame. She did not rise to her feet to meet Valeria, for she was not built that way. Her adolescence would never be kindled by any wooing. Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt was no more passionless than she.

She was, in short, nothing but a dressmaker's dummy, misses' size!

IX

AFTER Valeria had recovered her composure and decided not to quarrel with Anthony for his abominable hoax she discovered that he was not laughing as a man who had just come to the successful climax of an elaborate practical joke should laugh. In fact, he had become rather serious.

"You thought I was in bad and you came to help me out," he said. "You're a good friend, Valeria. You always have been. They don't make them any better than you."

He came up to her and took her gently by the shoulders.

"I missed one chance for you ten years ago. Give me another."

"Go away, Tony," she said gayly. "Angelina Rosa is of no value as a chaperon. Are you proposing to me?"

"I certainly am! You ought to marry again. Shall we try it?"

"You don't mean to pretend you're in love with me, Tony?"

"Having been told by you once that I was a poor, silly Early-Victorian idealist, I shall not answer. That's something for you to find out. The question is: Will you marry me?"

She hesitated.

"You're not really serious?"

"I was never more in earnest in my life."

"What about Persis?"

Before he could reply the telephone bell began to ring, and Valeria remarked that a vampire was probably on the wire. He went to answer the call and she came close to him as he made the preliminary responses.

Suddenly he put his hand over the mouthpiece and turned toward her:

"This is Persis now."

"Good heavens! What does she want?"

"She says she wants to see me. Wants to know if you hadn't told me about it. What is it?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Just a moment, Persis, please," he murmured into the telephone. Then to Valeria, "Well?"

"Here is your chance, Tony. Opportunity is knocking at the front door and the back. The foolish virgin is throwing herself at your head while you are proposing to the merry widow. Which one of us do you really want, my lord? Remember, she will last longer. I am ready to be sacrificed."

"Valeria," he whispered, "come closer—and kiss me."

He uncovered the telephone. Valeria's bright blue eyes took on a wicked radiance. He pressed the receiver to her ear—and she did as she was bid.

It was the old-fashioned kind of a kiss, properly called a buss. Its audibility was far-reaching.

"What did she say?" Anthony asked when they had finished laughing.

"What could she say? An indignant 'Oh,' and she was gone."

Then Anthony returned the compliment. The first kiss had been for exhibition purposes only, but the second was intended to be enjoyed in private. And it was. Valeria, recalling words she had spoken half in jest, decided that there was a thrill to Tony after all.

X

HE HAD just begun his dinner—cooked by himself—before Valeria had given the alarm, and she hadn't had hers, so they agreed to jump into her motor and drive out to Fairmoor to make it a real party. As they started to leave the flat, however, she turned upon him in challenge:

"Before I accept you and announce our engagement, Tony, will you kindly try to explain away Freya Svendson and Jeannette Adair?"

"I am so pure," ironized Anthony, "that only vampires know how to appreciate me."

"And that married woman of the forest reserve?"

"She was studying botany."

"I see that I will never be able to believe a word you say. And your collection of Japanese prints?"

He smiled inscrutably.

"It is evident," he answered, "that we are going to have a lot to talk about as we walk with the even step of great companionship down the vale of our declining years. It looks like a success, doesn't it, Val?"

She was not so sure, but she was hopeful.

When they reached the motor car he said he had forgotten something and would have to go back to the flat for a moment. He emerged struggling with an enormous bundle.

"What have you got there, Tony?"

"My late lamented. We will take Angelina Rosa out to Fairmoor with us and show her to the crowd."

Valeria gazed upon him with eyes of wonder.

"Belovedest," she exclaimed, "I always knew you were a genius!"

But as they drove away she wished she could be as certain of the other episodes in Anthony's life of crime as she was of the queer little thing known as Angelina Rosa.

"Apparently Tony Doesn't Need You at All, My Dear—or Any of Us. He Seems to be Getting on Famously Without Us"

CURTAIN!

(Continued from Page 10)

"Dick," she said after a moment's harsh stillness, "don't make me choose. It—it's too—it hurts too much. I couldn't—I simply can't. If you make me give up the stage you make me tear out my heart. You wouldn't ask that."

"It's a question of which means more. I'm merely asking what any normal man has the right to ask of the woman he marries—first place."

"But you'll have that."

"No, you won't be free to give it to me."

"It's queer"—her voice came shakily. "I've dreamed of love as every girl does. But I never dreamed it would mean this—this sacrifice."

"It won't mean sacrifice to you. I'll fill your life, Nancy. I'll make you forget there ever was any other bond. Sweetheart, don't you believe I will?"

She swayed toward him—then just as quickly pulled back.

"Haven't I the right to ask it?" he urged.

"Dick!"

"Haven't I?"

"I don't know—I don't know!"

"Consider my side."

"I only know it's everything you're demanding—everything!"

"I'm giving everything in exchange."

She closed her eyes with a very different expression from that of a few moments before. Then it had been to let him fill her vision; now it was to shut him out.

Vaguely it came to her that he couldn't realize the enormity of the thing he was asking. Vaguely she repeated aloud: "No, I couldn't! I couldn't! If I mean to you what you say you won't ask it!"

He lifted her face so that the eyes opened to meet his. Even through the shadows he could read their anguish.

"It's because you mean what you do mean that I can't let you go on."

Her hands closed tight on each other and she turned to fasten her gaze on the wakening streets.

"No, Dick—there's no use. I couldn't."

"Does what I offer mean so little that you can thrust it out and not even stop to consider?"

"If I stop to consider ——"

"You'll do what I ask," he put in quickly. "Ah, I thought so! Nancy, can't you see? The woman in you is greater than the actress. You won't always be young and worshiped by your public, but love ——"

"Will love last always?" And as his arms went out to answer: "No, no! Don't try to influence me—don't, please! I must think it over alone—it's my whole life, just everything!"

His arms dropped. They did not again reach out to her. He said good night with the usual handclasp and left her at the door of the apartment house, haunting white, her dark eyes strained toward the first flicker of sun as it came haltingly out of the east.

A month later she sent for him. In all that time he gave her no word, not even the message of a flower. He waited cleverly in silence—a silence that made the battle she fought all the more difficult. And in the end she sent for him, so completely had he absorbed her will. Not once during those weeks of struggle did her mind hark back to the fragment of conversation at the supper party. Because she could care with the intensity of the big woman and because she was in love, she did not realize that in sending for him she bowed before the god she had scorned—Submission.

And so the curtain fell on Act I of Nancy Bradshaw's drama of living.

II

OUT Long Island way on the North Shore, where Newport goes to stretch her tired limbs after a busy season, there's a house set like a long ivory couch on a green carpet that spreads straight to the Sound. The place is called Restawhile and having some twenty rooms, not to speak of servant quarters, is known modestly as a cottage.

Here Dick Cunningham brought his bride following their honeymoon trip through the Orient. Here they spent the greater part of each year, for with its kennels and stables Nancy loved it next to the house of the fir trees, which would always be her castle of romance. Besides, it was not too near Broadway, not near enough for whisperings of the Rialto to tug at the heart or fill the eyes. Or if the dull ache of longing too deep for tears did come it was a place to hide them from a curious public.

The announcement of Nancy's marriage and retirement from the stage had come as a shock to the social world and a bomb to the theatrical. Broadway buzzed, Fifth Avenue bristled and poor Jerry Coghlan almost went crazy.

But as the calcium of the society column replaced her beloved footlights the star of the theater became a star of the social realm, and another nine days' wonder passed into the land of memory.

The column aforementioned told of her dinners and dances, of her trips to Florida, her visits to Newport. It listed her with her husband among inveterate first-nighters and usually added: "The one-time Nancy Bradshaw, whose romantic marriage robbed the stage of one of its most promising young actresses."

Eventually it announced with clarion blast the arrival of Dick Junior, and later of Nancy the Second, quite as if a chubby Dick and Nancy Cunningham were more important than the same weight John and Mary Smith.

A fairy tale come true even the most caustic observer would have remarked had he known the history of the beautiful woman seated on the stone-paved veranda of Restawhile one April afternoon five years after the curtain descended on Act I.

She had on a short white skirt, green sweater and white sport shoes, and strands of hair had been tossed across her eyes by a romp on the lawn with young Dicky. He sat at her feet now, pink legs outstretched, and mobilized between them a regiment of wooden soldiers.

Ted Thorne and her former manager had driven out to read Thorne's latest drama, written with Lilla Grant in mind. She was Coghlan's new find and her hybrid little face, with its eyes from the Orient and nose from Erin's Isle, had decorated many a magazine cover and woodcut during the past winter of her success. It might also have been seen at the Ritz lunching daily with varied and various conquests. She had acquired an air and no longer spoke of her profession as "the show business." Her gowns were the talk of fashion editors, her hats the despair of imitators. She was as colorful as a Bakst drawing and as decorative.

The woman in white skirt and sweater that matched the lawn sat listening at one side of the tea table, while Coghlan at her right measured three fingers of Scotch against two of soda, and the playwright's voice sounded vibrant against the sweet spring stillness. It was a tense, elemental story, based on a suggestion Nancy had given him, with Hawaii—land of love—as a setting. Finally he closed the script and looked across at her.

"What do you think of it?"

"The best thing you've done, Ted," she announced instantly.

"Of course it's only in the rough. But I wanted your opinion. Am I like that fellow who knows all about the Himalayas because he never got there?"

"Just like him—an authority," she retorted.

"But straight—how does it strike you?"

"I love it! You've never written anything with greater emotional possibilities."

"How do you like Lilla for the lead?"

"Just the type! And good from a box-office standpoint too—she's made such a hit this season."

"Some kid!" put in Jerry, tinkling the ice pleasantly against his glass. "Always said she'd make her mark. And take it from me, Jerry Coghlan knows what he's talking about."

Nancy smiled.

"You couldn't find anyone better to play a Hawaiian."

"Oh, yes, we could!" came from Thorne.

"Who?"

"You!"

She laughed—and in her laughter the men detected nothing but mirth.

"Don't you ever have a hankering for the old game, Nancy?" Coghlan asked. "Don't the theater ever get in your blood?"

She bent and lifted young Dick suddenly to her knees.

"Here's my theater," was her answer.

The playwright's gaze traveled over the two gold heads to the father's eyes that smiled from the baby face into his mother's. Fat arms wound round her neck and she sank her lips in the fluffy curls.

"You've got a part that suits you to perfection," he said in a low voice.

"Say, there ain't any part Nancy couldn't play! Always said she had class, and take it from me ——"

"It's good to know you haven't forgotten us," Thorne interrupted, still in that low tone. "Whenever things get balled up I say to myself: 'Here goes for a run out to Restawhile. Nancy'll help me straighten them out!'"

"It's good to know you feel that way. You see"—she held Dicky closer—"I can give the viewpoint of the audience now."

That night she told her husband of the play. They had dined at the Courtleigh Bishop place, some five miles distant, and during the drive home Nancy had been unusually quiet. She walked up the wide staircase, head bent, her long velvet cloak pulled close round her as if for protection against the country chill of April. But as he followed into her boudoir with its amber lights and drapes of cornflower blue she dropped into a chair, let the wrap slip from her shoulders and leaned forward, speaking rapidly:

"Tell me something of your doings today, Dick. You haven't yet."

He recounted the day's activities—certain complications that had risen in his Western interests—for Cunningham, in spite of wealth or perhaps because of it, was not a waster. She listened eagerly to every word.

"And by the way," he added, much as an afterthought, "I lunched with a former friend of yours, Lilla Grant. Met her as I was going into the Ritz. She was alone—so was I. So we joined forces."

She leaned back with a deep sigh.

"I'm glad you told me that."

His reply held a note of surprise.

"Why?"

"Because Mary Bishop made it a point to inform me to-night that she'd seen you there. 'Dicky still has a penchant for the theatrical profession,' she said; 'I saw him lunching to-day with a stage beauty.' Of course it amused me, but I just had a feeling that I'd like to hear about it from you."

"It was of no importance. I might not have thought of mentioning it."

"No. Still—I suppose I'm silly and feminine, but if you hadn't I think it would have hurt."

"Do I demand to know every time Thorne comes out here?"

"You don't have to, Dick."

Her eyes were still intent on him.

"I've lunched with Lilla Grant other days and haven't thought of mentioning it."

"I know that too."

His eyebrows shot up.

"How?"

"Other women."

He laughed.

"How they do love each other, don't they?"

She laughed with him.

"It's all right now. You've told me. I just didn't want to think you'd deceive me."

"But, my dear girl, an omission like that is not deliberate deceit."

"Omission," came softly, "is often twin sister to commission."

His lips went tight.

"Does that mean you'd ever let anything as cheap as suspicion of me enter your mind?"

She got up, brushing her mouth across the hard line of his. "If I love you as much as I do it's reasonable to suppose other women might."

And that was when she gave him the story of Thorne's play—more to change the subject than anything else—with eyes shining and slim jeweled hands sending sparks into the room's golden shadows. He listened, watching her, the light on her face, the blaze of enthusiasm under the thick lashes.

"It's a splendid part for Lilla," she ended. "She'll be fascinating in it, don't you think?"

"Great!" And after a moment: "Nancy, does seeing so much of Thorne and old Jerry ever tempt you to go back on the stage?"

She went close to him as if his bigness were a shelter.

"It's a temptation I'd never acknowledge, dear heart—not even to myself."

"But you haven't answered me."

"I did that when I made my choice—when I married you. I couldn't be disloyal to that. Besides"—and all the woman of her went into the words—"you and the two little yous fill my life. I've no time for any other devotion."

He looked down at the head, reddened under the amber lights, at the graceful line of throat and shoulder, at the proud lips that were his, and his arms swept up and round her.

Drama moves swiftly. No pause for explanation, once the wheels are set going, no rambling into far corners for side lights as in the novel, but a tornadolike gathering of incident that hurls itself without notice into crashing storm. Life crowded into a few short hours, just as a few short hours so often crowd life into one crashing crisis. Without warning, or at least without warning heeded, one answers the doorbell or opens a telegram or takes up a telephone receiver, and behold, the face blanches, the heart stops beating, to beat again with hammer stroke too horrible to bear!

It happened that Thorne's roadster drew up under the porte-cochère one May day, and removing dusty goggles he announced that he had come to talk about a scene that stumped him.

"I've traveled to Mecca to consult the oracle."

Nancy shook hands enthusiastically. Dick had been away for several days. Her favorite mount, Lord Chesterfield, had been taken to town by the head groom for treatment under a famous vet, and endless dinners had bored her to a state of loneliness known only to those whose lives have hummed with activity. Her husband would not be back until to-morrow, and to put in a few hours with Ted in the atmosphere of the theater was a welcome diversion.

When they had discussed pros and cons and the kick in the big scene, when the playwright in hushed voice had told Dicky the usual pirate tale and the three had lunched together under the trees, Nancy jumped up.

"Ted, will you run me into town this afternoon? I want to have a look at Lord Chesterfield. He went lame last week, you know."

Thorne beamed.

"Bully! It's a whale of a day. Why not stay in? We can dine and I'll run you out early."

But she refused. The kiddies were put to bed at six-thirty and she wanted to be back before then.

"I'll take the train back. Don't bother about that."

She came downstairs presently buttoned into a gray topcoat. From under a tight little turban the sunset hair waved, held in by a gray veil.

Thorne got into duster and cap and they tore out of the grounds, along roads of glass, at a pace that left both breathless. Nancy felt the sluggishness of the past few days lashed out of her blood by the wind. It flew happily to her cheeks, tingled to her finger tips, sent the laughter into her lips as the man beside her gave the latest bits of Broadway gossip, the latest funny story from a region teeming with them. She stored them up for Dick, picturing his enjoyment when on his return next day she should give them with all her embellishment of mimicry.

The first pungent scent of summer, clover and sweet grass and occasional great mounds of hay rose from the meadows as they sped past. The vault above was intensely turquoise and without a cloud. It would be a heavenly night with a young silver moon etched against the sky and all things filmed by its light. She wished Dick were going to be home. They could have taken a tearing ride like this with all the countryside to themselves.

The breezes became sultry. City smoke crept in. The car jerked over cobbles, dodging barelegged youngsters and wedging at last into the clatter of Queensboro Bridge. Nancy's nose crinkled. She had come to hate the city with its odors and noises and strained faces and heavy air—all the elements that had passed unnoticed when she was part of it and a struggler. Except for a few months of winter, she came in as little as possible.

From the cluttered East Side they went through the district whose boarded doors

(Continued on Page 133)

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The Flavor Lasts

(Continued from Page 130)

and windows like the blank eyes of the blind proclaimed it fashionable, then the dust-covered green of the park and out at the street in the Sixties where down the block three windows blinked coquettishly.

Nancy descended, held out a hand.

"Good luck, Ted. And let's hear it when you've got it ready."

His alert gaze was bright with satisfaction.

"You've set me on the right track. Going home to whip it into shape now."

She waved as he drove off, and rang the bell beside the big door. It swung back slowly, heavily, and the head groom stood in the opening. She caught the look of surprise that swept over his face, passing as quickly after the manner of well-trained servants who are supposed to have no emotions.

"How is Lord Chesterfield?" she inquired, stepping out of the sunlight.

"He's not been so fine to-day, madam. I think there's pain in the left forefoot."

"I want to have a look at him."

"Yes, madam."

He closed the door, led the way to the run. But Nancy started toward the stairs. He turned.

"Is there anything I can do for you, madam?"

"No, that's all right, Jarvis. I'll just leave my coat and come down."

"I can take it." He stepped forward hastily and with rather a note of apology. "The painters are up there, madam. The rain of two days ago made a leak in the roof and I had to have them in. The place is in something of a mess."

But Nancy was already halfway up the stairs.

"It doesn't matter."

She disappeared, dropped her coat on the divan in the gray room and looked ceilingward. No sign of repairs there. Probably the leak was at the front of the house. Turning into the hall, she noticed that Jarvis had followed her.

"Pardon me, madam, will you be coming down to see Lord Chesterfield now?"

"Just a minute."

She threw open the double oak doors at the end. And her breath stopped, as she did, on the threshold.

A stream of sunshine flecked with motes came through the far window and centered on the couch. Lounging there in a position of uttermost comfort was Dick and at his feet, hatless and cross-legged like some willing slave of the harem, Lilla Grant. A look of flame was in his noncommittal eyes, and in her heavy ones languor. The ripe red lips were raised. From her fingers a cigarette dangled as he leaned close and struck a match. All too evident though that those lips were lifted not for the cigarette.

Nancy's hand went to her throat. That was all. Went to her throat and clung there.

The two started at the sound of another's presence. The match paused midair. Cunningham looked up. He straightened, sat for an instant without moving, then got to his feet.

The provocation faded from Lilla's lips. A moment before she had had the unmistakable air of being perfectly at home. Now as she followed the man's sharp glance she stiffened. Uneasily she too rose, and as neither of the others spoke, gave a nervous little laugh.

"Why, Nancy, this is a coincidence! We've been expecting Ted Thorne for tea, and only half an hour ago tried to reach you on the phone to get you in too."

Nancy made no attempt to refute the glib lie. She just stood gazing at her husband as if her eyes were touching him. Then she turned away.

"I think—I won't wait," she managed to say, and went out, closing the door.

Just the other side she stopped, eyes closed, hands pressed tight to her lips, and waited for courage to go forward. Part way down the stairs she saw the groom looking up. Fright grayed his thin cheeks.

"I'll see Lord Chesterfield now," she told him, and followed to the run.

With gaze straining through the train window an hour later at meadow and woodland she did not see, she was carried back to Restawhile, to the babies waiting for her.

The moon rose, virgin crescent as she had pictured it, paling the trees outside her room and the lawn beneath, filming across a face whiter than its own.

At last her door opened and a man entered. He closed it quietly, switched on the lights and saw her sitting hunched in a chair, staring with eyes bewildered as if they could not realize the thing they had revealed. He spoke her name, once, twice. She did not even glance at him.

"Nancy, answer me!"

She turned slowly.

"I ask you not to jump at conclusions. Nancy ——"

"Yes?"

"Why didn't you wait?"

"Wait?" Her gaze locked with his incredulously. "You think I could have waited?"

"I understand," he put in hastily. "That's why I made no attempt to detain you. The situation was awkward."

She laughed. It might have been a cry from the soul.

"Awkward, nothing more," he hurried on. "I admit, it looked damning. I, myself, would have judged as you did. But I give you my word ——"

She swept it aside.

"Jarvis tried to keep me from going up. That alone proves ——"

"Jarvis is a servant with the point of view of his class."

She uttered the thought that had been spinning round in her brain.

"He would scarcely have tried to protect you if that had been her first visit."

"Why not? He concluded because a woman happened to be there with me—alone—bah," he broke off, "that end of it's not worth considering! What you think is all that concerns me. And what you think is only too evident."

"What I think—what I think!"

Her hands clasped and unclasped incessantly. Her voice came strangled. He had been pacing up and down. Now he pulled a chair close to hers.

"But you're wrong, dear. It's circumstantial evidence and worth as much. I came back to-day unexpectedly, looked in at the uptown office before going home and found a message from Lilla asking me to see her this afternoon without fail. I called her hotel and arranged to meet her at the stable. Jarvis had notified me that Lord Chesterfield was seedy and it occurred to me that by having her come there I'd save time."

"You—you"—the words came haltingly as if difficult to speak—"you didn't seem in haste when—I saw you."

"Come now—be sporting, dear." He tried to make a laugh cut the tension. "You know my interest in the theater."

"Yes—I know."

"Well, Lilla's consulted me any number of times about one thing or another. And she has a Bohemian way of establishing palship that you don't understand."

"Don't I?"

"No. I wouldn't want you to. But the fact remains that Lilla on the floor with a cigarette in her mouth means no more than another woman at the tea table."

She made no reply.

"Of course she lied when she said we were expecting Thorne," he pursued. "You knew that, didn't you?"

"Yes. He was out here to-day and motored me in. But I'd have known anyway."

"Can't understand why it's so much easier for women to lie than to tell the truth."

"Perhaps—men teach them it's easier."

There was a breath without words.

"For instance," she went on monotonously, and her eyes dropped to the hands clenched against her knees, "you're going to tell me I've no right to misjudge either you or Lilla."

"Why, my dearest"—Cunningham lifted her lowered face, looked long into it—"there's nothing mysterious in the whole affair. Kane offered to star her in a new production if she'd get him the backing and she wants me to put up the money. That's the long and short of it. I had every intention of consulting you."

She drew away, looking at him, straight and direct. Her lips opened, but closed without speech. She had been on the point of asking how it happened that he had arrived in town a day ahead of time without letting her know, why he had failed to telephone. But she could not bring herself to question him. And he gave little time.

Lifting both her hands, he unlocked them, drew them to his breast and met her eyes unwavering.

"Lilla and I are nothing more than good pals, like—like you and Thorne. I want you to believe that."

"It's impossible, Dick—after what I saw to-day."

"Why? Have you ever before had cause to doubt me?"

"No."

She hesitated a bit before admitting it.

"Then why seize on the first occasion?"

"Seize on it? Seize on it?" She gave another low breathless laugh. "That—that's funny! Seize on my own misery—seize on the shattering of all I hold dear!"

"You're nervous and hysterical now and things look monstrous, but I know you too well to think this mood can last."

His hands crept toward her shoulders. All through the interview there had been no conflict on his part, no man-woman antagonism, just an assumption of honest effort to convince her. And now he adroitly resorted to the means by which he had won her, a man's most convincing way of setting himself right, the lover's. He drew her, resisting, out of the chair, enfolded her in his arms and bending his lips, whispered: "No other woman could mean anything while I have you. Don't you know that?"

A moment passed, longer than any she had ever lived through, and then so low that he could scarcely hear: "I'm going to believe you, Dick—because I want to believe you," she said.

Neither of them ever referred to it again. As if by mutual agreement the matter was sealed. Whatever scar the experience had left so far as Nancy was concerned, her lips were closed as the lips of the dead. She had determined to forget, and forget it she must.

When eventually she heard through Thorne that along the Rialto it was whispered Lilla actually was considering an offer from Kane she felt immensely relieved. Dick had told her the truth then about that end of it. Why was the rest not true as well?

And as if to assure her, his devotion duplicated that of their honeymoon. Her happiness seemed the thought paramount, her peace of mind his topmost concern.

So it continued until business called him West, the tangle that for some time had been knotting his California interests. The letters he sent when they were not of her and the children, spoke of his boredom after affairs of the day were done with, of the humidity and discomfort of the rainy season, and emphasized his eagerness to return. They came from various coast cities—San Francisco, Sacramento, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.

"It's possible you may not hear from me these next few weeks," a final communication told her. "I find it necessary to go to New Mexico to look into a railroad-building proposition and for a time may be located miles from any post office. But know that I'm safe and thinking of you, my dearest, and expect me back sometime in September."

Nancy packed up when it arrived and left to visit the Bishops at Newport. It was mid-July and the season at its height. Stopping overnight in town she lunched with friends at the Knickerbocker and there ran into Coghlan on his way to the café, that daily trysting place of managers.

He greeted her enthusiastically as he always did, with a touch of pride in the fact that she would leave a group of society lights to stop and ask theatrical news of the hour.

"Say, what d'you think of Lilla?" He chortled in the midst of pouring out plans for the coming season. "Gone to Hawaii to get atmosphere before she signs up for that lead! Atmosphere! Can you beat it? Paying her own expenses too. Told her she was crazy, but nothing to it—had to go. Developing too much temperament for her own good, that kid!"

Nancy had not yet brought herself to the point of hearing Lilla's name without wincing, but she managed a smile and asked: "When does she return?"

"Next month some time. Told her rehearsals begin the fifteenth whether she's on the job or not, so you can bank on it, she'll be here."

His appraising yet impersonal glance ran the length of Nancy's perfectly gowned figure, from the navy straw hat shading her eyes to the narrow brown pumps and slim silk-cased ankles.

"All to the good, Nancy," he sighed regretfully. "All to the good! Just home and mother stuff too. And by golly, five years ago I guyed myself into thinking I was gonna turn you out the greatest actress in America!"

She wondered vaguely as she sped toward the worldly paradise whose gates had swung wide to her whether old Jerry was right. Would she have become a great actress, or just the darling of a few fickle years? That girl with her wild dark eyes and swirl of golden hair, would the public she had loved have wept and laughed with her to-day? She wondered and smiled reminiscently, a smile with a tear, like some bitter-sweet memory of the dead.

At the station she was met by her host, known chiefly as Mary Bishop's husband, and in a supremely groomed car was driven through supremely groomed streets, beautiful and ultra as the leaders who dwelt there. Courty Bishop sat back beside her, caressed his waxed mustache and regaled her with choice bits of news, just as Coghlan had regaled her the day before. After all, she told herself, there wasn't much difference in the two worlds. Appraisingly but with a look not quite so impersonal as that of her former manager the tired eyes turned to scan her beauty while his facile tongue rambled on.

"I say—you top 'em all, Nancy. What a risk that boy, Dick, takes—leaving you alone so long!"

"Not so much of a risk," she laughed, mentally placing her husband next to the little man.

"But what the deuce takes him such a distance this time of year?"

"Oh, railroad stuff."

"Bore—the tropics in midsummer!"

"Tropics?"

"Well, that's what I'd call the Hawaiian Islands. One of my men, McIntyre, met him on the way out. Wrote that if Cunningham didn't kick at going guessed he couldn't. But why in hades ——"

The woman beside him heard no more. Hawaii! Like some giant machinery against her ears his words became a whir. She smiled mechanically, as so many women have done, while the world stood still.

Fate had lifted the prompter's hand and slowly the curtain descended on Act II of Nancy Bradshaw's life drama.

III

THE hum of arrival in that great hive, the Grand Central, kept up an incessant drone. Scurrying figures swarmed from the gates to disappear into the night. Red caps raced back and forth, elbowing one another in the rush for spoils. City husbands reached out eagerly from roped-off lines to country wives and sunburned youngsters. Embraces and laughter and inarticulate efforts to tell everything in one moment kept the air abuzz, and life, centralized in one small area of space, was at its busiest.

Into the hubbub from the seven-forty-five Santa Fe Limited swung a man in tweed suit, the porter at his side laden with the trappings of a long trip. His big shoulders pushed through the throng into the lighted terminal and he looked round. Rapidly his glance traveled from face to face, then back along the congested line and once again its length. A look of annoyance that brought brows together followed the swift scrutiny and he made for the telephone booths. Impatiently he gave the operator a number, concentrating his gaze on her while she made the Long Island connection. When some three minutes later he emerged from the booth the look of annoyance had changed to anger.

With characteristic stride of authority he moved across the crowded stone floor, bounded up the steps and waited, peering at his watch in the outer gloom, as taxis unloaded their burdens and took on others. When his turn came he sprang in, gave the address of a small, select hotel off Fifth Avenue and all the way there sat staring fixedly out at the lighted shops, his lips a thin, angry line.

The line had not disappeared as he stepped from the elevator to the door of a suite and imperatively rang the bell. It was opened by a girl in nursemaid's cap, who gave a start, half of wonder, half awe, when she saw who it was. He pushed past with the same look he had cast about at the station, then turned abruptly, sending at her a volley of rapid-fire questions.

Madam was not there, she answered. Yes, the children were, but Mrs. Cunningham had gone to the theater. No, she did not believe any telegram had been received from him. Madam, she was sure, had not expected him to-night. They had been in town since the beginning of the week. No, madam was not with anyone. Madam had gone out alone. The Coghlan Theater, she thought.

Her curious gaze followed him as he went down the hall to the elevator. Then softly she shut the door.

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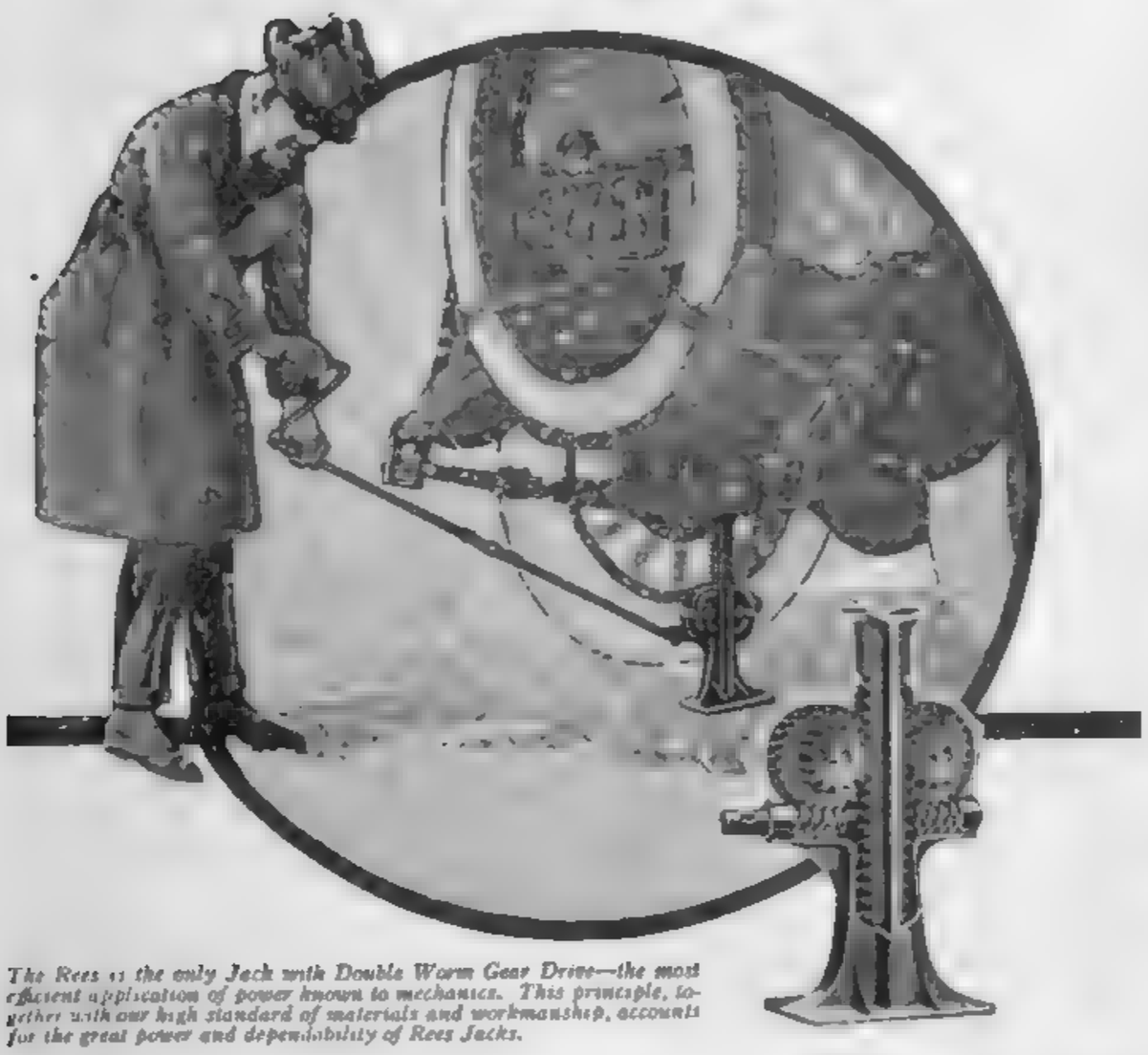
DOUBLE WORM GEAR DRIVE
JACK



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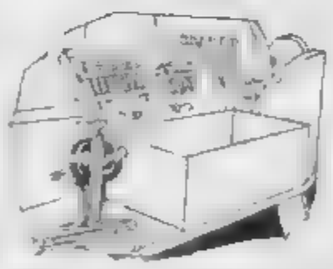

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It was nine o'clock when, after a hurried bite of dinner, he descended at the Coghlan and strolled into the darkened theater, the last of a fashionably late audience. The place was packed and he leaned leisurely against the rear balustrade to wait for the curtain before trying to locate his wife. Across the footlights palm trees swayed, recalling the land of secrets he had left behind. Something about the sensuous atmosphere so realistically reproduced made him turn away. Then his eyes took in the woman who held the center of the stage. Her voice, low and rich, rolled toward him. Her eyes, burning black, turned in his direction. He gripped the rail, bent over it.

Nancy! In spite of the dark wig and olive-tinted skin, there was no mistake. Nancy—on the stage of the Coghlan Theater! The sudden sharp crackle of a program broke the stillness.

"Nancy Bradshaw in Broken Wings."

There it was—Nancy Bradshaw—staring at him from the sheet he had not troubled to read.

Nancy! Mrs. Richard Cunningham!

He made the lobby like a bull gone mad. Generations of training, years of the will to control, were as if they had never been. He was the outraged male, bent on destroying the thing that had defied him.

Outside he found Coghlan, who, from the box office, had glimpsed him sauntering in and evidently anticipated just what had happened. Jerry's good-natured face with its row of chins was hard as an iron mask as he blocked Cunningham's onrush.

"Hello there!" he said genially, reaching out a hand.

Cunningham's fists clenched white.

"I've got to see my wife."

"Well, can't see her from anywhere but in there until after the performance. Nobody goes back stage—strict orders." Then smiling broadly: "Made a hell of a hit; you ought to be damn proud of her."

"I'm going to see her now!"

Jerry grinned serenely.

"Don't blame you. Should have been here Monday for the opening—sensation, old man! Always said that in five years she'd be the greatest actress in the country. And take it from me ——"

From within a swelling volume of applause told the fall of the curtain.

Cunningham made a lunge to pass the figure that blocked him.

"Careful, careful, old boy!" came firmly from the manager. "Hold tight there! They'll be coming out—take it easy!"

The other man's face was set.

"I've told you ——"

"And I tell you! This is my theater! Anybody who causes any disturbance gets out!"

A prominent clubman sighted Cunningham at this juncture and hurried across the lobby. From that moment Nancy's husband was forced to assume an easy pride calculated to disarm gossip, forced to become the center of a throng bent upon congratulating him on his wife's success.

During the ten minutes of intermission he bore it with a smile chiseled on his handsome face, then left the theater as the lights went low. Back to the hotel he tramped, turned and retraced his steps like some madman muttering to himself. Then up and down the dark alley of the stage entrance, watching for signs that the final curtain had fallen, unable to consider the sane and sensible alternative of waiting for his wife in the privacy of her own rooms.

When at last they stood face to face under the brilliant lights of her dressing room it was evident Coghlan had warned her.

She was alone. In the little room where they had met five years ago they met once more. And to-night as that night a flame like a living thing darted between them. Then it had been white and warming. Now it filled the place, a devastating fury. But in the face of it she stood calm. It would have taken an observer less self-absorbed to note that her hand trembled as it grasped a chair back, that her breath came quickly. In silence they measured each other. In silence she waited, her eyes never leaving him. At last he spoke, and his voice was hard as that of a judge pronouncing extreme penalty: "Well, have you anything to say for yourself?"

She shook her head, and not defiance but sadness was in the look she sent him.

"Nothing I want to say."

"You realize, of course, that I'm going to put a stop to this business here and now."

Again that look—half regret, half sorrow.

"You can no longer put a stop to anything I do."

In his unreasoning wrath the actual sense of her words missed him.

"I don't care what contracts you've made—to-night finishes them."

"Suppose we try to talk this over quietly"—she sank into the chair before her dressing table—"if it must be discussed."

"Must be discussed? I come back after three months, ring my home, find my wife has moved into town without a word to me ——"

"You forget—you had overlooked giving me your address."

"—— and come up against the fact," he rushed on, "that she's taken advantage of my absence to put over—what's your explanation of this damned outrage anyhow?" he broke off hotly.

Her eyes, tense and brilliant, held his. He gave a short laugh.

"I assume you and Coghlan have concocted one."

"Coghlan has no idea of my reason for doing it. He merely knows that in July I sent word to him I would take this part if Lilla Grant refused it. He didn't wait to find out, though a cable came a week later saying Kane was going to star her."

"And you thought I'd let you get away with it! After five years of living with me you thought I'd stand for anything like this!"

"It doesn't matter whether you stand for it or not."

He had been pacing up and down, hands thrust into his pockets, ready to plunge through the walls. Now suddenly he veered about, stood rooted.

"I mean it!" Softly she answered his amazement. "I'm back on the stage because I realize how little my leaving it meant to you."

He went close to her then, threat in every line of his big frame.

"You're my wife—the mother of my children."

"Yes, that's all."

"All?"

"I bore your name, I bore your children. I gave up the stage to do both. And in giving it up I sacrificed your love."

Her back was turned, but out of the shadows of her triple mirror gazed a face white with pity of him, with suffering for the thing that through him both had lost.

"Sacrificed my love?" he began, as a man feels his way along paths he is not sure of. "What in heaven's name gave you the idea?"

"Please," she stopped him with a swift gesture, "please—don't speak of it! I can't bear it!"

"Look here, Nancy," he said somewhat more calmly, "this is nonsense—silly woman stuff. I'm not saying you didn't think you had some rational excuse for doing this thing. But it's out of the question. It simply can't continue—that's all! I made that clear when I married you. Boredom or restlessness or the sort of unreasoning mood that gets hold of women probably drove you to it. But we can remedy that."

"You drove me to it," she answered quietly.

"I?"

"Yes."

"What's got over you?" he came back sharply. "You talk like a mad woman."

"No, I'm quite sane."

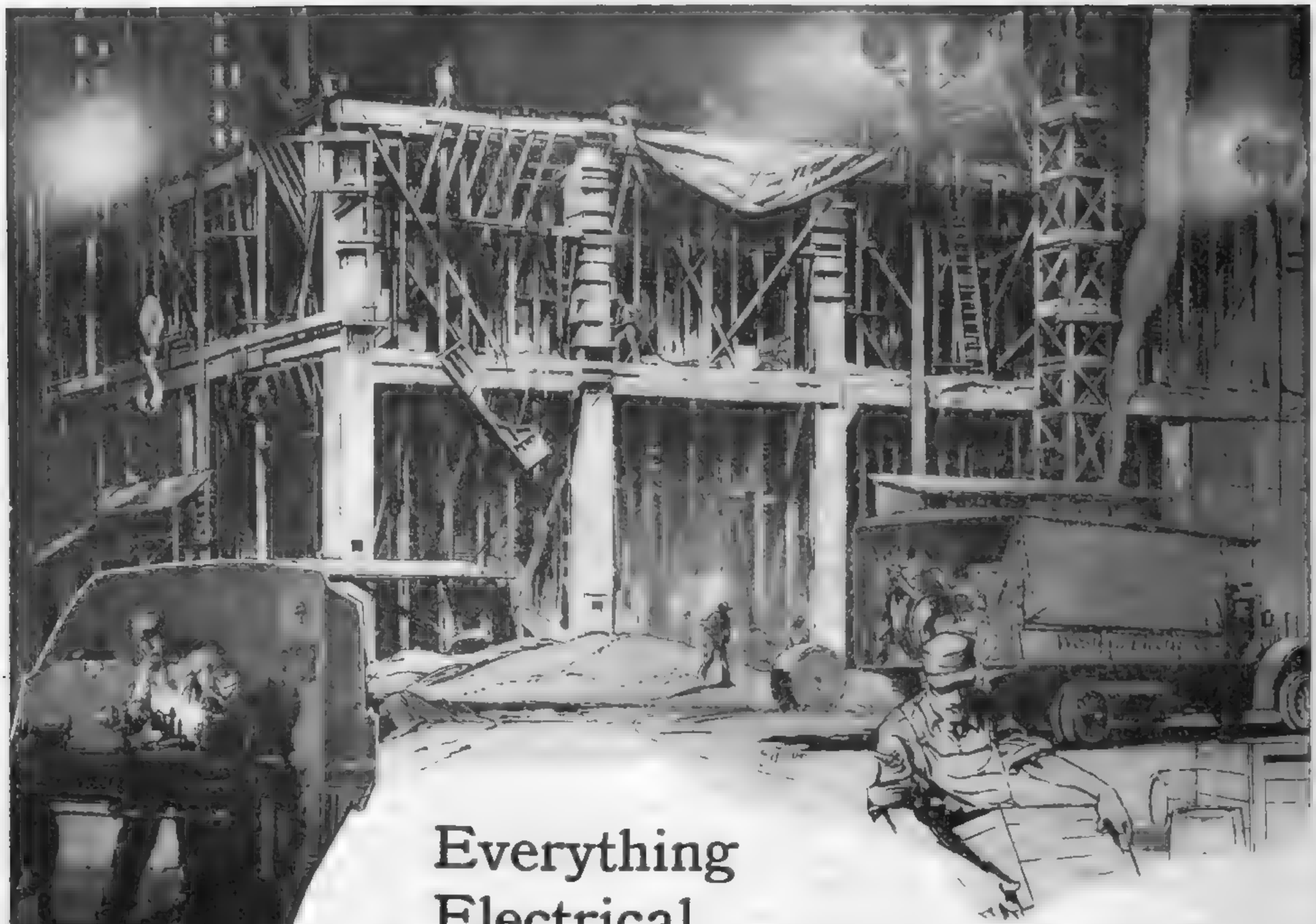
"Then ——"

"I see quite clearly—too clearly. Oh, I've had plenty of time to go over it—to face the truth! I thought when I married you that you loved the woman in me. Now I know it was the actress. You loved me, Dick, for the thing I gave up because I loved you—the glamour of the stage. Popularity, the fact that I was conspicuous, made me desirable, and when I sacrificed all that I became the same to you as thousands of women you'd known, women you were tired of. You cut me off completely from my old life except as a spectator—then sought in that old life the thrill and interest I could no longer give you."

She paused. Her hand went to her throat as it had that day in the house of the fir trees.

"All these five years when I've longed for a glimpse of it—just a glimpse—to become part of it again if only for a little while I've felt guilty, almost as if I'd been untrue to you. I've thrust the thought aside as something unworthy. I've let you fill my life. Well," she paused, "now I've gone back to it. I've gone back to the thing that made you love me. And I've gone—to stay."

(Concluded on Page 137)



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74

Western Electric

White Russian Oil, as Compounded into Chlorox, is a preventive of Tooth and Gum Troubles

CHLOROX

The "Roller-Milled-In-Oil" Tooth Cleanser

CHLOROX Tooth Paste is the only tooth cleanser containing White Russian Oil. Milled in this delicate, tasteless oil, Chlorox soaks the tartar off of the teeth. The antiseptic oil in Chlorox stimulates the gums and, with repeated brushings, works its way through and under the tartar (porous deposits of salts and lime left by saliva). The tartar, urged by the tooth brush, drops off the teeth, leaving enamel shining clean, with no wear on its delicate surface.

When you let the milled-in-oil polishing agents of Chlorox keep your teeth ideally clean, tartar will not form on them, disease cannot attack them, germs cannot breed on them. To prevent tartar from forming beneath the gums on the teeth, brush gently down over the gums with Chlorox; brushing until they tingle.

Its Remarkable Properties

CHLOROX—

- —Removes hardened tartar.
- —Stimulates the gums.
- —Stimulates saliva flow.
- —Protects from decay.
- —Eliminates "Smoker's Taste."
- —Polishes teeth better.
- —Contains no grit.
- —Is "Roller Milled."
- —Is the only tooth cleanser containing the new discovery for tooth preservation.

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Oil has been used from the earliest time as a cleanser of the body. But never before has it been used to cleanse and safeguard the teeth. Continued use of Chlorox removes tartar which heretofore required dentist's instruments.

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Dentists say to Chlorox users: "You have the cleanest mouth I have ever seen—you do not need me to clean your teeth." This has happened to many Chlorox patrons and will happen to you when you are a regular user of Chlorox.

CHLOROX not only removes all decay causing impurities but stimulates the flow of tooth preserving saliva—Nature's own combatant to mouth acids. Chlorox eliminates "Smoker's Taste" and all other unpleasant flavors, leaving a lasting clean taste. It assures a fresh tasting mouth upon arising.

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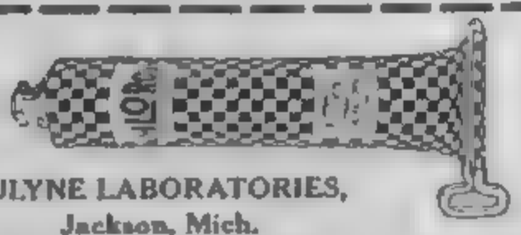

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(Concluded from Page 134)

Defiance at last leaped at him. It tore from her as they stood measuring each other, like a panther from some rustling jungle. It gripped his throat.

"Woman excuses—that's what you're giving me," he brought out at last. "Without rime or reason to back them. Woman excuses! Well, they won't answer! I'm still waiting for a straight, rational explanation. Suppose you let me have it—now."

She stood up.

"All right, I will. I didn't want to, but since you demand it you shall have it. I've given you my reason, my motive. I've told you what sent me back to the stage. But the thing that brought me to my senses, that made me realize the truth, can be summed up in just three words: Hawaii—Lilla Grant."

She spoke as if merely voicing them were tearing open a wound unhealed, spoke them so that they came like a breath.

And hearing, he straightened, stood silent, too stunned to think of an answer. The noise of slamming doors and scurrying feet beat instead against the stillness, all the echoing movements that strike bare walls when the play is done.

"It was rather funny," she continued, and gave a smile, "that I should have believed you the first time. But I told myself what my eyes had seen was impossible; that if I had given up the thing that was life to me, for you, surely you wouldn't go back to it for the fascination of grease paint and footlights—surely you couldn't seek in another woman the thing you had denied to me.

"That's why I accepted your half truths eagerly. Because I wanted to—and one does so many foolish things when one wants to. That's why it was so much harder when I did find out."

"Nancy ——" he began.

"Please, please don't try to explain this away!" came breathlessly. "It can't be set right. It's done! And I'd like to go on being friends, because, you see—I did love you."

"Then ——" he seized instantly on the note in her voice.

"No! Never!"

They were just two words, low as a conscience whisper, but they closed the gates of what had been, with the grim certainty of fate. His steel-colored eyes, habitually so sure of themselves, groped vaguely for the full import. His fists gripped against an enemy unknown. And only the woman whose gaze locked with his knew that that enemy was himself.

He looked down at the blond head around which the lights of the theater glimmered once more; those lights he had torn away to make her entirely his.

"You mean that?" he brought out at last.

"Yes."

"Finally?"

"It can't be otherwise—now."

He turned swiftly on his heel and went the length of the room, then back to where she stood. He pulled up sharp and his lips snapped together.

"All right. But you leave one item out of the reckoning. As long as you bear my name you respect it. And if you persist in this—I'll divorce you!"

"The name is yours, Dick. I am Nancy Bradshaw again."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Only what I said. You can have it back any time you want. I'll make no move to stop you. You can have everything you've ever given me—everything. The one thing I had a right to keep you've taken away, so what else matters?"

She walked slowly over to where her clothes hung behind a cretonne curtain, took down a black hat and pulled it over her shining hair. She stood there, shoulders drooping, head bent.

Outside, the soft shuffle of the old watchman's feet told he was going the rounds. Good nights had been tossed from one to another of the departing company and that heavy quiet of night in a darkened theater rolled back stage. The world of make-believe had vanished. Only the shell remained.

Cunningham leaned a bit heavily against the door. For the first time life had thwarted, left him impotent, and a new sensation when unpleasant is difficult to handle. The woman he had loved and desired, the woman who had stirred him, who had been his, came toward him now as to a stranger.

"I'm afraid I must go," she said.

He roused himself to a final stand.

"You realize," came hoarsely, "that I'll fight this—fight it to a finish? You realize too that the children will come to me?"

Pain for what had been and what might have been; memories, all that had made these moments a requiem, vanished from her voice. She went close to him. Like his own, her body went taut, her hands tense, her head high. Primitive, even as himself, she met him, ready for combat.

Suddenly something in her answering gaze, in the black of her eyes that flamed up like two live things, made clear the writing on the wall.

"I don't think you'll try to do that. I shan't attempt to keep them from you of course. But they're mine, you know, and I haven't forfeited the right to them."

Without another word she stood waiting for him to step aside. He hesitated, made as if to speak, then turned abruptly and the slam of the door resounded like thunder.

One by one she turned off the lights. Out across the familiar boards she went to the center of the stage, set for to-morrow. Face lifted to the darkness, she stood where had come to her the struggle eternal—success, conflict, love, renunciation.

And so the curtain descended on Act III of Nancy Bradshaw's life drama.

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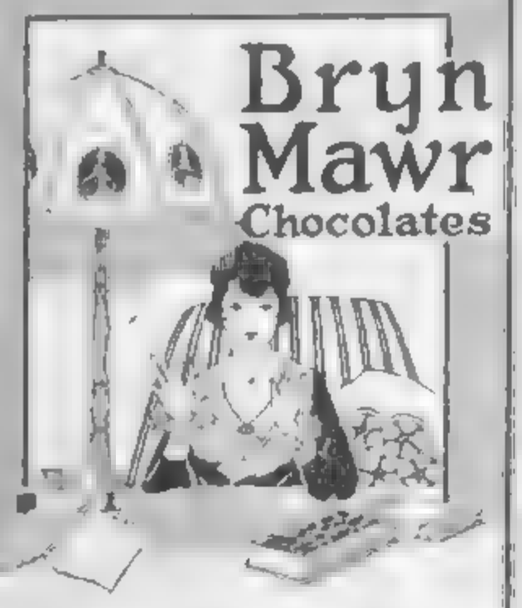

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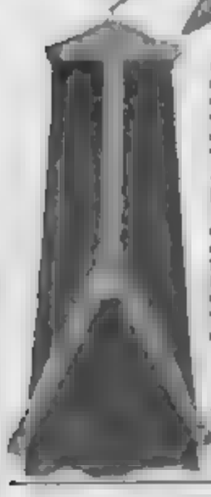

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ADVENTURES IN AUTOMOBUMMING

(Continued from Page 7)

who take pleasure in trying to steer people away from their shops.

It is the duty of every touring motorist to kick as effectively as he can about every garage where he has dishonest or uncivil treatment. There is in Washington, D. C., an organization of local motorists which begs members to report, with proofs, all complaints against garages, gas stations or dealers in automobile supplies, and it investigates—and acts.

And it is the duty of every garage man who prides himself on being independent and "not takin' nothin' off nobody" to wonder if just possibly he isn't simply an offensive specimen of what he would call a roughneck.

In a California town, where all of us were meek to the one garage man, I finally exploded and asked him if he—a boy of twenty—realized that he talked to his customers as though they were panhandlers. Then I took my car away from there and drove it five miles off for some rather expensive overhauling.

The boy hunted me up and wailed that he didn't know he had been rude; that he couldn't possibly have been rude. When I repeated what other owners had recently said about him he came near to crying. I saw then how unconscious is most gruffness. But I also saw that if large numbers of autohoboes would lose their fear of seeming priggish and roar every time they were mistreated there would be a quick change in motor manners.

Until the millennium when the boors are wakened to their own rudeness and become little sunbeams—and that may take several months—I recommend to ex-service men who want to keep in military training that they go touring and carry a machine gun. They will need it for only about one garage man in forty, but for the fortieth—unless he hears the warning and actually attaches it to himself instead of to the mechanic across the street—the machine gun will be handy and appropriate.

It was not discourtesy but a comedy of irritations—the collision and the delay between Wheeling and Columbus. I was heading from New York to the Mississippi with a youngster, a college senior, as my guest. Hoping to make Columbus for the night, we kept on through the darkness over a narrow but excellent cement road. Jack was driving. Being young, he still believed that a motor car is like an aëroplane—you can go as fast as you want to wherever you want, and if another car unexpectedly shows up just in front you can depress the elevating plane and skim over it. My own experience indicates that this aviation theory of motoring is an error.

Etiquette in Accidents

Jack kept to the center of the narrow road. Ahead of us was a rise of ground and the glow behind it indicated the headlights of an approaching car. I took it for granted that he saw the glow and was going to take to the right to avoid being dazzled. Taking things for granted keeps the morgue filled.

But as it was my car I did interfere with the pilot to the extent of suggesting, "Better stay over—you're three feet from the edge."

I was just saying it when everything happened at once. There was a blam, a sound of glass breaking, not much of a jar, then silence so deep that we could not help noticing the crickets in the deep Ohio cornfield by the road. Incidentally we noticed that we seemed to have smashed into another vehicle. I had wondered what my sensations would be in a thumping accident and now I knew. They were an interesting nothing at all. My only improving and moral reflection was: "Confound it, now I'll be delayed again—maybe for a whole day."

I climbed out and not till then did I have the dramatic satisfaction of beginning to be scared. I realized that there had been damages; that the other car was a flivver; that we had torn away one of its fenders and part of a running board, crushed a light, twisted the front axle and turned a wheel into splinters of wood and rubber. What they had done to us I could not see—their lights were out.

From the flivver erupted four furious gentlemen, all colored. They closed on me and shrieked: "You got to pay for our car. It was your fault. We was way over on our side of the road. We wasn't running but twelve miles an hour. It was your fault. You got to pay for ——"

"Sure, I'll pay for it," I protested as often as I had the chance.

I didn't know then how suspiciously I was acting. I have since learned the etiquette and good form of accident. Even if you run into a parked car with its lights on it is the correct thing to clamor that a dog startled you; that at great self-sacrifice you saved the lives of two prattling babes whose immediate disappearance and subsequent absence you simply can't understand; that the other man's tail light prevented your brakes from taking hold; and that, anyway, he was parked on the wrong side of the street and had since moved over. By and by, after a good noisy time has been had by all and both of you have chanted the anthem, "You'll pay for my car," in chorus and lawyers have been ardently spoken of, you settle for two-thirds of the damages and go on scowling and feeling happy.

But I was so amenable that they were sure I was lying.

"You better ante right up. We was way over on our side."

"All right! All right! I'll pay!"

"Yas, you bet you will! Mose, you better go telephone for our lawyer, less'n he gets away 'thout paying."

Of course I was heroic and all that, and very haughty, and awed them with a glittering eye, only it was so dark that they didn't see the eye. The four of them didn't weigh more than seven hundred and twenty pounds together. They meant, I gathered, that they desired me to pay for their car.

Nationalizing the Smashup

I separated the leader from his oratory, led him to my car and demanded: "Will you tell me how I'm going to get away?"

In the light of an electric torch I showed him that my car had lost a wheel, bent the front axle and crumpled a fender.

"Yassuh, I guess that's right. But you got to pay for the whole thing," he said quite pleasantly.

By now, at night, on a country road half a mile from any farmhouse and a mile from the nearest settlement, a crowd of twenty had assembled and they stood in an admiring circle, ever so grateful to me for having gone out for rustic uplift and provided all this wholesome amusement.

There was one of the crowd whom I shall always remember as original. He did not say "What did you do? Hit the Lizzie?" He said, "Hit the tin Liz, eh?" He saw right away how it was, so I got hold of him and asked about telephones and garages. I sent Jack to telephone to both the flivver garage and the agency for my brand of car in a town—oh, call it Sodom.

There was a dance at a farmhouse down the road and the dancers came to giggle at my show. They averaged seventeen in age and hysterical in delight. They had never seen anything funnier than my twisted axle. I turned upon them like a tigress—my car and the flivver being the imperiled cubs. I thought that I was being impressive as I explained that this was not vaudeville but an unfortunate and strictly private accident.

As the months go by I become more certain that I must have been even funnier than the wreck. I remember the delighted applause when I finished being lofty and the dancers tumbled into their cars.

Now arrived noisily and very competently the driver of the jitney plying between the near-by settlement and Sodom. He took charge at once. He was the first spectator to understand without explanations that somebody might easily have run into somebody else round here recently. The four colored gentlemen broke into a Gregorian chant again and laughingly admitted that they had been on their side of the road and this fellow pays for our car.

The jitney driver stormed: "Sure, he'll pay! I'll drive you to town and he'll have the flivver agent bring your car in to-morrow. Heh? Certainly I know him. He's good for it. Shut up or I'll testify you hit him!"

Oh, blessed golden liar! He had never seen me before. He drove my beloved wreckmates away, the crowd gloomily gave up hope that there would be a fight or another wreck and I was left in sweet peace. By repeatedly looking at my car with the electric torch, but suddenly leaping at it with the light and catching it unawares, I was at last convinced that there was no doubt about it—the axle was bent and I would not be going on to Columbus that night.

Jack returned to say that the Sodom agent for my car was already on his way. Then the real work began. I had to assure Jack that his running into the flivver didn't matter at all, when the one thing I really knew was that I wanted to bite him. I have never had a chance to be so noble and forgiving. And Jack stood it. He didn't tell me to go to the devil—that is, not for some time.

In an hour a scurry of lights, a ye-a-ow of a horn, the shrieking of brakes announced the coming of my garage man from Sodom. He was a large-mustached, brisk person. He leaped out, followed by his dark, dour little assistant. Not even speaking to me, he got busy, jacking up my car, taking off the battered wheel.

"This is fine!" I exulted. "Here is a real repair man. Look at him! Why, we'll get new parts from Columbus and be on our way by to-morrow noon."

That was on Tuesday evening.

Yes, certainly. To-morrow morning the garage man would phone in to Columbus for a new wheel and fender. He'd take the axle to a blacksmith to be straightened. He'd have me out of this by to-morrow evening, sure pop. S'long! Good luck!

They were gone with a snort from the exhaust. Night was tranquil about the scenes of the battle of Jutland and I was unbothered—except by figuring up how much all this was going to cost. Sometimes I made it a hundred dollars, but mostly—till I got sleepy—I could keep it down to sixty.

I slept in the back of my car, while poor silent Jack crept off to a straw stack. I wish to record for all autohoboes that the back seat of a touring car is a perfectly good place for a six-footer to sleep, provided he merely has his legs amputated at the knees.

At two or six in the morning I was wakened by the light of a car pouring into my protesting eyes. It was a truck and the driver had come to anchor while he looked over the free exhibit. When he had completely examined both cars he came to me and sprayed the light of his torch on me in my vest-pocket bed with my knees snugly fitted beside my ears. He glowered and said as though he was daring me to deny it: "There's been a smash-up."

"The deuce there has!" I marveled.

A D. S. C. for the Mechanic

At nine the flivver wrecking crew arrived and by noon they had our opponent somewhat better than new. I watched the miracle of repairing. You know how it goes. Nothing ever fits. The mechanic spends all his time taking off whatever he has just put on, shaking his head and sighing: "No, that doesn't seem to do the trick. Guess I'll try ——" Yet somehow he gets out the car.

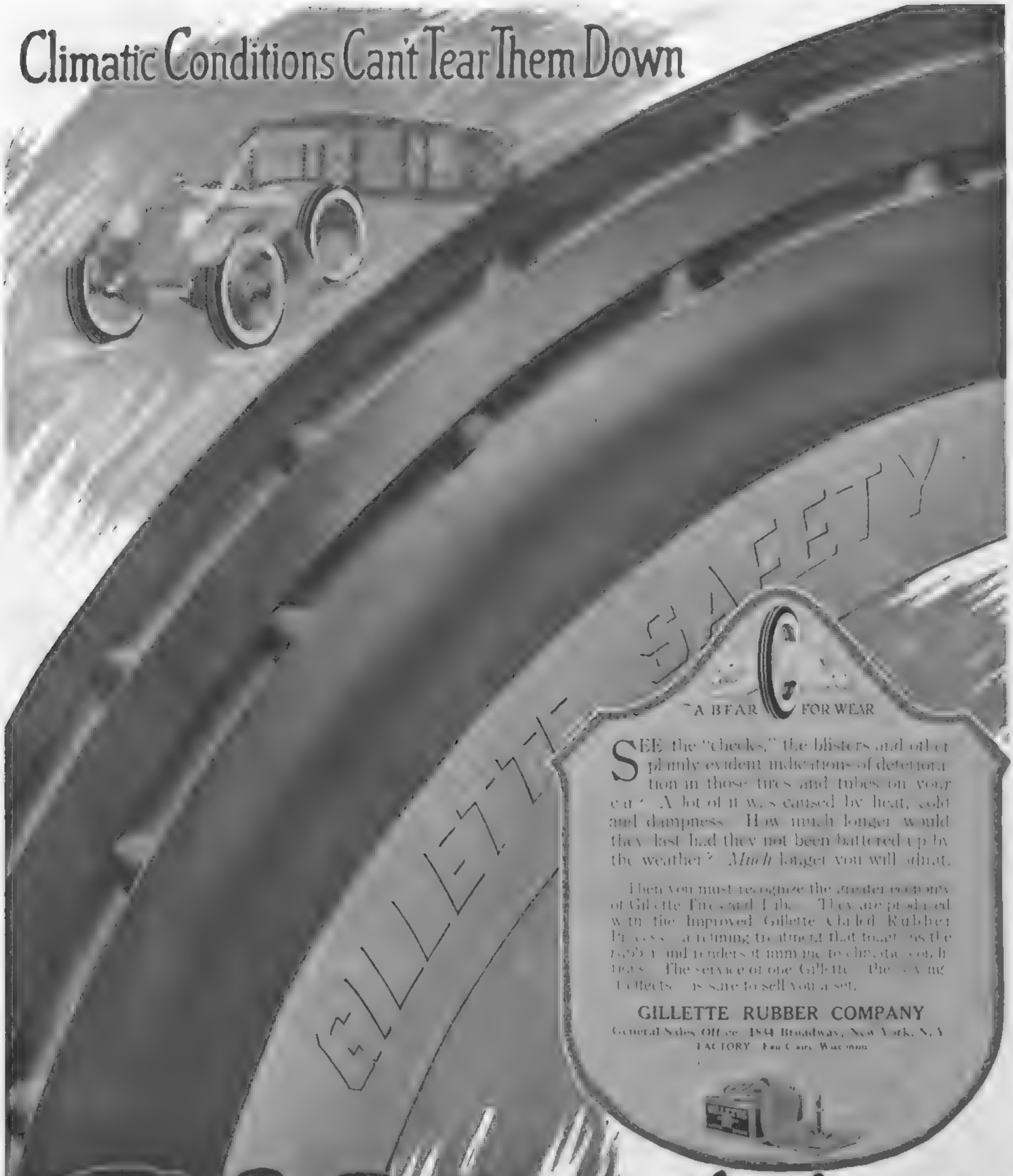
They took the flivver away after charging me fifty-six dollars for parts and time. It was my first installment on the payment for the pleasure of having almost been lynched. At noon my own garage man came back with my axle straightened and a temporarily borrowed wheel. He was my big brother, guardian, boss, favorite author and candidate for president. I beamed on him in boyish faith and chirruped: "Well, we going to get on our way to-night? What did Columbus say? Have they shipped the parts? Ought to be here this afternoon."

Oh, Columbus? Oh, Columbus didn't have any parts! But, rats, that didn't matter! He had telephoned to Cincinnati for the parts. He'd have me on the road by to-morrow noon—oh, absolutely!

This was Wednesday noon.

It was good to deal with a man who got things done like that. I stood about cherubically while he and his silent little mechanic put back the axle and screwed on the wheel they had borrowed. The assistant didn't give me any words of cheer and confidence. He didn't have time. He had to do the work, for it proved that though my tutelary garage man was a marvel of optimism, financial organization, salesmanship and fine flushed oratory he did have

(Continued on Page 141)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(Continued from Page 138)

one fault—he didn't know a thing about motor cars. He whispered to his assistant to ask what to do next, then did it publicly and with a flourish, and the hearts of all beholders were made glad and sang together at the spectacle of efficiency and power.

He towed the disabled car and ourselves into Sodom. Jack and I were hungry. We had had two sandwiches during the day. Our father, guide and friend dusted his hands, yearned upon us and said invitingly: "Well, I'm going home and see if mother can't shake up something to eat. You boys like a little supper?"

Oh, this was the king of hosts! We chorused "Sure," and looked upon him filially and were ready to follow him.

"Well, you'll find a pretty good restaurant across the street. See you later, boys."

And it was a pretty good restaurant. It was a sawed-off lunch counter at the front of a pool parlor. The menu consisted of fried eggs, boiled eggs, ham sandwiches, Hamburger sandwiches, coffee; and the ham sandwiches tasted like the boiled eggs, the coffee like the Hamburgers and the salt and pepper like nothing whatever. During my six meals the menu was changed only once. That was when they were out of ham sandwiches.

We dined modestly, then took the train into Columbus and had something to eat.

Next morning—Thursday—we were wise. The garage man had said he'd have the car out by noon, but we knew—oh, we knew! We were convinced that he would not have it ready till midafternoon. We spent the morning in avoiding the roving Hamburger sandwich, and scientists may be interested to know that we found the movies to be the safest refuge from this insidious and pandemic pest. We returned to Sodom at four. We burst into the garage tingling with hope and found the car—it was there, all nice and safe, and merely lacked a wheel, a fender and a few hours' adjustment of the steering gear. Our lord, the garage man, hailed us.

"Well, boys, seems like the parts ain't showed up yet. Expect 'em on every train. Fact is, I found Cincinnati was out, too, so I phoned to Detroit."

That was Thursday afternoon.

The parts arrived Monday morning.

Jack had to go on. I faced Sodom alone.

During the years that followed, while golden summer succeeded to spring and vice versa, and our heroine developed from the little girl we once knew into a broad-browed and strikingly handsome young woman, I spent Thursday to Monday in meeting trains, peering into express cars, not getting the parts and going back to explore the town. It was a work of supererogation. A two-month-old kitten could have seen enough of Sodom in one hour. The population was four hundred and the only points of interest for a Seeing Sodom Car—which would have been a wheelbarrow—were the brickyard, the new bungalow with cement Corinthian columns and an Aztec door, and the theological debate in front of the drug store.

Pool as a Side Dish

The debaters were the town agnostic and the druggist, who was the Sunday-school superintendent but wanted it known that he was a good sport and shook a wicked cue at the pool parlor. The discussion had now continued for ten years and had resulted in the following conclusions:

"Now hold your horses! Keep your shirt on! Look here! What you say may all be true. I'm willing to admit there's a lot of people that's prejudiced in their views and maybe they don't always live up to their theories, but trouble is with you fellows you don't never stop and consider the effect on other folks. 'Sall right for you and me to think what we like, but let me tell you right here, they ain't everybody can think for themselves, like you and me."

I have never seen this so clearly put—though just now I cannot remember whether it was the superintendent or the town agnostic who said it.

Whenever I became too hungry to sit in—or on—the press box and report the conference I went to eat another fried egg and watch the pool players. But I have never yet learned how many strikes the batter gets in pool or why it is that the pitcher always stands back and rubs the small end of his bat with a piece of cuttlefish.

The rest of the time I prowled through the garage.

There is something about watching a mechanician work which paralyzes time. At first you are brisk; you will learn something; you will study the repair man's system of tracing ignition trouble. But as he never does anything but look under the cowl and grunt "Where the deuce is the fuses in this car?" you fail to get more than half an hour killed. Then you explore. In all garages, in all states, you look over, and one by one you disapprove of the doctor's coupé, the barber's sporty four-passenger roadster, the grocer's delivery wagon, the real-estate man's ancient but powerful six for which he wouldn't take fifteen hundred dollars—unless somebody offered it—and you end up by pensively kicking the car which was horribly smashed six years ago come Shrove Tuesday and which the shop foreman has for six years intended to rebuild as soon as he gets time.

You stroll along the workbench and get your fingers dirty. You inspect a new kind of wrench and lay it down with dignity, because the cynical garage man is looking at you and you think he thinks you are going to steal it. He does. And how do we know but what ——

You haughtily leave him and go into the office and read the library, which consists of one newspaper two days old, one tire company's house organ, a red-bound gold-emblazoned catalogue of motor accessories, and one copy of a magazine devoted to mechanical novelties—diagrams of the monorail that is going to revolutionize transportation and of the device for catching submarines in a vacuum cleaner. After half an hour with all these masterpieces of fiction it is surprising with what appetite you can eat a Hamburger sandwich.

These were the dissipations of my stay in Sodom. My real business was meeting Number 7, Number 623 and Number 41 at the station to see if the parts for my car were aboard—running beside the express car, peering in at all large bundles that might contain a wheel and a fender, seeing the express agent hand down to the depot agent nothing but a dog collar and two large Manila envelopes and watching the train dustily puff away.

Sodom's Social Barriers

I have indicated that motoring is a corrective of self-opinion. The stay in Sodom was. Though the restaurant proprietor unbent so far as to inform me that his "old woman had a fierce grouch this morning," though the religious conference looked only mildly bored when I joined it, yet a realization of my supreme unimportance to Sodom crept into my bones. I walked the streets demurely and hoped that some dog, some honored local dog, would wag its tail at me.

I had been several years past thirty when I arrived in Sodom, but after three days of being called "Bub" and "My boy" and "Billy" I was demoted to a timorous and unworldly eighteen. My ambition was to be socially recognized and invited to a regular meal at the garage man's house. That ambition is, to date, unsatisfied. It must be thrilling to move in exalted social sets and hear the repartee and chit chat and beaux arts and quod ests and everything, and eat apple sauce and creamed chipped beef instead of Hamburger sandwiches.

On Monday morning, when I had reached sixteen years of age, the parts arrived, were attached and the white road lay open before me; and never again in all my touring could I possibly have the slightest trouble.

I tried out the car. It steered rather hard. The youthful mechanic said patronizingly: "Oh, that'll loosen up in just a couple miles."

Never did an ancient eager for news of his future more greedily assist a back-street clairvoyant to deceive him than I assisted this mechanical faith healer.

I paid eighty-eight dollars for the parts and the labor. The royal garage man thundered farewell and I told him that he had been my rescuer, my preserver, my controller of destiny. I gayly boomed on toward Columbus.

The car could be steered only by bracing my feet, getting a grip on the wheel and yanking it. I made a hundred and forty miles before I sagged into bed, but next morning my hands were raw. And ten miles from Lima constantly, unconsciously, a driver makes tiny corrective movements of the wheel to keep the car in the road. But so stiff was the steering that this time before I could correct the course I discovered

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ESTABLISHED 1869
FIFTY—YEARS—OF—PROGRESS

HEINZ Tomato Ketchup has a flavor peculiarly and distinctively its own, a flavor that gives to every food a new zest—an inviting, appetizing, delicious taste. It is made in model kitchens of spotless cleanliness, from red ripe tomatoes grown where soil and climate unite to produce the best. Heinz Ketchup is a constant proof of Heinz quality.

HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP

Some of the
57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Mince Meat

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

that the car wasn't on the road at all but amazingly and incredibly down in a ditch and flourishingly heading for a barbed-wire fence. I stopped in time, but I sat in the ditch and wondered whether the steering gear would loosen up before I got killed. It seemed improbable. But I'd be hanged if I'd waste any more time on another repair man. Never again! No, sir!

So in Lima I went to another repair man.

I had been convinced that whatever in life might be fallible, the one Rock of Ages was the integrity of the ruddy-voiced garage man of Sodom and his mechanic. In the Lima machine shop I found that the axle—oh, yes, the Sodom blacksmith had straightened it all right, only he hadn't straightened it so that the two halves were anything alike.

The restraightening took one more day and seventeen more dollars. In all, including expenses while waiting, it cost me one hundred and seventy-six dollars to discover that accidents were not thrilling and that I had no great message or mission for the community of Sodom.

But I did get to Minneapolis with only four more stops to have garage men rerepair things that had been repaired at Sodom.

I have met a few major generals, peers and senators; a few famous surgeons and capitalists and aviators and explorers; but I have never met so lordly and soul-satisfying a presence as that paternal garage man of Sodom, nor anyone who so ably convinced me that large parts of the universe may still go on after I shall have passed. He looked upon me redly and was bored and told me to run along and play—and I went. The jokes that had got me a hand at the club fell smashed before his desk, and the theories of government which I had been thinking of letting the President have never got farther with the garage man than a timorous "Say, cap'n, did you ever stop and think ——"

He may have turned out incompetent repairs, but as a corrector of destinies he is recommended to all my fellow autohoboes.

The joys of the road, the zest of travel intensified because you yourself are guide and you wait neither for train nor tide—that exhilaration so far outweighs discomforts that once you have made a long motor trip through new lands the first dry road of every coming spring will coax you out to Northern forest, Western prairies, Southern mountains or Eastern streets. It is not at all because they are so memorable as the long, hazy days of perfect driving but because there is in them more of freakish amusement that I recall more mishaps than bright days.

You may be prepared for unfamiliar beauty—but you must be prepared for trouble; not only for breakdowns and tedious waits, but also for bad roads—sand, mud, ruts, bridges out and the way blocked by a traction engine, ten miles of road so repaired by heaping dirt in the center that you crawl along with one wheel three feet lower than the other. You must be ready for heat, dust, rain that will seep in through side curtains, weariness so profound that it will be too much trouble to lace up the top eyelet of your boots in the morning, and that most sensational of all calamities—arguments with your passenger.

Pronged Forks of Infelicity

These arguments will make you regard the other casualties as mere frolicsome incidents. They are the most damaging thing that can occur—because they will reveal to you that the masculine logic and lucidity of which you have always been so proud have been merely blustering and quick exits.

Your passenger is probably your wife and she has much to endure. In normal times she is comfortably rid of you while you are at the office or out playing golf; but on tour she has twenty-four hours a day in which to discover how inexact are your opinions.

The man back there in the last town has told you to take the left-hand turn at the fork and you naturally have taken the right. Your passenger objects.

"He said to go to the left."

"Nonsense! He said right."

You illustrate with an abrupt, virile gesture. Enough of this needless chatter.

"Oh, please! You almost knocked my hat off."

"Well, I didn't knock it off, and anyway—why did you wear that hat? Blow off in the first high wind."

"Would you mind noticing that meanwhile we are on the wrong road and getting farther and farther away from the fork?"

"Now—see—here! We're heading southwestward, aren't we? There's the sun. Well then, this is correct!"

"But the map shows a jog. We ought to go north."

"Oh, those maps are crazy! They just guess at them. I suppose if you wanted to go to San Antonio you'd start for Montreal!"

"No, I'd stop and ask some directions."

"Oh—these fellows don't know anything about the road."

"My dear, can you explain to me the reason why no man ever likes to ask directions? I suppose it would be a reflection on his masculine omniscience!"

"All right! All right! I'll stop and ask! Then I hope you'll be satisfied that I'm right!"

Silence. Presently from passenger: "Why didn't you ask one of those two men?"

"I only noticed one man. We haven't been by but one—and he didn't look like any intellectual giant."

"Slow down. There's a team in that barnyard."

"Good heavens, I was just slowing down! What did you think I was doing? Say, uh, hey! Say, is this the right road for Bottleville?"

The farmer looks sorry for you and regrets: "No, I'm afraid you took the wrong turn back at the fork."

"Yuh, I kind of thought maybe this was wrong. Much 'bliged."

Eschew a Motorwise Wife

The road is narrow and you back and fill seven times before you turn, and once because you are an infallible male and you'll be hanged if you'll ask her to look back and see how much room you have—and why doesn't she think of doing it without being asked, anyway?—you drop into the ditch and have to crawl out on low. Then you return to the fork.

All this time the passenger hasn't said a word. She hasn't needed to. Every bird on the barbed-wire fence, every frog in the slew, even the humming telegraph wire, has been twanging "I tolllllld you soooooo." If you are a man without wisdom you wail: "Well, go on, say it!" But if you are of the blessed you grin at her and congratulate her on her new hat.

Before being taken on a motor tour wives who themselves drive should be anæsthetized and all knowledge of motors removed. For if they know anything about the game it is so hard to explain to them why when you are trying to pass a car on the hill and suddenly see another car bearing down you first step on the accelerator instead of the brake, then retard the spark, yank the gear lever into neutral, grindingly try to get it into reverse or low or anything that is handy, sound the horn, step on the gas again, finally get into second—and then kill the motor. So dangerous a thing is a little knowledge that in such cases women have been known to doubt your having perfect reasons for all those clever maneuvers.

Motoring is the real test of marriage. After a week of it you either stop and get a divorce, or else—free from telephone calls and neighbors and dressing for dinner, slipping past fields blue with flax and ringing with meadow larks in the fresh morning—you discover again the girl you used to know.

Even without searching for them, you are certain to find odd, unbelievable places on any long trip.

I remember Southern ferries where you help the ferryman to pole your way across the yellow stream; Western fords where you splash through a torrent and instantly shoot up a mountain rise; Tennessee cabins as aboriginal as in the days of Dan'l Boone; St. Ignatius, that Alpine town with unmistakably Italian convent and mission tower, which nevertheless is in Montana; old Rockbridge Alum Springs, where once the flower of Virginia and the Carolinas rode and danced and made love; young Mennonites in Pennsylvania with silky chin whiskers, grotesque under their pink cheeks; a Shaker settlement of vast barns in a valley between Albany and Pittsfield; a road between Bemidji and Duluth through pines impressive as columns of an Egyptian temple, broken only by infrequent clearings where Indians looked up from cultivating corn to hold up a stolid arm in greeting; cowpunchers riding range in Oregon—in

(Continued on Page 145)

What Branded Lumber Means to Customer and to Dealer

TRANSACTIONS in unknown, unbranded goods entail a thousand questions from the buyer—if he is business-like and careful—and a thousand answers from the dealer. And yet the best of salesmen in unbranded lines are unable to build up in the customer's mind *positive assurance* that, if he buys, he will have bought wisely.

A man plans a building. He consults the lumberman. The thousand questions are asked and answered and, in the end, the customer says:

"I want lumber that is uniformly good. I can't pick it out and inspect it piece by piece. I don't know lumber grades anyhow. What *assurance* can I have that I will receive good lumber?"

It was to answer just such a natural question that The Long-Bell Lumber Company, largest manufacturer of Southern pine in the United States, adopted this trade-marked brand and placed it plainly upon its entire Southern pine product—more than 500 million feet a year:

Long-Bell

THE MARK ON QUALITY LUMBER

This brand is *the positive assurance* to the customer that he is receiving uniformly good lumber. It is equally assuring to the dealer that he can *deliver* that kind of lumber.

Ask Your Dealer for Long-Bell Brand.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company

R. A. LONG BLDG. KANSAS CITY, MO.

Our Nationally Known Products

Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers; Oak, Oak Flooring, Gum; California White Pine Lumber; Creosoted Lumber and Timbers, Posts, Poles, Piling, Ties and Wood Blocks.

Radiator Valves Control Comfort and Coal Bills

HAVE you ever been awakened on a particularly cold morning by the worst collection of thumps and bangs that you ever listened to issuing from the steam radiator? The room was like ice and stayed that way. You could not get up the courage to hop out of bed, search for a knife or a dime in your trousers' pockets and then, shivering the while, fiddle and fuss with the air valve. You hoped to coax the steam into the radiator by letting out all the cold air.

Or perhaps you've awakened to see the air valve hissing steam like a peanut stand, with the same shrill whistle, and possibly an ever-increasing puddle of hot water creeping toward your shoes.

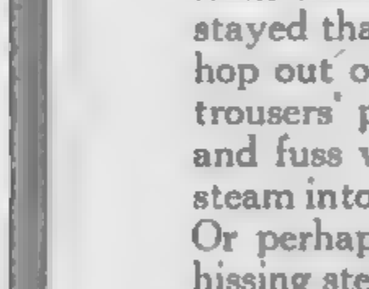
This time you fairly sprang out of bed to shut off that leak—rescue your belongings and turn back the already soaked Wilton rug. At the office or factory there was a repetition of those valve adjustments. They helped **perhaps,** but never did quite stop all the banging and thumping or leaks and hissing steam.

You realized then that those same valves controlled heat comfort and you wanted a valve that would automatically eliminate such things as cold air and water-leaks in radiators and permit you to get the steam heat that you paid your hard-earned dollars for.

Some one provided such a valve six years ago—and daily this perfect valve is supplanting faulty valves everywhere. It works day and night to make radiators really radiate heat and therefore do it at lowest coal consumption.

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal



No Pounding

There is a Hoffman Valve for every type of service for home, office, factory or hotel.

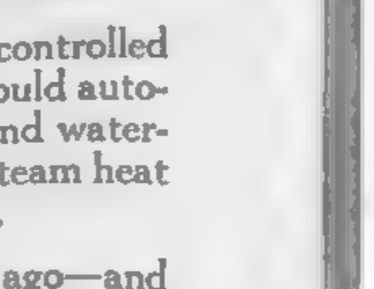
Hoffman Valves never leak or spit. They close up tight the instant water surges or steam rushes into the valve.

Hoffman Valves save coal, because they permit the entire system to function properly—which means waste eliminated—and hot radiators at low steam pressure.

Hoffman Valves eliminate hammering and other noises in pipes because there can be no air locks. Valves are wide open as long as there is air in a radiator.

Hoffman Valves are non-adjustable, there's no bothersome tinkering. They are foolproof.

Architects and engineers specify Hoffmans for particular clients. Heating contractors like to install Hoffmans whether on new work or a replacement job. It means no "after trouble" for them and satisfaction for their customers.



No Leaking

Hoffman Valves can be obtained through heating and plumbing supply houses or your heating contractor.

Send to our New York office for "More Heat from Less Coal," an interesting booklet which tells about coal wastes and how they can be eliminated. In a non-technical way it explains the reason for most steamheat faults and how to do away with them. It will be mailed upon request.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC., 512 Fifth Ave., New York

Los Angeles
215 W. Seventh Street

Chicago
130 N. Wells Street

No Hissing

An Unqualified Guarantee

The satisfactory operation of Hoffman Valves is guaranteed for five years. If for any reason, you are dissatisfied, new valves will be furnished or your money returned, without quibbling—whichever you prefer.

No Half Heat

(Continued from Page 142)

chaps even to-day; the climb up out of Pittsburgh like crawling up the side of a smoking caldron.

The other day, when we were thinking of nothing but Chicago ahead, we drove into Zion City and discovered that the followers of the forgotten Dowie are very much existent. Zion City remains pure. Not liquor alone, but oysters, pork, profanity, doctors and all forms of tobacco are still forbidden. But when I saw that they had a garage I could not believe that the anti-swearing ordinance applied to it. Automobiles are descended from mules and should be so addressed. I asked one of the repair men about it. Was he of the faith? Oh, yes, he had been cured of a toothache by the faith. Well, then, as driver to driver, was it true that there was no cussing in the garage?

It was! He'd worked there a year and he hadn't heard a single cuss word. Not one!

I marveled, and while I marveled he drove a car between two others with half an inch to spare on either side. He did not swear. All he remarked to his car was: "You dinged Siwash," "You blinking son of trouble" and "There, by fiddle, I'll show you, lam blast you!"

It was so improving to get away from the vulgar worldly atmosphere of profanity. I had passed Zion City a dozen times on the train, but if I had not been motoring I should never yet have chanced to stop there and get improved like that.

But odder than any religious colony was the river in the road.

We started south and east of Minneapolis after the Minnesota River had been flooding. Our normal way followed the river. As we approached it we saw a large sign, "Road Under Water." So naturally we kept on. It had the same effect as the no-smoking sign in a garage, which invariably causes all beholders, including the man who put it up, to reach for the cigarettes.

A quarter of a mile on we discovered three cars stopped and the occupants inspecting a stream across the road, where the flood had cut through gravel to mud. Huh! I wasn't one to be scared by a little water. Besides, there were wheel marks on the opposite side of the cut, showing that someone had crossed. Oh, I knew, I knew!

I informed the awed populace: "I'll try it if you'll wait and pull me out if I get stuck."

Oh, yes, indeed they would. They would stay by me till Der Tag. Long live our leader brave!

I drove cheerfully into the gash in the road, splashed through with water above the running board—and stopped. Now I knew what had made those wheel marks on the farther side. Other goats had also spent the springtide hours in trying to get out while their wheels spun round and round and made inviting marks in the soft mud of the farther bank.

A Modern Arabian Fadeaway

I looked back. Two of the cars that had been going to help me out were already headed due north and keeping going. But the driver of the third was loyal—and probably foolish.

Trying to remain dignified, I peeled off my shoes and socks and rolled up my trousers. And let me right here inform the world of science that, judging by photographs taken of the scene, it is not possible for a tall lank male to look dignified when his trousers are bunchily rolled up over his prominent knees. I got out and I got wet. I hitched a steel towing wire to the back axle and handed it to the man ashore and his car tried to pull me out backward.

It didn't.

We both had a smoke and assured each other that "trouble is, don't get any traction in the mud—better put some stones and brush behind the wheels."

The stones were heavy, but they were first-class marksmen. Every time they dropped they got us in the eye with a spurt of mud. At last we straightened up, rubbed our backs as the unfortunate sufferer does in the advertisements of the rheumatism cure, glanced proudly at our engineering and tried again and—oh, I told him he might as well go on and leave me. He did—with speed. And my car remained in a river, entirely surrounded by landscape and water.

My passenger crawled out on the back fender, leaped ashore and walked to the nearest farmhouse, with the suggestion that they could make all of a couple of dollars by hauling us out. I sat in the car and felt like an outdoor person and a hero—which is the chief reason why indoor typewriter-pounding people, such as writers and shipping clerks and the President, like to go motoring.

It was the passenger who had the trouble. When she came brightly up to the farmhouse and made her generous offer they almost set the dog on her. They told her that we were the twenty-seventh pair of idiots who during three days had been too wise to heed signs and had with some difficulty managed to get themselves mired. Three days ago they had spent an afternoon in getting out one big car. They had received five dollars for it—and the rain had come and they had lost one hundred dollars' worth of hay.

It was sometime in the evening when two members of a road gang took three minutes to haul us out and briefly accepted five dollars. By driving rapidly we were able a little later in the evening to be—at midnight—exactly as far ahead as we had been at noon—when we had started. But it was worth it. If you wish to be free from conventions and tradition and flattery, sit in a car apparently intended for dry-land transportation, look out at the muddy traces of a flood and contemplate your lack of wisdom. There is no need of going to a Himalayan mountain or of consorting with yogis in yellow shirts to attain meditation and the silences and a good tan.

The Fallacy of Good Roads

More weighty than garage man, more significant to the autohobo than scenery, are the roads.

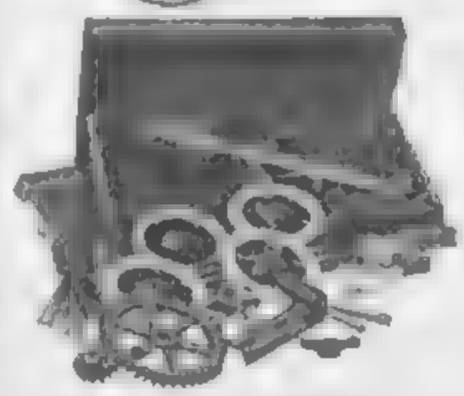
So much has been said about the good-roads movement that most people vaguely feel that the country is now a network of perfect highways, and because of that belief they are bored by further propaganda and infuriated by further taxes. The farmers—the very people who in their isolation are most aided by good roads—many of them still believe that a highway-bond proposal is "a graft for the sole benefit of city joy-riders." The quotation is neither imaginary nor ancient. It appeared in 1919 in a Middle Western farm paper. The paper did not explain whether there was also an objection to vegetables, grain and cream going joy-riding into town.

The movement hasn't yet even begun and will not be under way till there is a grid of hard-surfaced and perfectly maintained pikes not more than twenty miles apart all over the country. While manufacturers are doing their intense best to produce perfect tires, batteries, transmission, body comfort, and the rest, their efforts are almost annihilated by the bad roads of the country. Not till every taxpayer admits that if his own roads are bad he cannot expect boulevards in the next county will the manufacturers have a chance to show what cars can be.

I have never found an interstate highway, not even the most famous of them, which did not have sections which would have been a disgrace to the Balkan States in A. D. 1600.

I have never driven in a state that did not have its share of bad roads—possibly excepting Rhode Island and Connecticut. Even California, New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, despite their fame for highways and the example they set the rest of the country, have their vile stretches. And as to the rest of them, even on their through, interstate, main highways ——

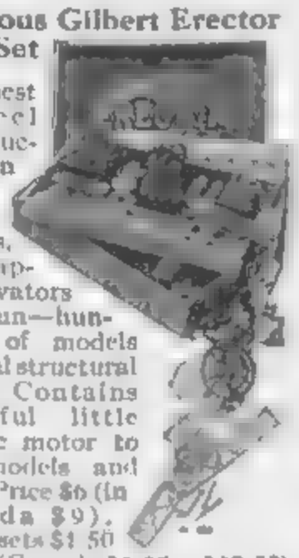
In the state of Washington I have found deep ruts covered with a foot of sifted dust, so that they looked smooth as a beach—and invited the driver to break springs. In Montana and Idaho there were short, sharp ascents, heartbreaking to climb and dangerous to descend; and there were pitches equally uncomfortable and even rougher in Wisconsin on the highroad between La Crosse and Madison. I have found mud in Minnesota, Iowa and North Dakota; mud and temper-jarring miles on miles of bumpy old decayed macadam in Ohio and Illinois and Indiana. In Kentucky there were—on an important pike—cobbles as rough as a medieval street; and in Northern Tennessee was a mountain climb as steep and twisty as anything in the Rockies, with a road coating of sharp flints guaranteed to take five hundred miles' wear out of a casing in one mile. I have been mired down in Virginia mud. I have been jarred to pieces on famous interurban highways in Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey and



Gilbert Outdoor Wheel Toy

The crackerjack $10 set (in Canada $15 [illegible]) includes a fine coaster, roller, racer, wagon, geared speedster and many other things. Other sets $6 and $15 (Canada $9 and $22.50).

Famous Gilbert Erector No. 4 Set



The finest of steel construction toys. Builds bridges, skyscrapers, elevators that run—hundreds of models like real structural steel. Contains powerful little electric motor to run models and toys. Price $6 (in Canada $9). Other sets $1.50 to $25 (Canada $2.25 to $37.50).

Gilbert Chemistry Outfits

Practical Chemistry outfits and Fine Manual of Chemistry, with which a boy can learn to make ink, soap, ammonia, construct a wet cell, do electric and chemical magic. Teaches elementary chemistry. Sets $2.50 to $10 (In Canada $3.75 to $15).

Gilbert Electrical Sets

Outfits with which a boy can make his own electric motor, install electric bells and lights, electroplate spoons, knives, forks, etc. Sets from $2.50 to $10 (Canada $3.75 to $15)

Gilbert Wireless Outfits

Real radio outfits of the most approved type which receive wireless messages up to 1000 miles and send them 3 to 5 miles, with authoritative book on wireless. Prices $5 to $65 (Canada $7.50 to $97.50).

"The Boy is Father to the Man"

A boy is a man in miniature. He wants to learn and even in his play he likes to do things the way men do them. You can help him greatly by giving him the kind of toys that instruct and educate him while he is having real fun.

Gilbert toys do this. They develop his constructive side. With the wonderful Outdoor Wheel Toy illustrated above, any boy who can use a screw driver and a wrench can make strong, speedy gliders, racers, coasters, wagons, trucks, wheelbarrows, etc., that will stand the hardest usage. The $10 set ($15 in Canada) will delight any boy. It contains gears and pinions and extra parts to build a geared power speedster. There are fine sets at $6 and $15 ($9 and $22.50 in Canada).

With Erector—the famous indoor toy like real structural steel—the boy can build bridges, skyscrapers, elevators that run and hundreds of other models—just as real workmen build them. Most Erector sets have a small electric motor to make things run.

Gilbert Engineering Institute for Boys

to foster the constructive and creative spirit in boys I organized the Gilbert Engineering Institute for boys, which awards the degrees of Gilbert Engineer, Gilbert Expert Engineer, and Gilbert Master Engineer, together with gold lapel buttons and watches to those who do the most original work with constructive toys.

Big Prize Contest

I have recently started another big toy contest, free to boys and girls under 18, with a real Buckboard Automobile or Shetland pony as first prize, and a hundred other fine prizes. I'll send all the details about the contest, together with a free copy of my interesting boys' magazine and my new catalog to any one who writes. Gilbert Toys are for sale by all good toy dealers.

Alfred Gilbert Pres.

THE A. C. GILBERT COMPANY

119 Blatchley Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

In Canada: The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, Toronto
In England: The A. C. Gilbert Co., 17 Sherborne Lane, London, E.C.4

GILBERT TOYS

"Look, Fellows, See What My Dad Gave Me"

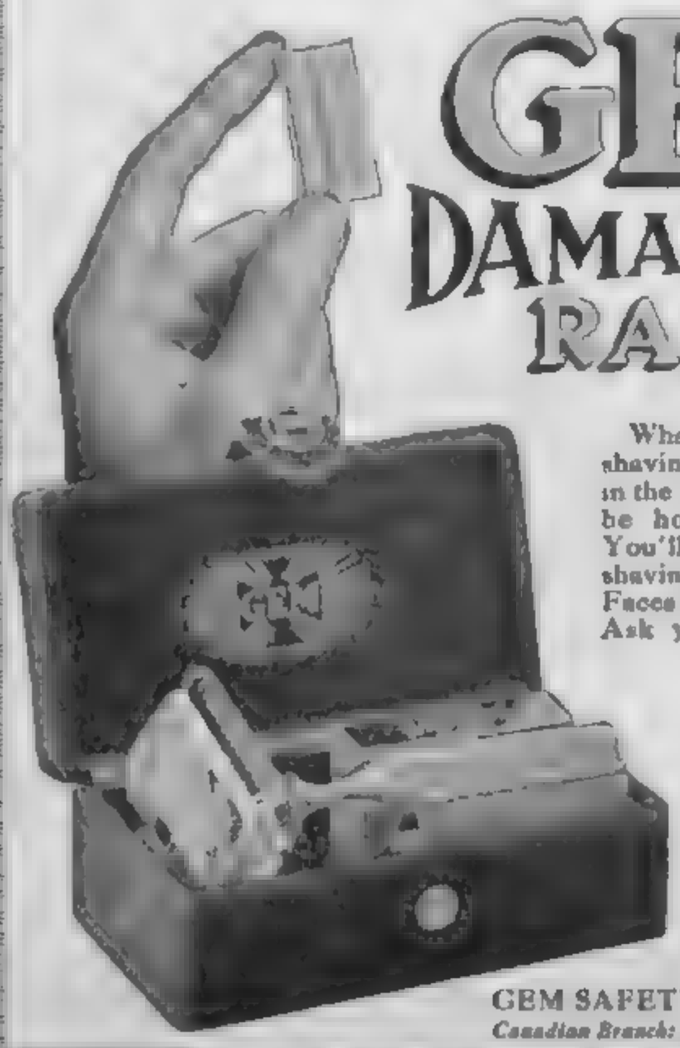
Fathers of sons about to shave: You know what the daily shave means in every man's life; in his social hours, at business, and to his personal comfort.

If you could question the millions of shavers with Smoother Faces, they would advise, "Get *your* boy a Gem." The Gem gives Smoother Faces because of the Gem blade, frame and Universal Angle.

Through patented Gem processes, the Gem Damaskeene Blade—keen as Damascus steel—acquires a shaving edge unique both in keenness and durability.

The Gem Frame helps give Smoother Faces because it holds the blade at the Universal Angle—the precise angle for an easy comfortable shave.

The Gem will give *you* a Smoother Face whether you've a light beard or a heavy one. You fathers who have never experienced a Gem shave, get a Gem Razor today. And if you've a big little son who's ready for his first shave, get two Gems—one for him.



GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

What is the proper stroke in shaving? Why should you rub in the lather? Should the water be hot, lukewarm or cold? You'll find the answer to such shaving questions in "Smoother Faces and How to Get One." Ask your dealer for a copy.

$1.00 The Standard Gem Set includes frame and hand c. stropping device and 7 Damaskeene Blades in compact, velvet-lined case. Other Gem sets, particularly appropriate as holiday gifts for new shavers and old shavers alike, are obtainable up to $10.

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORP., New York
Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal

Oregon. In Nebraska there were hill roads almost unclimbable except during two dry months of summer; and in Georgia and all its neighbor states I have seen trunk highways that were trails of brush and wet red dirt.

If local taxpayers in every state will admit that, though they personally have learned to dodge the big rock two miles out and the sink hole a mile beyond, strangers will not necessarily find those features amusing, then perhaps we may some day begin to have a system of highways. We have the best motor cars in the world, and some of the worst. Oh, let's be patriotic!

Besides, come to think of it, while the state next to yours has bad roads, yours never has—and you can prove it.

Once in a story, though I hymned the lakes and glorious fields and friendly hills of a certain state, I did depict a character as stuck in the mud. I shortly realized that it would have been more popular to have written scandal about the pastors of the state and to have assassinated the governor. The state was at the time discussing a huge bond issue for—oh, surely not for improving the roads, because it was immediately proved to me that all the roads in the state were already perfect. Indignant persons wrote to the misguided editor who had taken the story. One of the best newspapers of the state officially announced in an editorial that though possibly I hadn't meant to lie yet certainly I had been grievously misinformed by evil persons. It's notorious, anyway, that all fiction writers stay at home in bobbed-haired literary colonies and get a mysterious substance called local color from persons who actually have traveled.

Now I had supposed that I knew the roads of that state. I had driven them from end to end, side to side; I had driven them—or tried to—in every month out of the twelve. Three weeks before the newspaper had proved that it was impossible to be mired on any of the main highways of the state I had been mired on a main highway of the state and had had to drive on low or intermediate for fifty straight miles.

From all of which we learn the moral that there are no bad roads in any state in the Union—not if you name the state. But until certain states which we will not under any conditions name—there are about forty of them—make their roads five hundred per cent better than they are now, neither cheap transportation of food nor long-distance touring will even begin. But there is coming a day when an average not-wealthy tourist will in a month's vacation see Boston and New Orleans, the Grand Cañon and San Francisco and the brown sea sands. And in that day we shall be more eager Americans, more understanding of our far-sundered neighbors.

Boost Highways Legislation

Already we have Federal aid for state roads; Congress is considering the Townsend Bill to create national highways linking all the large cities of the country; authorized road repairs delayed by the war have been resumed. But there is still something for the plain citizen to do. He can encourage his congressman to favor constant increase of Federal construction; his state assemblyman to vote for state extension of the Federal system; and particularly he can work for state and county bond issues. And he can join automobile associations and clubs—the most active and effective of forces advocating good-roads legislation.

But properly marked and made roads may deprive you of asking directions, which is the soundest topic of touring conversation!

You stop at the corner of Third and Oak streets in front of the signboard advertising plug tobacco. You get out the map and demand of your wife: "Don't you think this road by way of Thompson's Forge looks kind of roundabout?" Of course she doesn't know anything more about it than you do, but it's comforting to have someone agree with you. While you are driving west on Main Street you explain why you don't stop and ask directions and then you stop and ask directions of the ancient old man leaning on the rural mail box under the big cottonwood tree.

"What's the best way to Midgeton?"

"Midgeton, eh? Going to Midgeton? Where ye come from?"

"Just driven in from Pearlapolis. What's the best ——"

"Pearlapolis, eh? Well, ye come quite a ways. Now I'll tell ye. If I was going to Midgeton I wouldn't take the county road. I'd take the road that turns left at Pem Bemis'. Know where Pem's place is?"

"No, I've never been through here before."

"I see. Well, ye keep right on west here a ways, about three-four miles—no, I guess maybe it's six miles, say seven—and ye come to the schoolhouse—but mind ye, don't turn off at the first schoolhouse now wait, this'll make it clearer. Know where the New Baden Creamery is?"

You Can't Miss It, Eh!

"No, I've never been through here before."

"Well, ye bear to the left and when ye come to the second schoolhouse on the left—not the one on the right—no, that's wrong; it's the one on the right—you turn to the right—no, I'm kind of balled up—ye turn to the left and go northeast about two hundred rods, maybe five hundred, and turn to the right and keep straight on into Midgeton. Ye can't miss it."

"Thank you."

You drive on out of his sight and stop and complainingly demand of the passenger: "Which was the first turn—to the right or the left?"

"Yes!"

No matter what the guide says he will unquestionably wind up with "You can't miss it."

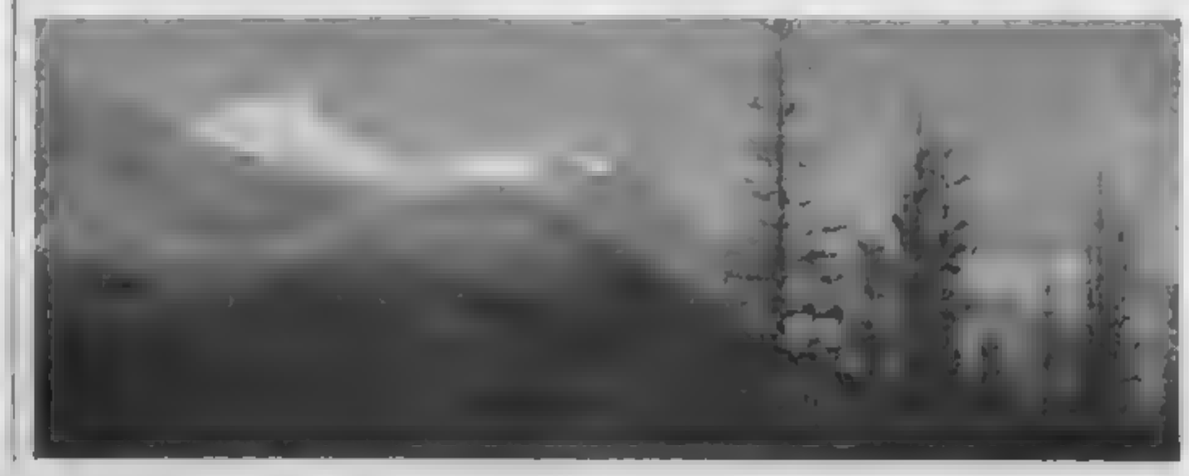
I wish people wouldn't do that. I'll bet I can miss any road ever laid out. Once I missed the Lincoln Highway at noon on a clear day. Once I spent from nine P. M. to seven A. M. in driving from New York to Philadelphia, a distance of ninety miles—if you go straight. It was night and foggy. We had aboard a man from Newark and he kept assuring us that with him as pilot we couldn't miss it, Newark having the strategic position of being near to all American cities except possibly Honolulu and New York.

We stopped happily in a populous street to ask if this was Elizabeth and found that it was Bayonne. Later we saw in the distance, beyond rivers and mounds of mist, a large city which was, I think, either Toronto or Ciudad Porfirio Díaz—we never knew, because when we tried to stalk it through the fog we lost it and have never been able to find it since.

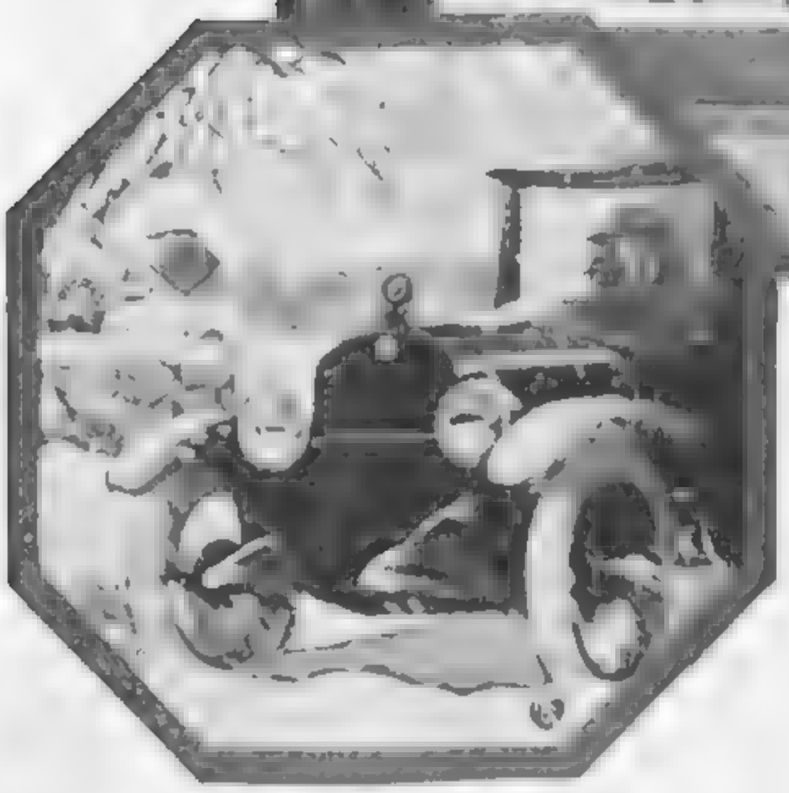
Nineteen times that nebulous night we asked directions of people by the road, and every time the kind-hearted adviser wound up with "You can't miss it."

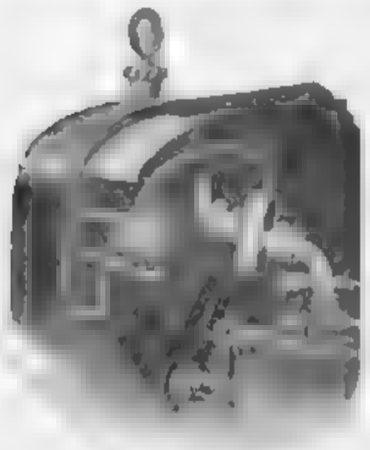
But it was rather sporting. Except for that gift of missing the way which every spirited autohobo possesses, we should never have been sitting in a smoke-clotted lunch room in a dark Jersey city when the night shift came out of the factories, nor have found that romance of light and shadow which in long-distance motoring—you can't miss it!

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Lewis. The next will appear in an early issue.



Columbia Six





For the Mechanically Inclined

The thermostat which controls the radiator shutters on the Columbia Six is a big, staunch, hardy mechanism.

Note its size—nothing delicate about it. In fact, it's extremely powerful. It pulls the shutters closed or forces them open under any and all conditions.

The slightest change in temperature produces instantaneous response from it. Still, it is built with the same endurance that you find in all the famous units in the Columbia. Year in and year out, it performs dependably, without the slightest attention from the owner.

Shutters that Defy Cold

The Mark of the Modern Car

We predict that all good cars will sooner or later be equipped with thermostatically controlled radiator shutters. For they have proven the most sensible, practical motor car improvement that has appeared since the advent of the self-starter.

The Columbia Six in line with its up-to-the-hour standards has them *now*.

You may have noticed them. On a zero day, perhaps, you have looked out from the cozy warmth of your living room and watched a Columbia Six glide along the frozen road—as quietly and smoothly as on a summer's day. Surely you have noticed the shutters then.

These shutters perform services the Columbia Six owner would never do without.

They banish hard-starting, slow warming up and running down of batteries. They banish cold-weather make-shifts—such as hood covers, blankets, cardboard protectors. When the day is cold and the motor naturally needs to be kept warm, the shutters close, keeping the heat in. When the day is warm, the shutters open to admit air.

They function automatically, without the slightest thought or action on the driver's part. Automatically, they insure maximum motor efficiency—the smoothest of action—most miles per gallon, trim appearance the entire year 'round.

Surely they are the mark of the modern car. They make Columbia closed models true all season cars. For the motor, as well as the occupants, is protected from disagreeable, energy-sapping changes in temperature.

Prices—Five-Passenger Touring Car, $1695.00; Four-Passenger Sport Model (Five wire wheels [illegible]); Two-Passenger Roadster (Five Disteel wheels included), $1845.00; Four-Passenger Coupé, $2850.00; Five-Passenger Touring Sedan, $2850.00, *Prices F. O. B. Detroit.*

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY
DETROIT,
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Gem of the Highway

Kisses! Kisses!! Kisses!!!

Everybody likes kisses—boys, girls, fathers, mothers, rich people, poor people—everybody!

Be a real Santa Claus this Christmas and put plenty of kisses in the kiddies' stockings. You can decorate the Christmas tree with strings of kisses, and have kisses for all the guests who gather round your tree. This good old-fashioned candy will help you celebrate Christmas in the good old-fashioned way.

The old-fashioned molasses kiss is now a greater favorite than ever, because candy-makers are making kisses so much better—putting all kinds of delightful flavors into them, and wrapping them clean and tight with a wonderful machine that sends them flying out like butterflies.

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Kisses are just right. You enjoy them from the minute you taste them until the last bit has melted away. You feel all right about eating kisses, because they take so little sugar.

You can get kisses wherever candy is sold—in cities, towns and villages. Any store that professes to give its customers a real money's-worth of candy has no right to keep you away from the most economical of all candies. Wake up the sleepy stores. Tell them you want those clean, pure, tightly wrapped candy kisses.

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The Candy Kiss business is one of your very best opportunities—you can give the people so much for their money. That's the kind of business that pays. Send for our book on Candy Kisses that tells about our Kiss Cutting and Wrapping Machine. Make your kisses by machine, put good materials in them, put your best candy-knowledge and ingenuity into your formulas, and you can serve your customers better than you ever did before.

New York Office
30 Church Street

Package Machinery Company Springfield Mass.

Chicago Office
111 W. Washington St.

THUMB MINUS BARLOW

(Continued from Page 34)

sake take yourself out of that door clean away from here! If I was near what I'm goin' to be in a few months I wouldn't ask you to make yourself scarce. You'd go without askin'. Yes, and you better go before Hilga gets here and sees this paper I've signed."

As Barlow scratched down his signature with a slobbery pen he spoke again and with a steady voice, though angry color smoldered up into his pallid cheeks:

"There you are! That all?"

"I," said Dawson, speaking with equal quietness, "will give you my check—not the company's—but my own personal check for ten dollars."

"No, you won't! Here's your paper, here's your pen. Take 'em and clear out! I want to be shut of you. No, mebbe you better leave this paper. I'll have Hilga sign it and send it in. Nasty business. I won't want to tell her, but I've got it to do."

Dawson did not relinquish the paper. He made out a duplicate for the other claimant to sign. Then he said, "Her signature on this will be satisfactory. If you will also sign it, then I'll destroy this one—the waiver you've signed individually."

He was cool. Barlow admired the coolness, for if one is to be a hard-boiled egg let him be the hardest kind of a boiled egg.

"I'll sign," the stockman observed. "And mebbe you got some more you want me to sign. Need aplenty. Amusement. Something to do. Help me pass the time, now that I got no pet animal."

The agent seemed not to notice the sarcasm.

"That," he suavely answered, "will do nicely, thank you—if you will both sign it and send it in."

He contributed a stamped envelope with the address of the legal department printed on it. Then as Dawson got to his feet he even had the impudence to offer the parting formality of a handshake. The stockman ceremoniously rubbed his palm upon his trouser leg, murmuring to the gaunt paw as he did so, "Come clean, come good and clean, 'cause I want to see how foul you're goin' to be after shakin' hands with this filthy buzzard."

Into the eyes of Dawson had come a certain imploring look that might have been there in boyhood, when school children would not have him for a playmate. But his voice was steady, "I said ten, but I'll make it twenty."

He moistened his lips. Barlow did not speak. He did nothing but glower in offended silence.

"I wish you would," Dawson added with the same beseeching tone as before—"I wish you could accept my check. Will you?"

He took off the cap of his pen and reached into his coat pocket.

Succinctly Barlow said from between clenched teeth, "We're done, you and me. Get out!"

Dawson left with head bowed and his hat in his hand. From across a deep-green meadow of alfalfa deliciously sprayed with its mist of lilac-colored bloom a meadow lark fitfully called. But he did not hear the lark. In the cool depth of the sky the first star—the evening star—had begun to quiver. But he did not see the star.

He walked fast. Along the hard narrow path he went off down to the gate, then took a short turn back toward the house, and going and coming, paced there anxiously, as if a driving energy were soon to send him running somewhere.

To have offered his personal check for twenty dollars—heavens, what had come over him! He was ashamed of that impulse. It was the flaw in his professional career. It humiliated Fifty-Dollar Dawson. Still the company would not have known. His claim-agent reputation would have suffered no blight.

While in this perturbed mood of estrangement with himself the brief vibrant call of the lark reached his ears. He listened, thinking of that time so long ago—that time after five years of deafness in his boyhood when he ran screaming with joy to his mother:

"I can hear! A bird sang! I heard him! I can hear!"

That it had been but a common sparrow fretfully chirping did not matter. He could hear! He had been delivered from the ghastly silence of a soundless world!

And now, this day, another kind of hearing had almost come to him. He somehow began to crave the good opinion of people—especially of that man—especially of such a woman as that man had described. In a world full of greed and self-interest and meanness there were two people who ——

Bah! He had better be on his way. Twenty dollars for a dead cat—what nonsense!

Yet he did not take himself off. He went on hurrying fantastically back and forth along the path as if this might help him somehow to get away from his self-disgust and compassion and shame.

When some laboring person in brown overalls presently came out from the house he could scarcely bring himself to answer the brusque greeting given him.

"Har, now," said the stranger, and petulantly fluttered a document in front of him. "Yo' get him to sign one like dis har. An' dis one you want him an' me to sign. Hey, do yo' or not?"

"That, of course—oh, yes, that!" Dawson conceded, and passed a hand over his eyes.

Who was this person? Hilga? But he did not want to see her—not yet.

What was the matter with her that she should stand in front of him and be shaking a paper at him?

"Hey war a goot cat," an incisive voice asserted.

The man cleared his throat.

"Your friend," he began, and faltered—"owes his life to you. Fast getting back his strength. And that's good, that's good—that's mighty good! The kindness of him! Polite even to a cat. The decency, the fineness, the stout heart of him! Wanted me to talk with you—as a man of the world, I suppose. Thought I might help to make you see the situation as he sees it. Calls himself a piece of a man. But good Lord, more real manhood in him than in the best—the very best men I know anything about!"

Dawson was failing to make himself understood. It was not merely that he talked too fast for Hilga Nelson to comprehend, but that she was thinking of only one thing—the document which she supposed good-natured Barlow had been tricked into signing.

And why did this man smile? She thought it a jeering smile like that she had seen on the faces of clerks and stenographers in the legal department of the traction company.

While Dawson smiled a quick tearing sound slit the silence. The written instrument—the waiver the two claimants were supposed to sign—she had torn in two. She doubled the parts and tore them again. As she did so a bleak light burned in her blue eyes.

Why didn't this fellow try to stop her? She wanted him to try.

The tearing action was repeated until the page had been reduced to tiny scraps, some of them falling away in zigzags to the ground. The rest she gripped firmly, drew back her arm and let fly. A tempest flurry of flakes pelted him in his smiling face.

Dawson stared at her in astonishment.

"What's the matter?" he asked, brushing the litter out of his shirt collar.

A solid fist with knuckles showing gray began to move back and forth in front of his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Yo' gimme dose paper!" she demanded. "Dose paper what he signed!"

It was indiscreet of him—very—to smile again, yet the belated rousing of his faculties from soul searching to the menace of impending violence could only evoke in him a crazy desire to laugh.

"If we," he began with a look queerly humorous, "if we go a little farther away from the house, then our friend ——"

"Dose paper—gimme!" Hilga insisted.

Dawson began stepping back and as he did so he warned quietly, "Better not disturb him. A little farther and we can talk."

Barlow in the house already knew what was going on. Strength had been his to reach the doorway, and there he clung, calling to Hilga and beckoning with his broomstick cane.

She gave no heed. Her pale lips moved while she said, "Better as yo' take off dose spectacle. It," she added, "it ain't for girls to do dis, but he can't. And Nels, my brudder, he bane not har. Take 'em off—Ay don't want to. My heart hurts me. Off wid 'em!"

This CHRISTMAS "A BICYCLE!
"Happiness" doesn't half express it
Only a few days more to Christmas when your joy will be measured by the delight of those upon whom your gifts are bestowed.
Can you imagine how supremely happy that boy or girl would be, should they on Christmas morning find a handsome new bicycle waiting for them?
Have you thought how much more than the wheel itself you put into the life of the lad or lassie when you make such a gift?
Daily fun for years to come.
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-advantageous saving of time, task, and money.
these are only some of the things you give with the bicycle.
What better gift can you find?
There is a bicycle dealer near you who can show you the latest models fully equipped. Go and call on him today. Make your selection and have it set aside for Christmas delivery.
You cannot do better than give a bicycle for Christmas.
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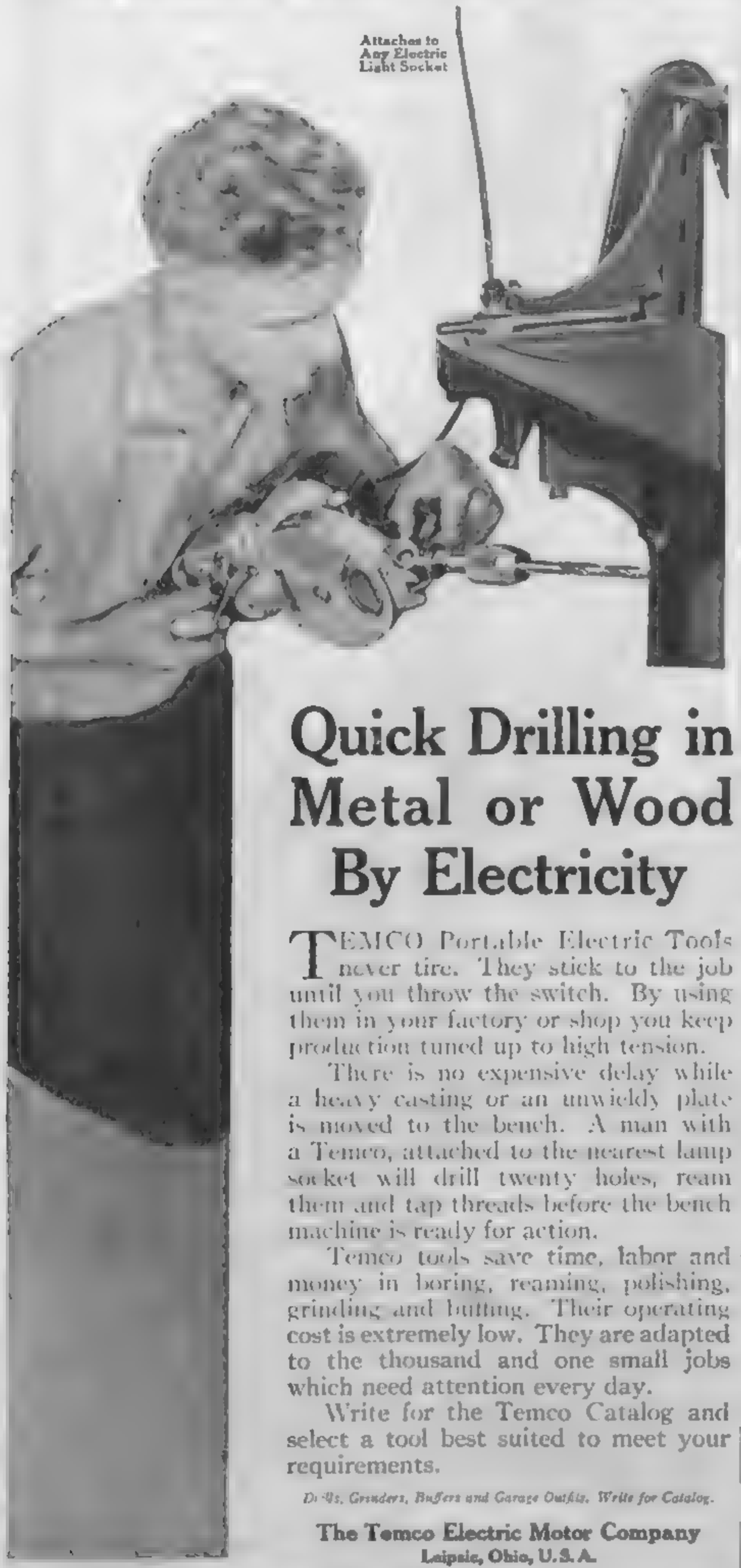

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The Temco Electric Motor Company
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"Hilga!" an imploring voice called from the doorway. "Hilga!"

Dawson said, "One moment, please. Let me tell you ——"

Too late. His glasses were snatched off and flung aside. A blow fell. Something heavy striking below his right ear made him stagger.

"Hullo," he thought, "it's begun! And it hurts her heart."

He heard the rapid impact of fisticuffs, but seemed to feel no physical pain. A warm liquid tide with a salty taste began flowing down over his mouth. His elbows went up, his arms instinctively shielding his head, and he heard sobs mingled with hard names.

"Cheat! Scoundrel! Yust wait! Ay learn you somet'ing!"

Finally when he had been bowled over by a blow under the chin he fell upon his back and lay still with eyes shut, waiting. When he opened them again he saw nothing but the evening sky, high up, wonderfully deep and pricked by a few stars. They appeared to flow and move about, those flecks of light, exactly like midges or motes of dust blown upon. Tuning forks seemed to be ringing in his ears and he grew very light, beginning to soar away without effort into a region where there was neither sound nor feeling.

In the house meanwhile Hilga had an enamel pitcher from the washstand thrust at her.

"Take this water," Barlow commanded. "Take it and go look after that man."

"No!"

"Then me—I will."

She restrained him. She set him down forcibly in his armchair with pillows behind his back.

He shook a finger at her. He flung out a storm of reproaches. Never until this moment had she heard rough words spoken to her by this man. Now he railed and railed, angrily smiting his palm on the arm of the chair.

"Is this any nice way for a lady to act? No, ma'am! Not by no means, it ain't. You must think I don't know when it's time to fight. Well, I do. What's more, when I get into a mix I don't never holler for no girls or nobody to help. You got no shame, Hilga Nelson. You're no lady. If only you'd stick to your rule and climb into a dress soon as you get home, then this kind o' rough-house business wouldn't never happen. Don't know what's got into you. And stubborn? I never seen no stubborner person, no day. And that feller—not at all a bad feller. Me and him couldn't agree. That's all there was about it."

Hilga said, "Meester Barlow, better yo' skal be quiet now."

"No lady!" he avowed. "That's what you ain't! My fault though—most all my fault. Do you know, Hilga Nelson, what he wanted to do? He wanted to peel out twenty dollars from his own pocket—that's what!"

"Meester T'um Barlow, don't yo' tale no lies! Dat feller, hey fool you. Hey bane a cheater. Hey gotta get learnt somet'ing."

"But you don't have to learn anything. Not you! Sure not! A heap wise woman. You know it all!" raged the stockman with devastating scorn. But he added quietly and very earnestly, "Listen, girl! I'll put it up to you just like it was. He wouldn't have the company pay more than two bones. Pride, I guess—professional pride in his job. Must keep down all claims. Yes, ma'am. Chop down every claim to bed rock. That's what he's for. That's jest why he's a claim agent. But as a man he's constructed different. He himself, not the company he personally wanted to pay. None o' the company's business if he paid. But he didn't kill the cat. The company killed the cat. So, thinks I, to hell with his money! Don't want charity want justice. He could go jump in the river with his twenty-dollar check. I wouldn't have it, wouldn't look at the color of it—not me!"

The girl drew the back of her hand over her forehead and over her eyes.

"Hey," she stammered, "hey offer twenty dollar'"

"That's it."

"Out of his own pocket?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"His own twenty dollar?"

"Gee whiz, yes! Can't you get that into your head?"

"His own money! But that can't be so," she disputed.

Barlow began to struggle. He grumbled and sputtered while he strove to pull himself out of the chair.

"Dirty mess—what a thing to do! Thought you was a lady. Le' me be, can't you?"

Next moment came a series of brisk little raspy sounds—the rubbing together of coarse denim. Hilga Nelson in her overalls was running and splashing water from the enamel pitcher as she ran.

All this while Dawson had not moved, and when he did reëmerge from the land of oblivion he vaguely perceived that the dewy nightfall had come. He could scent a moist smell rising from the grass and he grew aware of some one bending over him and gently bathing his face. Now and again as he wondered who this could be a warm drop spatted down upon chin and cheek and forehead.

"Hilga?" he whispered to the person kneeling beside him. "That you?" His hand touched the bowed head, with hair all disheveled. "Crying? But you mustn't though. Good Lord, no! I got just about what was coming to me. Eh," he added with a combined gasp and groan and a chuckle, "I've had it handed to me! Hard on you, Hilga—and some hard on me."

He actually laughed a little, but the girl went on crying, and he mumbled something about "Gaining strength—no cripple—never has been—never could be if it comes to manhood."

"Forgive," the girl abjectly whispered "If you could, please. For Ay no understan'. Ay bane so dumb. Meester Barlow hey tale me about dose twenty-dollar scheck. Hey say yo' would give money out of your own pocket. But he got mad on you. He wouldn't take dose money."

Still kneeling and inclining forward, Hilga smote her hands over her face while tears glistened out between her fingers and flashed as they fell.

"Ay bane no nice voman," she mourned.

Dawson sat up at once, but toilfully on account of his bruised stiffness; and having got hold of her hand, he began talking to her gently out of a full heart. One thing, he told her, she could do for him.

"Yes, one thing," he entreated. "Let me come to the wedding."

"Wedding?" the girl articulated with a gulp. "Yo' tank he can forgive me?"

Dawson was sure it would be all right.

"No," she miserably dissented, "hey no forgive. Not never. Ay no listen to him. Ay bane awful stubborn voman. Hey vonce tank me nice girl. Ay bane not nice no more. An' for him Ay luk to be nicest voman in all dis worl'!"

Tremulously an anxious voice from the house quivered into the moist hush of evening, "Hilga! Hilga, dear! How is he?"

Dawson answered for himself, "All right—sure I am!"

Then he said to the girl, with her cold passive hand clasped firmly between both of his:

"There will be a wedding! He will get back his vigor of body, won't he? Don't the doctors say so? Well then—a wedding! And I would like to come to it, for I want to see you in a dress—a white dress. And—and a ribbon in your hair."

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WANTED: TIGHTWADS

(Continued from Page 11)

borrow corresponding sums of money at interest running at four and a quarter per cent and four and a half per cent, and this notwithstanding that any appropriation made for this purpose will be charged back to the banks and cost not one penny to the Government of the United States. Bonds, notes and gold with the custody of which the Treasury is charged are inadequately protected. There is an insufficient force to care for them. The force we have is underpaid.

"I have spoken of the need of an executive budget covering all appropriations asked for by the executive departments. But let us be honest with ourselves and honest with the American people. A budget which does not cover the initiation or increase of appropriations by Congress will be a semblance of the real thing. I note that not a little has been said about the constitutional prerogatives of Congress, but I know of no clause in our Constitution that will prevent the Congress exercising self-control. The Houses of Congress can, by amendment of their own rules, surround with proper safeguards the initiation and the increase of appropriations by Congress.

"To-day the credit of the United States is imperiled by projects initiated and supported on the floor of Congress with a view to capturing the so-called soldier vote. I do not believe that that magnificent body of strong, brave, lusty young men who went out to France, or were ready to go, want to see the people of the United States exploited in order that each of them may receive a donation. I do not believe these fine young men, if they realized what it is that is proposed in their behalf, would accept a gift made at the expense of their fathers and mothers and sisters and the children that are to come after them in order to give them a holiday. While, of course, you cannot commit to terms of money the value of the service rendered by the Army of America, I call your attention to the facts that the actual pay of our soldiers was doubled at the outset of the war, that our soldiers have been paid with liberality never dreamed of in the history of this or any other country, and that the projects now advocated so lavishly and with so little regard for the welfare of the American people are not limited to those heroic men who suffered injury or death at the hands of the enemy, not even to those who actually saw the Front, not even to those who were sent to France. These projects extend to every one of some four and one-half million men, mostly young men, who were included in the military and naval forces of the United States, even to those of their number who sought and obtained employment of a character which would relieve them of being exposed to personal risk."

A Disheartening Task

"It has been the disheartening task of the Treasury to examine scores and scores of bills drawn and presented with a view to benefiting a section of the country or a portion of its citizenship at the expense of the whole. Many of these bills were apparently devised to avoid the appearance of an appropriation by requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds, notes or certificates of indebtedness to meet the expenditure involved, and all of these bills were such as would not be reached by a purely executive budget.

"I have said that the finances of the United States are in excellent condition. I have said in substance that I do not anticipate a deficit in the current fiscal year in excess of one billion dollars and that that deficit is covered by deferred installments of the Victory Loan, payable within the fiscal year. I have said that there need be no more Liberty Loans. But I say to you in all solemnity that if a prompt and immediate halt is not called to this great peril there must be another Liberty Loan, and you gentlemen will have to go out to the people of the United States and call upon them to subscribe for bonds the proceeds of which are to be given away to the well and strong young men who you and I and the American people know went out in a spirit of unselfishness, not one of self-seeking, to fight for their country. You may ask the old men and the widows, the school children, the rich and the poor, who responded to the call of their country to the number of twenty million during the period of the war, to respond again to this call for a donation. I hope I shall never shrink from the performance of any public duty, yet I do not covet the task of making such an appeal, and I shall not willingly be a party to offering this affront to the generous, heroic, unselfish Army and Navy of America that saved the freedom of the world.

"I have spoken of the initiation of appropriations in Congress. Let me speak also of the increase of appropriations. As you all know, and as I know after seventeen years in Congress and not more than half as many months in the Treasury, the processes employed in framing and passing public buildings and rivers and harbors bills lead to a great waste of the money of the people. The continuance of the United States Government's activities where they are not needed, whether those activities be army posts or subtreasuries or hospitals, would have scant consideration in a real business budget submitted by a finance minister, duly empowered by law, and managed through Congress by a single committee under rules of limitation imposed by the Congress on itself. In my belief you cannot make a real budget unless you face these facts and deal with them. The Congress of the United States, in attempting this great reform in the interest of economy and efficiency, will fail and fail utterly if, while imposing the necessary firm control over the expenditures of the executive departments, it fails to exercise the sublime quality of self-control."

Santa Claus Money

Back in 1912, when Mr. Taft was President, and when the gross expenditures of the Government were about one-quarter of what they are now, he became exercised and concerned about the higgledy-piggledy, unscientific, disorderly, grab-bag methods by which your money was expended for public purposes. He said then what is equally true now, that the activities of the national Government "are almost as varied as those of the entire business world. The operations of the Government affect the interest of every person living within the jurisdiction of the United States. Its organization embraces stations and centers of work located in every city and in many local subdivisions of the country. Its gross expenditures amount to nearly one billion dollars annually. Including the personnel of the military and naval establishments, more than four hundred thousand persons are required to do the work imposed by law upon the executive branch of the Government.

"This vast organization has never been studied in detail as one piece of administrative mechanism. Never have the foundations been laid for a thorough consideration of the relations of all its parts. No comprehensive effort has been made to list its multifarious activities or to group them in such a way as to present a clear picture of what the Government is doing. Never has a complete description been given of the agencies through which these activities are performed. At no time has the attempt been made to study all of these activities and agencies with a view to the assignment of each activity to the agency best fitted for its performance, to the avoidance of duplication of plant and work, to the integration of all administrative agencies of the Government, so far as may be practicable, into a unified organization for the most effective and economical dispatch of public business."

This extraordinary and indefensible situation, which exists to-day as fully and completely as it did when Mr. Taft portrayed it seven years ago, came about quite naturally and simply through our tolerance and slackness. For years and years the Government lived and grew and extended its activities on Santa Claus money. Its income came as easily as money in a letter. For years and years the national income was greater than the expenses. Every year there was a surplus. The Government was precisely in the position of the Rockefellers and the Carnegies and the Rothschilds. Its problem was not how to get money enough to live on but how to spend its income. It naturally got in the way of throwing some of it to the birds. It lived like a remittance man. You may remember that back in the time of the first Cleveland Administration one of the problems of public discussion

Two-Minute Oat Food

The Instant Hot Oat Dish

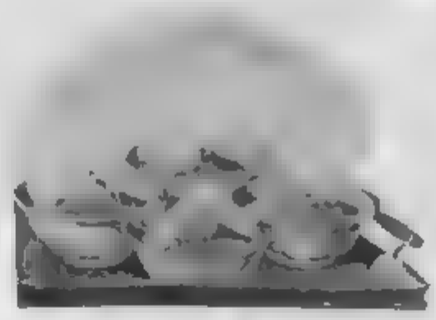
Already 3-Hour Cooked

A 6-Dish Package Free

How to Hurry Breakfast

Pour ½ Cup
of Two-Minute Oat Food if you have four to serve.

Stir It in Boiling Water
The oats absorb the water, and the oat dish, hot and flavory, seems just cooked.



In Two Minutes
You serve four delicious dishes of oats that are super-cooked.

Now we bring you super-cooked oats which are ready to serve in two minutes. It has taken 25 years to learn how.

We cook them three hours by live steam under pressure at higher than boiling heat. Thus every granule of the oat is fitted to digest.

Then Evaporated

Then these cooked oats are evaporated. That's the secret of their freshness. Dry oats keep.

You simply stir them in boiling water. One cup will then make five cups, or about eight dishes.

Thus in two minutes you have a hot oat food, three-hour cooked, and as fresh as it left our cookers.

A Finer Flavor

This high-heat cooking gives a new, exquisite flavor. So you have a quick oat dish, super-cooked oats, a delightful flavor and economy as well.

And That Means This:

Quick breakfasts, oats that easily digest, a flavor that children will enjoy, and oat food every morning—the food of foods.

It's Exclusive

Two-Minute Oat Food is entirely new in form and flavor. The product is controlled by patent exclusively by the Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.

The Quaker Oats Company

1219

Try It Now

You have waited long for a quick hot oat dish. Ask your grocer for it now, or send this coupon for a trial lot.

Regular package, 15 cents.

6-Dish Package Free
In the United States Only

The Quaker Oats Company
1725 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Mail me a 6-Dish Package of Two-Minute Oat Food free.

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WESTON AMMETER

For Dependable Service Outlasting Your Car

Reliable Information *vs.* Guesswork

The Watch Dog of Your Battery

As indispensable to efficient starting, lighting and ignition service as correct signals are to a railroad. Accurately guides you as to the exact ampere-rate of charge or discharge of your battery. Tells whether your generator is properly operating. Warns you in time when your electrical system becomes deranged.

The Weston is the worthy Ammeter with **well-known antecedents**—that you can absolutely rely upon for the life of your car—and can then transfer to your next car.

Weston electrical indicating instruments for all different requirements are used and recognized as standard by experts in every part of the world. Through their originality and unvarying excellence they have been responsible for advancing the entire electrical art.

The Weston Ammeter, for automobile use, is sold by Accessory Dealers or installed by any Garage or Battery Service Station. Illustrated leaflet of different types and finishes mailed on request. In writing state model of your car.

WESTON ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT CO.
NEWARK NEW JERSEY

BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

was: "What shall be done with the surplus?" Then there was a change of administration and Corporal Tanner was made Commissioner of Pensions. The whole country was amused and had a hearty laugh when he announced his policy: "God help the surplus!" Them was the halcyon days! Take a quick look at the actual figures, for it is your money I am talking about:

For every fiscal year from 1866 to 1893, inclusive, there was a surplus of receipts over expenditures. During this period of twenty-eight years the surplus of receipts over expenditures totaled $1,920,205,013.41. For the fiscal years 1894 to 1899, inclusive, the expenditures exceeded the receipts in the aggregate of $283,022,991.14. For the fiscal years 1900 to 1904, inclusive, the surplus of receipts over expenditures aggregated $310,319,165.04. For 1905 the expenditures exceeded the receipts by $18,753,335. For the fiscal years 1908 and 1909 the expenditures again exceeded the receipts by $78,776,622.30. For the years 1910 to 1914, inclusive, the receipts exceeded the expenditures by $149,024,404.27. For 1915 the expenditures exceeded the receipts by $33,488,931.53. For 1916 the receipts exceeded the expenditures by $55,171,553.59, and for 1917 there was a deficit of $29,724,864.73.

From 1866 to 1917, inclusive, the receipts exceeded the expenditures for each year with the exception of 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1905, 1908, 1909, 1915 and 1917. The total amount by which the expenditures exceeded the receipts for these eleven years just named is $443,766,744.70. For the fifty-two fiscal years, 1866 to 1917, inclusive, the receipts exceeded the expenditures in forty-one years, the total of such excess for that period being $2,591,453,184.16.

For the fiscal years 1866 to 1910 the revenues were raised through an indirect system of taxation. Beginning with the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, the receipts from direct methods of taxation have steadily grown each fiscal year, as will be seen by the following table:

1910 Corporation tax	$20,951,780.97
1911 Corporation tax	33,516,976.59
1912 Corporation tax	28,583,303.73
1913 Corporation tax	35,006,299.84
1914 Corporation excise tax	10,671,077.22
1914 Corporation income tax	32,456,662.67
1914 Individual income tax	28,253,534.85
1915 Emergency revenue	52,009,126.29
1915 Corporation income tax	39,155,590.77
1915 Individual income tax	41,046,162.09
1916 Emergency revenue	84,278,302.13
1916 Corporation income tax	56,993,657.98
1916 Individual income tax	67,143,594.63
1917 Emergency revenue	97,267,552.88
1917 Corporation income tax	179,372,887.90
1917 Individual income tax	180,108,340.10
1918 Income and excess-profits tax	2,838,999,894.28
1919 Income and excess-profits tax	2,596,006,702.70

The number of corporations making income-tax returns showing taxable income aggregated 52,498 in the calendar year 1909, and that number increased to 232,079 for the calendar year 1917. The number of individuals making personal income-tax returns aggregated 357,598 for the calendar year 1913, and that number increased to 3,472,890 for the calendar year 1917.

Congress Taking Notice

For the fiscal year 1909 the total ordinary receipts aggregated $603,589,489.84, of which $300,711,933.95 came from customs duties, $246,212,643.59 came from internal revenue, and the balance was received from the sale of public lands and other miscellaneous items; whereas, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, the total receipts from customs amounted to $184,457,867.39, while the internal revenue, including income taxes and corporation and excess-profits taxes, amounted to $3,839,950,612.05.

So you see that until 1910 the money you paid toward the support of the Government was slipped away from you so easily that you hardly knew anything about it. You did not know that you were paying taxes to the national Government. Indirect taxation is the most seductive form of raising public revenue. You never came in contact with the Federal Government except when you bought a postage stamp. But now you know it every time you buy a drink at a soda fountain or a bottle of medicine or send a telegram or make a long-distance telephone call or perform any one of a score of other normal activities of daily life. Something must be put in the kitty for the Government. Its annual rake-off runs into the billions. You pay it and the Government spends it. You are the boss of the Government. The Government is just a certain number of average human beings who have been selected by you, your delegated agents or representatives to run the business. They occupy precisely the same relation to you as do the servants in your house or the clerks in your shop or office. They can stand the present situation just as long as you can. Spending somebody else's money is one of the pleasantest, most agreeable and wholly satisfying occupations that this vale of tears offers to the well-known human race.

But all that part of the party is about over now. The oysters have been eaten and put in the bill. They must be paid for. It is perfectly clear that in the future by far the greater part of the revenue required for conducting the public business must come from direct taxes. It is also clear that the ordinary expenses for running the Government will in future probably exceed four billion dollars a year. That is a lot of money to take out of your pockets and mine. Hadn't we better see what is done with it and whether we can save any of it? Congress, which is very farsighted, and able, when its own skin is concerned, to distinguish a hawk from a handsaw at a very great distance, is beginning to take notice.

The Senate's Budget Plans

The House of Representatives passed, toward the end of October, a bill providing for a national budget. Personally I do not think very much of it; but then, I am not a competent authority on budgets. Men who are competent authorities and who have given the problem of budget making years of study think that a great advance has been made toward securing an orderly system to control income and outgo and to prevent duplication of work, extravagance and waste. Their opinion should be given due weight, but I am still doubtful about the genuine desire of Congress and the departments to reform their methods. The budget plan the House has agreed upon and adopted seems to me only a hesitating and tentative step forward and I do not believe that much good will come of it if it is finally adopted unless there is strong public pressure behind it.

In certain quarters in the Senate I find an equal skepticism. The Senate, as this is written, has not yet considered the House plan. I asked a casual senator what he thought they would probably do with the House bill.

"I hope," said he fervently, "that we will kick the stuffing out of it. It is just a piece of camouflage."

It appears that the Senate has budget proposals of its own, which it will offer to substitute for the bill that has just passed the House. The budget plan that has just met the approval of the House had its beginnings on the last day of last July, when the House authorized Speaker Gillett to appoint a Select Committee on the Budget of twelve members. Representative James W. Good, of Iowa, Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, was made chairman of the select committee. This committee, after hearings, declared that the basic defects in the existing system of spending your money to carry on the Government are these:

Expenditures are not considered in connection with revenues; Congress does not require of the President any carefully thought-out financial and work program representing what provision in his opinion should be made for meeting the financial needs of the Government; the estimates of expenditure needs now submitted to Congress represent only the desires of the individual departments, establishments and bureaus; and these requests have been subjected to no superior revision with a view to bringing them into harmony with each other, to eliminating duplication of organization or activities, or of making them, as a whole, conform to the needs of the nation as represented by the condition of the Treasury and prospective revenues.

Under the law it is the practice for the head of each executive department to designate the chief of each bureau under his control to estimate the expenditure needs of his bureau. When all the estimates of the bureau chiefs in a given department are sent to the head of that department he in turn submits his estimates to the Secretary of the Treasury. The various bureau

(Continued on Page 167)

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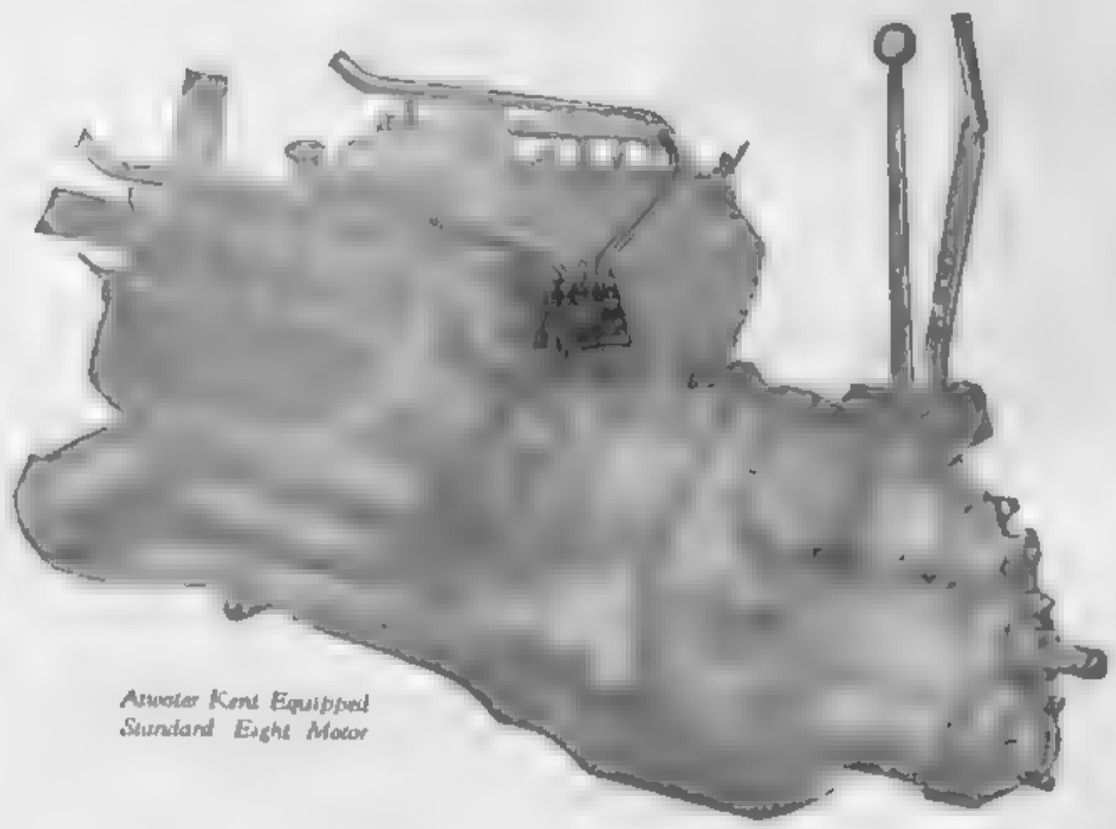

Atwater Kent Equipped Standard Eight Motor

YOU think of the modern watch as an instrument of extreme accuracy and precision—and justly so. The modern watch ticks four times per second, and if it runs a few seconds fast or slow you make allowances for it—taking it for granted that no greater accuracy is commercially possible.

Consider then the Atwater Kent Ignition System on a passenger car, truck motor or high-speed marine engine.

It must not only furnish sparks at the rate of from 35 to 135 per second, even at normal speeds, but the exceedingly small time interval between each spark must be absolutely uniform. A variation of 1/1000 of a second in any spark will appreciably affect the performance of the motor.

Atwater Kent equipment is designed and constructed to meet these most exacting requirements.

In addition to the fact that it is standard equipment on many of America's best cars, it may also be obtained for cars otherwise equipped.

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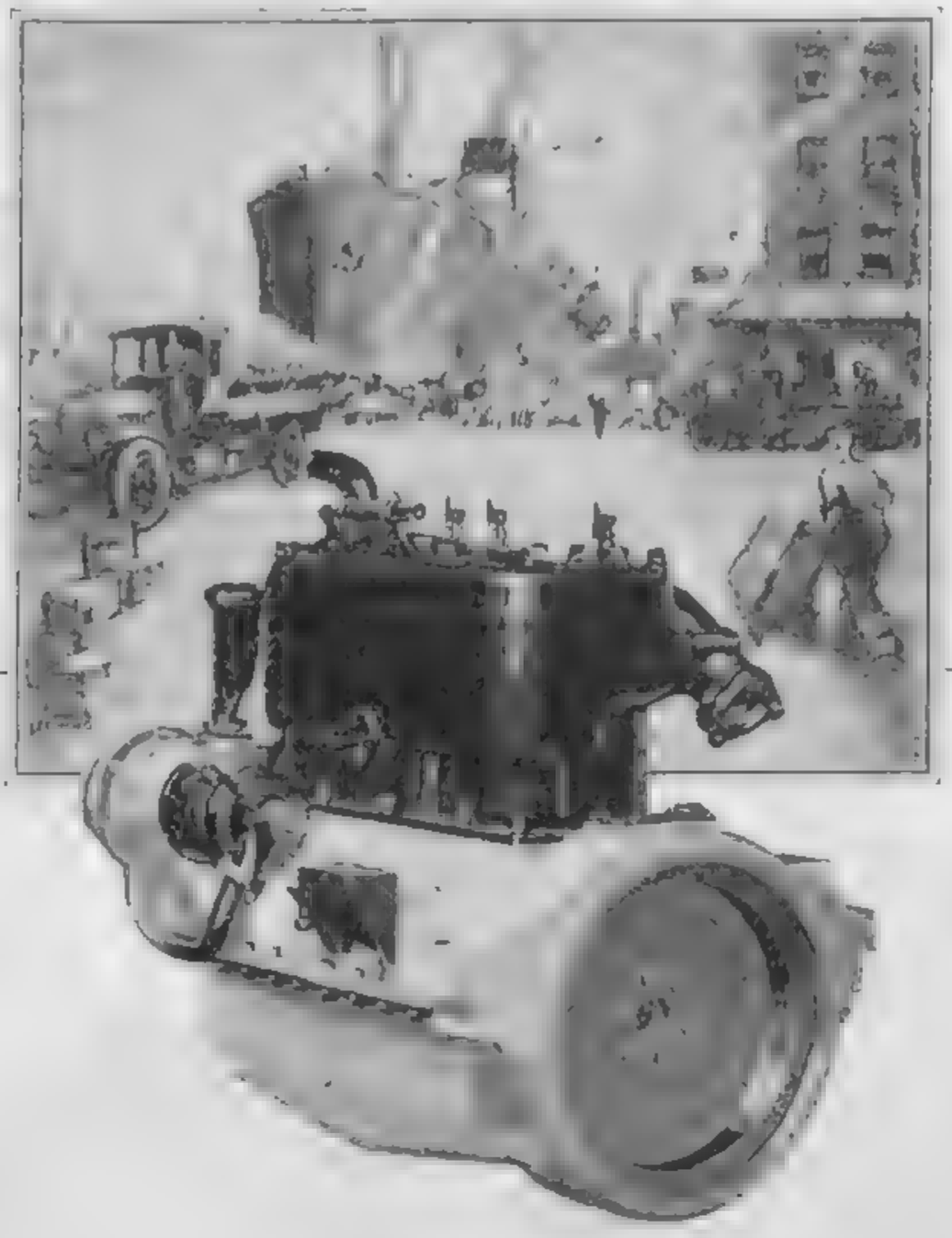

EVERY urgency of present-day production and distribution, every call for the more expeditious movement of raw materials and finished products, is a summons to the motor truck and its ability to be useful and to endure.

Executives who constantly appraise both the demands of industry and the measure of the truck's response cannot fail to note that the Buda engine today is the choice of more than seventy of America's representative manufacturers of automotive products.

This striking endorsement reflects a broad user experience in which Buda design and Buda construction have demonstrated decided advantages in staunchness, in reliability, in lasting economy.

Buda design is a clean-cut conception of truck duty as it actually is, and Buda construction is the quality result of 38 years' devotion to the highest standards of manufacture.

THE BUDA COMPANY, *Harvey* (CHICAGO SUBURB), *Ill.*

ESTABLISHED 1881

BUDA
The
ENGINE

(Continued from Page 154)

chiefs act independently of each other. Bureaus of executive departments doing similar work are thus stimulated in a rivalry and, so far as the estimates go, very little effort has been made to coördinate the activities of the several departments and bureaus, and in practice this method has resulted in extravagance, inefficiency and duplication of service.

Then the committee went on to say that the "waste and extravagance resulting from the operation of this plan must be apparent to anyone who has made a study of it. Practically everyone familiar with its workings agrees that its failure lies in the fact that no one is made responsible for the extravagance. The estimates are a patchwork and not a structure. As a result, a great deal of the time of the committees of Congress is taken up in exploding the visionary schemes of bureau chiefs for which no administration would be willing to stand responsible.

"The committee, following the unanimous opinion of all the witnesses who appeared before it, is convinced that these defects in the existing system for handling the financial affairs of the Government can only be adequately met by Congress making definite provision for the establishment of what is known as a budget system.

"If increased economy and efficiency in the expenditure of funds is to be secured, it is thus imperative that the evils should be attacked at their source. The only way by which this can be done is by placing definite responsibility upon some officer of the Government to receive the requests for funds as originally formulated by bureau and departmental chiefs and subjecting them to that scrutiny, revision and correlation that have been described. In the national Government there can be no question but that the officer upon whom should be placed this responsibility is the President of the United States. He is the only officer who is superior to the heads of departments and independent establishments. He is the only officer of the administrative branch who is interested in the Government as a whole rather than in one particular part. He is the only administrative officer who is elected by the people and thus can be held politically responsible for his actions. Furthermore, as head of the Administration it is to him that Congress and the people should look for a clear and definite statement of what provision in his opinion should be made for the revenue and expenditure needs of the Government. The requirement that the President shall prepare and submit to Congress annually upon its convening in regular session a budget will thus definitely locate upon him responsibility for the formulation and recommendation of a financial and work program for the year to ensue."

Provisions of the Budget Bill

Now there can be found at Washington and about the capitol plenty of habitual and experienced observers of the Government as it is conducted who will say of this proposal that Congress is passing the buck to the President. If there is any reason for thinking they may be right it is because of one pertinent act of omission. The bill as it passed the House creates in the office of the President a Bureau of the Budget, with a director at ten thousand dollars a year and an assistant director at seven thousand five hundred dollars a year. These are to be appointed by the President. It also provides that the several executive departments shall submit their estimates for appropriations to the President, instead of to the Secretary of the Treasury, as now required by law. Then it is provided that the budget transmitted to Congress by the President shall contain a balanced statement of the expenditures and revenues of the Government for the preceding fiscal year and all the resources and liabilities of the Treasury at the close of the year, together with his estimates of the revenues and expenditures of the Government for the current year and all the resources and liabilities of the Treasury at the close of the year, and also his estimates of the revenue and expenditure needs of the Government for the ensuing fiscal year, and how in his opinion these needs shall be met.

The contents, order, form and arrangement of the estimates are provided for, and then it is stipulated that no estimate or request for appropriation shall be submitted to Congress by any officer except the President unless at the request of either branch of Congress or a committee of the House or Senate. The bill creates an independent establishment known as the Accounting Department, to which are transferred all the powers and duties now imposed by law upon the Comptroller of the Treasury and the six auditors. This new establishment will be headed by a comptroller general and an assistant comptroller general, who will hold office during good behavior and may be removed by a concurrent resolution of Congress. Their duties would be to furnish information to Congress about expenditures, and to criticize extravagance, duplication and inefficiency in the executive departments.

In reporting the bill the committee that framed it characterized it as "evolutionary" rather than "revolutionary" and "as not intended as the last word in budgetary legislation, but intended to correct weaknesses that are clearly discernible and that should be corrected at once."

The omission on the part of the House was this: When this budget bill was presented to the House it was accompanied by a resolution proposing changes in the rules of the House which would have made it much easier to keep down the appropriations. It would have prevented the Senate from tacking on items to appropriation bills and it would have put the control of appropriations in the House in the hands of one committee, instead of eight, as at present. The House has not yet considered this resolution and probably will not until next year. Since Congress has adjourned the budget bill which passed the House cannot be considered by the Senate for some weeks.

Allowing for Cuts

As a matter of fact we shall never have a budget worthy of the name or that will accomplish its purpose until you, the people in the country, whose money is being expended, make a drive for it, and a determined drive. The present situation and condition and way of doing business are altogether too comfortable both for Congress and the executive departments for them really to go to work and bring about a drastic change. They have grown up in this way of doing business. They find it easy, pleasant and agreeable to have plenty of money to spend. It is very much more enjoyable than economy and accountability.

All the while this budget proposal has been under consideration the whole aim of Congress has been, both at the hearings and during the discussion of the bill, to prove that the extravagance and waste in expenditures were all in the departments and not attributable to Congress. Scores of times it was put in the record that every year the sums of money asked for by the departments had been greater than the appropriations granted. Congress always cuts down the estimates.

Of course the perfectly notorious fact is that the departments, knowing their estimates will be cut, pad them and ask for a great deal more money than they need or hope to get, so as to allow plentifully for the trimming process. It is a perfectly familiar piece of bunk that everyone knows about. Virtually every year one or another of the departments tries to put something over on Congress, and more often than not succeeds. At the same time there is the familiar spectacle of Congress adding to appropriation bills items of expenditure which the departments have not asked for and in some cases do not want or are not prepared to carry out. The Department of Agriculture in the past years has been peculiarly favored in this respect. Old Secretary Wilson, who was the head of that department for sixteen years, more than once told me how his appropriation bill was helped by an overfriendly Congress with money for him to do work which he was not prepared to do or which in the opinion of his experts was useless or a duplication of work being done elsewhere.

This has been going on a long time. Back in 1887 the Senate appointed a committee of its own members to inquire into and examine the methods of business and work in the executive departments and generally to tell the Senate the cause of the delays in transacting the public business. This was in response to public criticism. The criticisms and complaints were found to be justified. For example, it was found that thirty-nine clerks in the Treasury Department were engaged, more or less, in copying with pen and ink the letter-press copies of letters in the record book. Cases of employees furnishing proxies to perform their

Clinching *Quality* in the Battery

These men are drawing lead oxide from one of the furnaces in the Gould Oxide Plant. Roasting of the lead is a critical step in the costly, painstaking process of making lead oxide—the most important material that goes into a starting-battery. For plate-quality is paramount, and good oxide is the *basic* in plate-quality. By making our own oxide we are assured of *uniformly* high quality, as tests demonstrate.

The Gould Starting Battery is one of a famous battery family made in the same plant as the Gould Batteries for House Lighting Plants, Central Power Plants, Railway Car Lighting and Signal Systems, Electric Vehicles, Mine Locomotives and Submarine Boats. Gould Quality embraces a world-wide reputation gained in the hardest fields of battery service.

Gould STORAGE BATTERY

WITH THE Dreadnaught PLATES

The rugged power-impulse that turns your motor on a cold winter morning has its source in the battery plates. They are the reservoirs of power. All the rest of the battery is incidental to their operation. Plates are the fundamental in *any* battery and it is the rugged power built into Gould Plates by the exclusive *Dreadnaught* process that creates increased demand for the Gould Battery year-by-year. If you don't know the reliability and long life of this *Battery with the Dreadnaught Plates*, decide now to get one when you need a new battery.

Over 2,000 Sales and Service Stations can supply a Gould Battery of the precisely-right type and size to replace the battery on your car.

Plate I

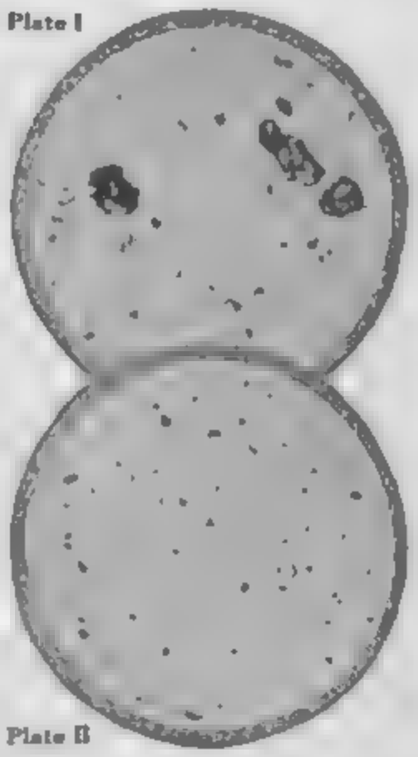

Plate II

The Oxide Test

A uniformity test of lead oxide is reproduced above by greatly enlarged photomicrographs *not retouched*. The dark spots or fragments are oxide particles. Plate I shows oxide of the best quality procured in the open market. Note the lack of uniformity of the particles compared with Plate II which shows Gould Made Oxide. Dreadnaught Plates made with Gould Oxide give uniform resistance to disintegration. No weak spots, but even quality of the whole plate surface.

Gould Storage Battery Company

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Plant: Depew, N. Y. Sales Offices in Principal Cities

Manning Speed-grits

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ABRASIVES
ON PAPER AND CLOTH

for smoothing wood, paint, composition, leather & metals

Like all "good workmen" —she "knows the difference"

Preventing Collisions on the Center Street Loop

The greatest responsibility in the world for the safety of human lives rests with New York's subway.
Read these subway facts:

—Carries more passengers every day than all the steam railroads of the United States combined.
—On October 20th, 1919, carried 1,995,055 passengers—a record.
—In 10 years carried 5,397,963,628 passengers—three times the total population of the world.
—The chance of a fatal accident is less than one in 1,166,666,666.

This safety record hinges on one thing—the accuracy of the signal system.

At the famous Center Street Loop, trains, freighted to capacity with human lives, run at express speed on a *one minute headway*. This terrific traffic is controlled by the marvelously accurate electrical signal system installed by the Federal Signal Company, of Albany, N. Y.

The picture above shows an operator in the Federal Signal factory putting the final precise finish on the delicate contacts of an A. C. Relay, one of the electrical nerve centers of this system.

Just how precise must this finish be, on which depend the efficiency of the signal system and, in turn, the safety of the millions of subway travelers? There is no alignment tolerance permitted; the "wipe" of the contacts must be finished to zero limits.

The last operation to assure this perfection is with Manning Speed-grits, as pictured above.

"*Good workmen know the difference.*"

Send for "The Difference Book" just off the press

MANNING ABRASIVE COMPANY, Inc.
FACTORY AND LABORATORY, TROY, N. Y.
Sales offices in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco and other leading cities.
Look for Manning Abrasive Co. in your Telephone Directory

work at reduced compensation were found in three executive departments. In the General Land Office two hundred and seventy-six thousand, six hundred and seventy individual cases were pending and undisposed of, and fourteen thousand unanswered letters. There were forty-seven thousand claims of soldiers, their widows and orphans pending for adjustment before the auditor.

An engineer officer's request for the employment of two pilots, one at one hundred and twenty-five dollars and one at one hundred and fifty dollars, in its course from the officer through the War Department, its return to that officer, and its return by him again to the War Department, was handled by officers and clerks seventy-six times, and including messenger service, ninety-four times.

That was in 1887. Now let members of Congress and officers of departments tell you some of the things that happened this year and last year. Congress blames the extravagance and waste on the executive departments and tells these tales out of school to support its charges. Let us call Mr. Good, of Iowa, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee:

"Last year, when the Book of Estimates came to Congress, especially with regard to the estimates for the legislative, executive and judicial bill, they carried the estimates for salaries under existing law. In violation of that plain provision of the statute, Secretary McAdoo sent to Congress a letter under date of December 2, 1918, covering ninety-two pages, in which he submitted estimates for all the departments of the Government with regard to salaried positions, increasing the salaries in many cases as much as fifty or seventy-five per cent, and increasing them in violation of the statute, and there is not a word in that letter of transmittal as to the necessity for it or why it was not transmitted in the regular estimates. Therefore, the subcommittee on the legislative, executive and judicial bill had before it two estimates from the Secretary of the Treasury, one in the regular annual Book of Estimates and the other in House Document Number 1365, yet nobody ever criticized that method in presenting a plan that nobody could be expected to work anything out of. Every one of those increases in an appropriation bill would be subject to a point of order on the floor of the House, because it was a change in existing law.

"With that kind of violation of law how are you going to have an intelligent and economical and efficient financial plan? After all, whether our laws are good or bad, they ought to be enforced, and they ought at least to be obeyed by those who are engaged in the administration of the law."

Estimates That Clashed

Mr. Temple, of Pennsylvania, makes this contribution: "There is another incident which I would not have told two years ago, while the war was going on, but it can be told now without any harm. In the estimates that came from the War Department, without going into details, there were duplications of estimates for machine guns—estimated for by the Signal Corps to equip flying machines before they established a separate air service, and estimates by the Ordnance Department for the same items, and when the estimates came before the Committee on Military Affairs the committee picked out duplications for more millions of dollars than I care to mention even two years afterward. If the thing had been known at the time it would have affected the morale of the American people, which is as important as the morale of the Army, but the duplications were picked up and the information about them was simply suppressed.

"Both came from the War Department. They had passed through the hands of the bureau chiefs, through the hands of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury, and nobody had ever picked them up until they came to the Committee on Military Affairs."

Now Mr. Good again, with an amazing tale of how estimates for appropriations were made up in the War Department while the war was on:

"When the last fortification bill came before the House the estimates were made before the Armistice was signed. As I recall, the estimates were something like five billions of dollars. After the signing of the Armistice the reduced estimates sent to Congress called for about six hundred million dollars. They were revised before the committee to about ninety-three million dollars and the fortification act carried about eleven million dollars. Now in the hearings it was discovered that while some of the officers of the War Department were requesting that there should be an appropriation—if I recall correctly now; it has been some time—of about twenty-five millions of dollars for railway gun carriages for guns of large caliber, it happened that one of the officers of the War Department who came before us explained to the committee that a railway gun carriage for a gun of large caliber—I think he said more than a six-inch gun—would in all probability not be an efficient arrangement for a coast-defense carriage, because it was necessary under those conditions to have rapidity of fire with accuracy of fire, and that it was altogether a different thing for a coast-defense gun to be firing at a ship several miles at sea than it would be for a gun to be firing at a land defense, because in the one case, if it did not strike the vessel it was a complete loss, whereas in the other, if it did not strike the munitions plant it was aimed at, if it struck the terminal facilities or some other factory it was at the same time doing damage.

"Now it was at once apparent to the committee that it was to pass on a function that was primarily the function of the board of review in the War Department, and that here Congress had put up to it a scientific problem—highly scientific—to determine whether or not we should appropriate twenty-five million dollars for the purpose of mounting fourteen-inch guns when, as a matter of fact, when explained by one of the officers, in all probability such guns, large guns, could not be effectively used when mounted on railway carriages for that kind of project. The committee eliminated, and rightly so, that estimate. There was a problem passed upon by the House committee that had apparently never been considered at all by the men who made the estimate."

The Crocheting Department

One of the things that troubles Congress now, and one of the complaints it has against the departments, is that though war activities have come to an end the departments refuse to reduce their clerical staffs. The number of government clerks in Washington is about one hundred thousand at the present time. Not more than two thousand have been dismissed since the Armistice. I quote Mr. Good again, who as Chairman of the Appropriations Committee is concerned with such matters:

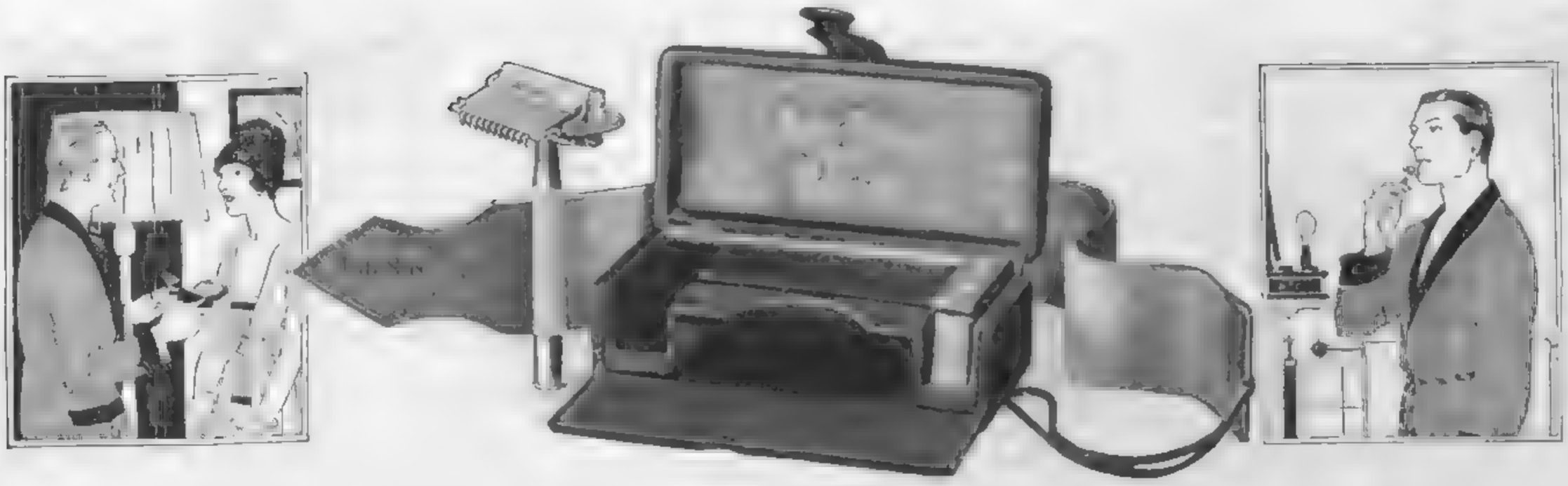
"We are troubled right now to know what to do about a lump sum that was granted the War Department of four million dollars for additional employees here in Washington. Every member of Congress who has investigated the matter at all knows that down here in the Munitions Building there are a great many men and women who are not doing much of anything at all. The women are crocheting. There is no attempt made to separate these men and women from the service. We are met in such cases with the difficulty of getting the officials to discharge employees who are paid out of lump-sum appropriations. There is no effort at all to do it, and the whole burden then comes upon Congress. The Army has been demobilized, and yet we have to-day as many employees in Washington—or practically as many—as we had before the Armistice was signed.

"I think perhaps there are two thousand less out of over one hundred thousand employees here."

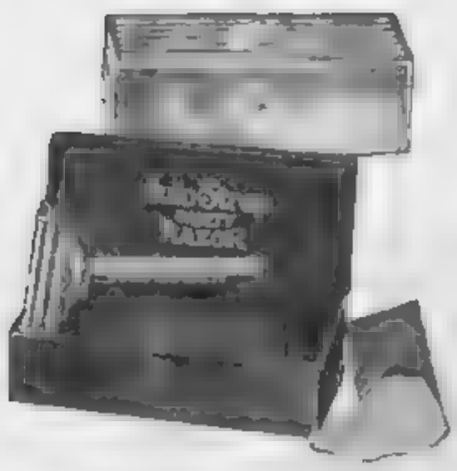
The members of the appropriating committees of Congress complain that the heads of the departments do not know enough about their organization and the work of their subordinates. Mr. Good testifies:

"Ten years ago, when I first became a member of the Committee on Appropriations, nearly every cabinet official appeared before the committee with regard to his estimates. That custom has fallen into disuse, not because of the attitude of the committee or the desire of the committee, because the committee always communicates with the secretary of the department whose estimates are under consideration, and he can come if he desires or send such experts or such of the officials under him as he may desire to speak for the appropriations. The thing that amazed me in the consideration of these estimates was the

(Continued on Page 161)



The Christmas gift every man enjoys all the year 'round



Metal Case Outfit

Nickel-plated, gun metal, or gold-plated case, plain or embossed, velvet lined; silver or gold-plated AutoStrop Razor; twelve blades and selected leather strop. Five and six dollars.

Combination Set

Gold-plated AutoStrop Razor; special shaving brush and shaving soap in gold-plated tubes; removable beveled plate mirror; twelve blades and selected leather strop. In black leather case. Ten dollars.

ASK any man to tell you—how soon after the first shave his unstropped razor blade begins to pull

—how unsatisfactory that last shave is—the shave that makes him throw the blade away.

Then you'll know why *every* man will be delighted to get an AutoStrop Razor for Christmas.

Every morning of the week the AutoStrop Razor provides a fresh, keen edge—gives a clean, quick, comfortable shave.

500 clean, comfortable shaves guaranteed from every dozen blades

Built right into the frame of the AutoStrop Razor is a stropping device, simple and efficient—quick and easy to use. It smooths the tiny teeth of the blade back into alignment, and renews the fine, smooth edge before *every* shave.

It isn't necessary to take the razor apart to strop the blade. The strop is simply slipped through the razor head. The AutoStrop Razor sharpens, shaves, and cleans without removing a single part.

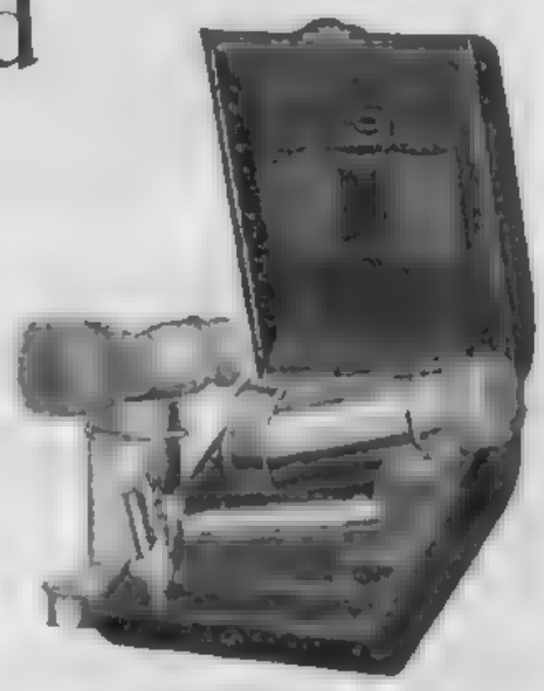
Perfect shaving comfort for every man—every day—that's what these remarkable features of the AutoStrop Razor mean. 500 satisfying shaves are *guaranteed* from every dozen blades. This razor is a Christmas gift a man enjoys all year round!

Make your Christmas gift fill a man's real need. Give him an AutoStrop Razor. Ask your dealer today to show you all of the many different styles of AutoStrop Razor outfits—from the folding Pocket Kit to the complete Tourist Set.

The standard set shown above consists of a handsome silver-plated, self-stropping razor, twelve blades, selected leather strop—all in a neat, compact, black leather case, velvet lined. Five dollars.

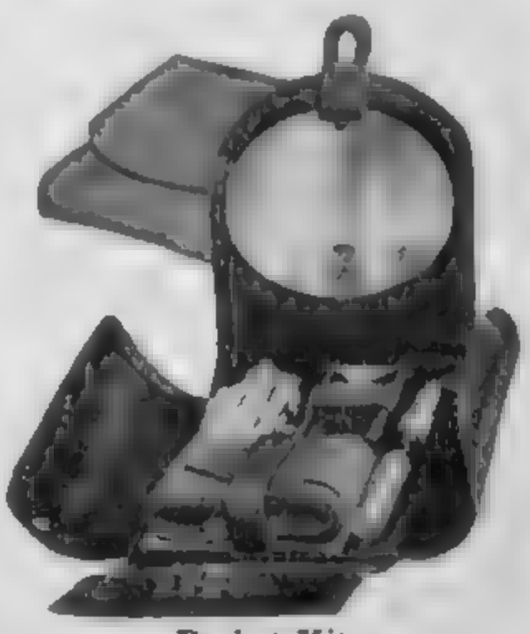
AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.

New York Toronto London Paris



Combination Set

Silver-plated AutoStrop Razor, special shaving brush and shaving soap in silver-plated tubes; twelve blades and selected leather strop. In velvet lined black leather case. Seven dollars and a half.



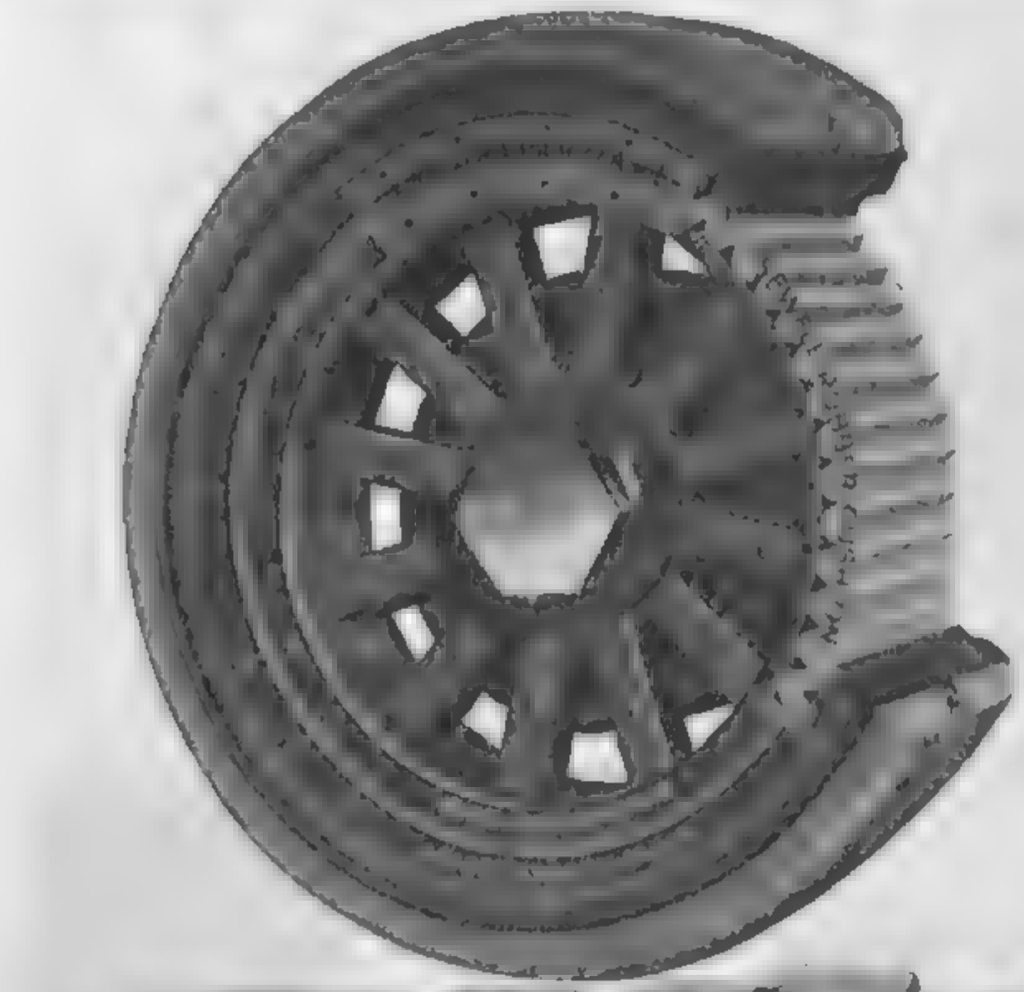
Pocket Kit

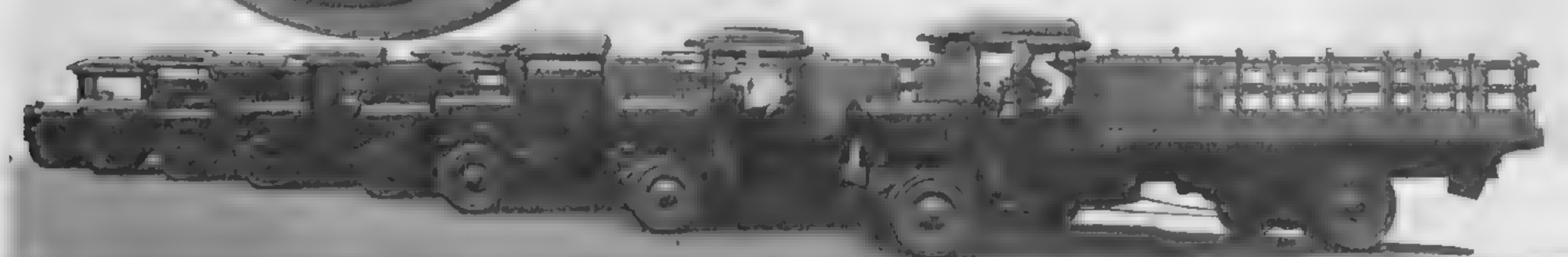
Genuine pigskin or black leather flexible case, leather lined; silver-plated AutoStrop Razor; oval metal mirror, twelve blades and selected leather strop. Five dollars.

AutoStrop Razor

—*sharpens itself*

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel





Here are shown eight of the Fleet of twenty-one Heavy Duty Trucks owned and operated by the Hudson Motor Car Company—all equipped with Sewell Cushion Wheels.

One of the Automotive Industry's Thirty-two Endorsers of

Sewell Cushion Wheels

The Hudson Motor Car Co. says:

"We purchased our first set of Sewell Cushion Wheels in 1914. The satisfaction given us by that first purchase has led us to equip twenty-one of our heavy-duty trucks with Sewell Cushion Wheels. This record, we believe, is the best evidence we can offer of our satisfaction with our investment in Sewell Cushion Wheels."

Hudson is only one of the Thirty-Two large Automotive Companies who, by re-ordering Sewell Wheels, have approved the soundness of the Sewell Principle—"*The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel.*"

These Motor Car and Parts Manufacturers of International Reputation Have Re-Ordered Sewell Wheels:

Aluminum Castings Co.
Chicago Flexible Shaft Co.
Columbia Steel Shafting Co.
Cleveland Copper & Brass Company
Continental Motor Corp.
Delco Laboratories
Dodge Bros.
Everitt Bros.
Fisher Body Co.
Ford Motor Co.
Gemmer Mfg. Co.
General Aluminum Brass Company
Hayes Manufacturing Co.
Hudson Motor Car Co.
Hupp Motor Car Co.
Ireland & Matthews
Kelsey Wheel Co.
King Motor Co.
Long Manufacturing Co.
Manhattan Rubber Co.
Maxwell Motors Corp.
Michigan Stamping Co.
Michigan Copper & Brass Company
Parker Rust Proof Co.
Penberthy Injector Co.
Stroh Castings Co.
Timken-Detroit Axle Co.
Union Drawn Steel Co.
Wagner Electric Mfg. Co.
Winton Motor Car Co.
Wire Wheel Corporation
Young, L. A., Industries Company, Inc.

The Reason

It is the Sewell Rubber Cushion, "Built in the Wheel," supplying *Everlasting Resiliency* that adds many thousands of miles to the life of the truck tires; that reduces to a minimum repairs and replacements; that adds years of actual working life to every part of the truck; that, in short, has made possible this nation-wide endorsement and supremacy. It can be stated in a few words.

Sixty per cent of Sewell Wheels Sales are Re-Orders.

Such is Industrial America's acceptance of the Sewell Principle—"*The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel.*"

Sewell Wheels Can Be Applied to Any Motor Truck Without Changing the Design or Construction of the Truck

For Eleven Years We Have Been Building Resiliency into Motor Truck Wheels

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company, Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches:

Atlanta, Ga
Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
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Buffalo, N. Y.
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Salt Lake City, Utah
San Francisco, Calif.
Seattle, Wash
Springfield, Mass.
St Louis, Mo
Washington, D. C.

Sewell Wheel Book to Truck Owners on Request

(Continued from Page 158)

fact that for a number of years when the cabinet officers did come before the committee they knew very little about the estimates. The ignorance displayed by some cabinet officers was surprising to the members of the committees before whom they have appeared with regard to the details of the estimates and with regard to the questions of policy. There are, without mentioning them, two members of the President's cabinet at the present time who do know the details of their estimates. But if we should amend the law so as to permit them to come upon the floor of the House I think it would have one beneficial effect, and only one, and that would be to explode some of the false standing that certain public officials have in the public mind."

Now let us look at the other side and take the testimony of cabinet officers.

Mr. H. L. Stimson was Secretary of War in Mr. Taft's cabinet and was called to testify at the budget hearings.

MR. STIMSON: I cannot conceive, if we had had an executive budget prepared by the Executive throughout our national history, of our Army being quartered as I found it, in forty-eight separate posts, at an expense to the Treasury which was not only unnecessary but was terrifically subversive of army efficiency, of about six million dollars a year. I cannot conceive, if the budget had been submitted by the Executive, of our having a number of navy yards that would not dock our battleships. I cannot conceive of the chairman of a committee on naval affairs—I can name him, but will not—when he was asked, "Is it not a fact that the navy yard in your district will not accommodate our latest battleships?" answering, "That is true, and that is the reason I have always been in favor of small ships."

Now I mean if the budget had been prepared by the Executive I do not think you would have had quite that tendency to improve our great waterways, not according to the lines of true commerce of the country, but according to the lines of "How much money are you going to spend in each district?" I mean that was a thing that came to me constantly. Almost the last paper that I drew as Secretary of War was a memorandum based on a report of the chief of engineers that we did not have a single waterway that was built in the same way in which we would have built a trunk-line railway, for instance, with a view to the general commerce of the country rather than to the individual needs of a given district. I know I am treading on dangerous ground, but ——

A Reason for Silly Appropriations

MR. GOOD: We have appropriated about nine hundred million dollars for waterways. So far as I have been able to find out we have never appropriated a dollar that was not approved by the Board of Engineers and the Secretary of War and estimated for by the engineers.

MR. STIMSON: I will tell you why. I know why. That was one of my troubles. When I was Secretary of War I found this situation, and I found that the reports of the chief of engineers which came to me were not "Is this an improvement which should be made in view of our particular funds this year—our particular budget this year—and in view of all the improvements in the United States taken at the same time?" but simply and solely "Is this an improvement of a waterway which should be made?" And the chief of engineers said he was directed by Congress to report in that way, and this was the way he was going to interpret that, not in comparison with other projects, but simply whether in the millennium it would be a good thing for the country to have that waterway improved. When I said "That does not suit me at all. You come in here with a lot of propositions which you have approved, and you want me to approve, to improve the navigation of such and such a river and such and such a creek and such and such a harbor. I want to know how does that compare with the situation of the country as a whole?" he said, "I have not anything to do with that. I cannot have anything to do with it. Congress will not listen to me on that. They reserve the judgment to do that themselves." And when I came to look up the provision of law under which he did it he was right and I could not change it.

MR. GARNER: Now, Mister Secretary, how is the President going to remedy that situation?

MR. STIMSON: I hope you will give him power to express his views.

MR. GARNER: He has that power now.

MR. STIMSON: Then I am pretty sure that a President that operates will express himself on that.

MR. GARNER: You illustrated that by speaking of the forty-eight military posts throughout the country in which the Army was dispersed. That was the policy recommended by the War Department.

MR. STIMSON: I do not know about that.

MR. GARNER: Where did Congress appropriate for any post that was not in the estimates of the War Department?

MR. STIMSON: Will you listen to me on that?

MR. GARNER: Yes.

MR. STIMSON: I found these forty-eight posts, and just about that time another party came into power in the House of Representatives that was rather anxious to find any sources of unnecessary expenses which had been incurred by some twelve years of preceding Republican administration, and one of the first things they did —— First, I, in my annual report, called attention to the fact that our Army was scattered in posts at a great cost to its efficiency and to its economy, and that it was a false and vicious system.

The Sport of Politics

The House of Representatives at once passed a House resolution quoting my language and asking the Secretary of War to specify which posts had been located in an unduly extravagant way and in any unnecessary place; and then, having done that in a fit of virtue, a large number of individual congressmen came running round to me and said: "Of course, Mister Secretary, you are not going to answer that? They are just trying to play politics with you." But I said: "I am." And I made a report which is on the files of Congress, pointing out which posts, in my opinion, and in the opinion of the General Staff, were unnecessary at that time, what they had cost—and that hit a great many gentlemen in my own party, who did not have much use for that particular secretary for some time; but it did not produce any change in the policy of Congress. I succeeded by executive action in abolishing, I think, four or five posts, before I went out; but I could only abolish posts when Congress would give me the power to put troops somewhere else, and that was not forthcoming.

I succeeded in shutting up all the posts I could, and it did not amount to more than four out of forty-eight, because I had nowhere else to put the troops. That system had grown up through a long course of years. You know every district clamors for a post in the same way that it clamors for a post office, and that is reflected in everybody who has power to get the necessary money to do it. I do not throw any stones at any particular people, but you will find that so. Every time I went round the country to inspect posts, every time I stopped in the city I would be waited upon by delegations who wanted to prove to me how exceptionally good a place that would be to establish a post; and Congress is under that pressure all the time, and you will find appropriations here to establish a post here and there, now and then. The chance only comes once in a long while, but when it does come they take advantage of it.

MR. MADDEN: Whenever you get a new chairman of the military committee?

MR. STIMSON: Yes; whenever you get a new chairman of a military committee, whether a Democrat or a Republican, it goes that way.

MR. TINKHAM: Most of those posts have been established by legislation?

MR. STIMSON: All of them.

MR. TINKHAM: So that responsibility comes back to Congress?

MR. STIMSON: It may be that the Executive has not always stood up against it, but I found that one of my predecessors had protested to Congress, in Massachusetts, that to expend one hundred thousand dollars, I think it was, on Fort Whipple would be to compel him to spend that amount of money against his official judgment, and in spite of his recommendation and over his protest the item was forced through, and he had to spend the money.

And now this illuminating colloquy between Mr. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Good, chairman of

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IF you cut Iron or Steel or any other metal with Power or Hand Hack Saws, give SIMONDS Hack Saw Blades a chance. They will show you.
SIMONDS Tungsten Steel Hard Edge Non-breaking and All Hard Blades.
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Fitchburg, Massachusetts
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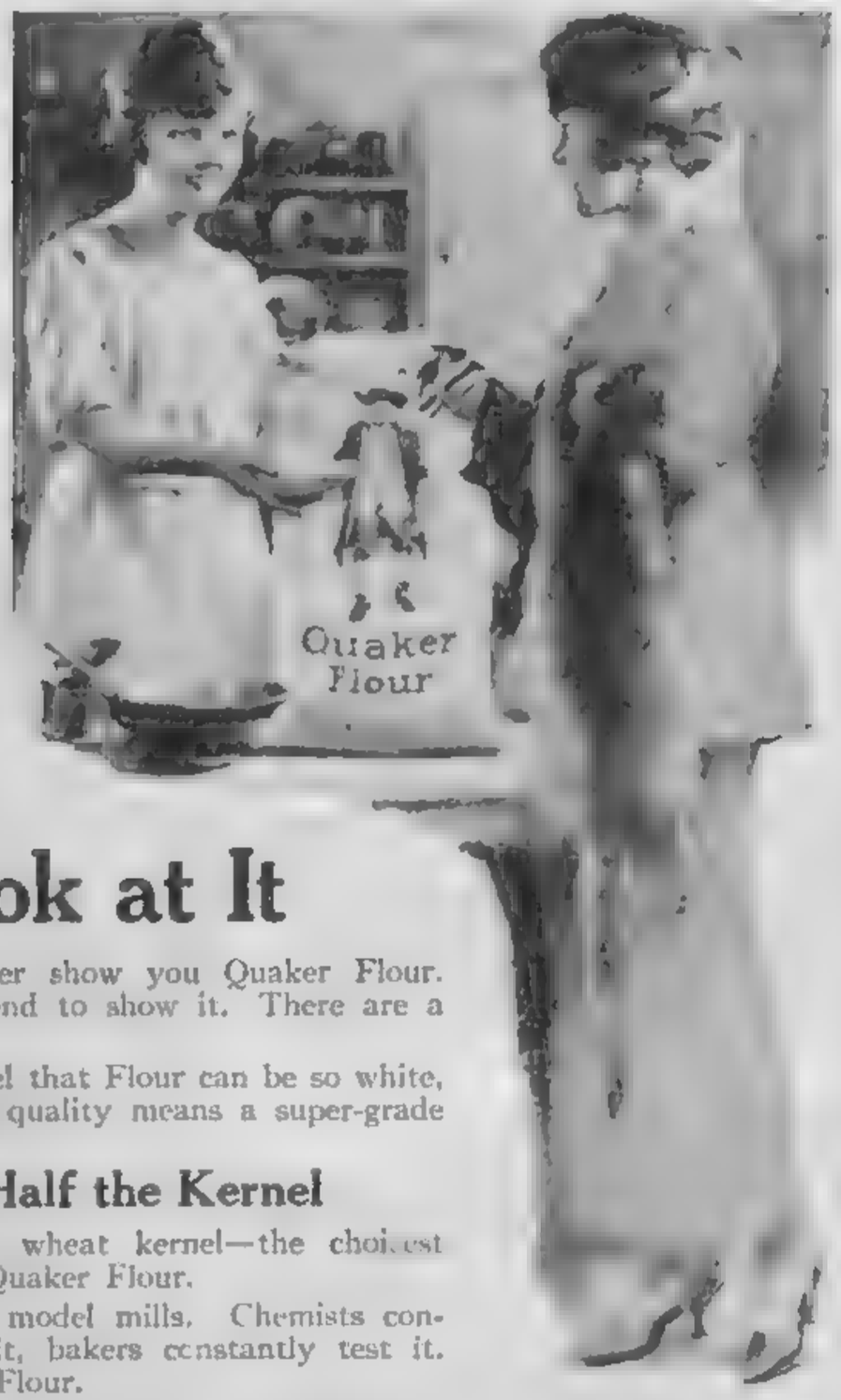
Quaker Flour

Made by the Quaker Oats Company



Look at It

Let your grocer show you Quaker Flour. Or ask some friend to show it. There are a million users.

You will marvel that Flour can be so white, so fine. Quaker quality means a super-grade of Flour.

Only Half the Kernel

Only half the wheat kernel—the choicest part—goes into Quaker Flour.

It is made in model mills. Chemists constantly analyze it, bakers constantly test it. This is scientific Flour.

One test will change your conceptions of fine Flour.

Made for the Quaker Admirers

Quaker Flour is made for lovers of Quaker cereals. It is for those who insist on supreme cereal qualities.

It is the Flour sensation. One mill has grown to four mills, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels. A million now enjoy it. Yet it is advertised but little, save by housewife friends.

Your grocer will get it if he lacks it.

Let one test show you how good a Flour can be.

The Quaker Oats Company

Mills in Akron, O.; Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Peterborough, Ont.; and Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

Our use of 50% of the wheat kernel applies to United States mills only. In our Canadian mills we conform to Canadian Government requirements.

Quaker Biscuit and Pancake Flour

This is a special flour made from special wheat for dainties. It is self-raising, and to keep it fresh it is packed in sealed round packages with tops.

Use it for your finest foods—for biscuits, pancakes, doughnuts, cakes, cookies, etc. Flour made for bread is different.

Use this for finer foods.

Quaker Farina

This is the white, choice bits of inner wheat in granulated form. It is fancy farina without a fancy price. It is impossible at any price to produce a finer grade.

These granulated bits make a delightful breakfast dainty. Use also for griddle cakes, fritters and waffles. These granulations give to such foods a double fascination.

3277

the Appropriations Committee. Mr. Good is asking questions and Mr. Roosevelt is answering them:

"Do you ever permit the inclusion in a Navy Department estimate of an estimate for some work that is really not needed for military or naval purposes in order to secure the support of some member of the Naval Affairs Committee or of Congress for the rest of the bill?"

"No; I would not put it that way."

"What way would you put it?"

"I would say, rather, occasionally, when the hearings before Congress are on and it is evident that a certain individual or certain individuals can be won over by our assenting to the inclusion of certain new items, that sometimes that assent is forthcoming."

"You do not mean to leave the impression with us here that you gave your assent for useless or extravagant expenditures of money out of which no public good would ensue?"

"No; I would not put it as strong as that, but we sometimes give assent to items that we do not consider nearly as necessary as other items."

These are only details, of course, but in the long run of year-after-year appropriations they consume millions of dollars, millions of your dollars, taken from you in taxation, which you might just as well have to spend for yourself or to save. There are whole bureaus and divisions of governmental activities that might be abolished altogether without any loss of efficiency and with great saving of money. Take the revenue-cutter service, for example. Its abolishment has been recommended, after careful examination and inquiry into its functions and activities and its usefulness. No heed has been paid to the recommendation. When Mr. Taft was President he appointed a commission on economy and efficiency to make an examination of the executive departments and their activities. Among other things this commission examined the duties being performed by the revenue-cutter service and decided that it was performing no useful function that was not being performed or could not be performed by some other existing branch of the Government. The maintenance of the revenue-cutter service in 1911, when the report was made, was costing the public two and a half million dollars annually. The economy commission reported that its abolition as a separately organized branch would result in a net saving to the Government of at least one million dollars annually and that this economy would be effected not at the expense of efficiency but, on the contrary, all the duties now being performed by the service could be equally if not more efficiently performed by other services.

Twenty-one Reasons

The revenue-cutter service was called upon to declare what reasons, if any, it could adduce to justify its continued existence. It gives these twenty-one reasons:

Protection of the customs revenue.
Coöperation with the Navy.
Enforcement of laws pertaining to the quarantine.
Suppression of the slave trade.
Enforcement of the neutrality laws.
Protection of merchant vessels from piratical attacks and suppression of piracy.
Protection of the timber reserves of the United States against depredations.
Assistance of vessels in distress.
Prevention of the violation of immigration laws as provided in Section 2163, Revised Statutes.
Protection of seal fisheries and seal-otter hunting grounds in Alaska.
Suppression of illegal traffic in firearms, ammunition and spirits in Alaska.
Coöperation with the life-saving service.
Enforcement of certain laws relating to fisheries.
Enforcement of certain laws relating to the anchorage of vessels.
Regulating and policing regattas and marine parades.
Protection of game in Alaska.
Destruction of derelicts at sea.
Enforcement of laws regarding motor boats.
Enforcement of the navigation and other laws governing merchant vessels.
Protection of wrecked property.
Establishment and maintenance of a refuge station at or near Point Barrow, Alaska.

The economy commission decided that many of these duties were now nonexistent and that the others could be performed by the Navy. The net result of the investigation was that the revenue-cutter service was consolidated with the life-saving service and is now known as the coast guard. It is still prepared, if called upon, to suppress the slave trade, protect merchant vessels from piratical attacks, protect game in Alaska and prevent depredations on timber reserves.

A Chance to Save Millions

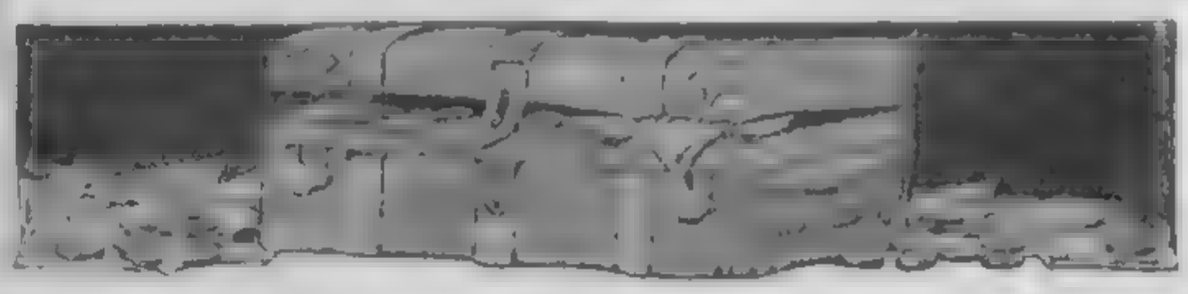
What is lacking, both in Congress and in the spending executive departments, is that intangible but highly valuable factor in connection with the expenditures of public money known to political scientists as "the treasury conscience." The treasury conscience in London, at Whitehall, where the budget is framed, counts for much more than many Englishmen ever realize, but, as Edward Porritt has pointed out, it is not a transplantable institution. It has not invariably gone in the train of British institutions when they have been transplanted overseas. Public opinion in England supports the treasury conscience. It is a factor that counts for economy and efficiency. It has admittedly helped in weeding out corruption—individual corruption and the corruption of constituencies through pork-barrel appropriations. And the existence of these two beneficent forces—the treasury conscience and public opinion that demands what the treasury conscience stands for—is the only factor that will prevent waste and extravagance, no matter how rigid and comprehensive a system of framing expenditures is devised.

I iterate and reiterate—it all comes back to you, the providers of the money that is wasted. In the whole political history of this country I do not think you will find that any congressman has ever been defeated for securing wasteful and unnecessary appropriations for his own district. On the other hand, many congressmen have been defeated because they did not secure bigger slices out of the pork barrel for their own constituencies. Just so long as you applaud and reelect congressmen for bringing home loot from the Treasury to you, just so long will you find men eager and willing to go to Congress and join in raids on the Treasury.

Bear in mind that whenever you get an unnecessary public building or an unnecessary waterway or an unnecessary army post or navy yard or whatever in your district, fifteen or twenty or thirty more other districts get the same thing. You pay not only for what you get but for what the other fellow gets. Every time a raid is made on the Treasury it is your money that is taken away; every dollar and penny of it is money that you earned and paid in taxes. So long as you encourage Congress and government officials to spend your money they will not disappoint you.

But things have come to a pass when you have got to stop, whether you want to or not. Your expenditures are running away ahead of what you can make. That account has got to be balanced. You might as well serve notice on Congress right now that extravagance and waste have got to be stopped. Congress has gone halfway now on a tentative budget plan. It will not go the whole way until you show that you are really in earnest.

Cut a billion dollars off the high cost of government and you put a billion dollars in your pockets. Try it.



MARLIN-ROCKWELL INDUSTRIES

The Mark on the Bearing

THE mark on the bearing tells its history—the history of its making and past record and thereby in advance the history of its future performance. When that mark is the S. R. B. diamond it means the finality of bearing quality, frictionless operation, dependability, demonstrated in service from the beginning of the automotive industry.

SRB

Single Row Double Row

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THE QUICKEST WAY TO DUPLICATE

BRAWN VERSUS BRAIN

(Continued from Page 21)

to drive any large numbers of men out of professional and clerical work or to make the slightest impression on their great numbers. To-day the market for clerical workers is clogged, and possibly this is true of professional workers. There may be too many lawyers and doctors. At least that is an opinion which we often hear expressed, though the facts are not easy to get at.

There is no doubt, however, that many persons would be more useful running plows, tractors and factory machines than they are in medicine, the ministry, law, teaching, business and various artistic and journalistic occupations. But to estimate the number is of course only the silliest and flimsiest kind of guesswork. The fact remains that we see no evidence whatever of a stampede out of the professions and salaried positions into cotton mills, steel foundries and to the farms.

Yet the big wages are there ready for those who are willing and strong. There are steel workers who are paid more than most university presidents, coal miners who make more than any except the highest-paid professors.

But though I have been fairly well acquainted for some years past with large numbers of faculty members of two of the best-known universities in the country I have never yet heard of a single case in either of these institutions of a professor or instructor giving up his position permanently to become a manual worker. One professor has used his vacation picking fruit at high day wages, and another goes fishing for the money there is in it—not the fun—off the Grand Banks.

But obviously the pay of manual workers is not going to be brought down much by any infusion of mental workers. Professors are not fitted to make steel or in the long run to pick berries. They have been trained for other work, and most of them are too old to change if they want to. Men cannot pass freely from one occupation to another; nor is it desirable that they should, for they have different mental equipments and abilities.

When professors decide they can no longer live on their meager salaries, do they go after the big wages of certain classes of manual work? Not at all. They go into banks, trust companies and great industrial establishments. Professors of engineering, chemistry and economics are entering the business world in large numbers at far larger salaries than they can obtain in the teaching profession. They go where their education and mental equipment are needed. They are not becoming wage earners, nor should they.

The Brain Worker's Advantages

Many teachers of course are not fitted to go into business any more than into manual work. They have been left behind in the race for wages, but they are still ahead in many other respects. The scrubwoman may receive more pay than the young woman who teaches school, but the latter still enjoys a higher social esteem, more prestige and dignity.

"I receive almost exactly the same pay as a locomotive engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad," said a college professor. "To be a locomotive engineer is to attain one of the most prized and important positions in the whole world of skilled manual labor. He is an aristocrat of wage earners. Yet I have it all over him. I wouldn't change places with him for anything. They say that we professors, and other members of the salaried class as well, such as clerks and public employees, have to maintain a social position which the wage earners, including even the locomotive engineer, do not have to keep up, and that it costs money to maintain this position.

"Yes, we do have to maintain higher social standards, but look what we get for it. I pay $11 a week for my board and the engineer pays $8 a week perhaps, but I get vastly better board, in pleasanter surroundings and to me more congenial. My life is infinitely more agreeable than his, and yet we are paid exactly the same money wages."

There are men who would not give up intellectual or artistic work for any possible consideration in the way of money. A man is paid in terms of time and space as well as money. A professor has an immense freedom of movement, a sense of liberty and often a wide margin of time which are utterly lacking in the wage-earning occupations and often lacking among hard-working business men. To certain natures these assets are the greatest in the world. To measure a man's happiness by the size of his income leaves out all questions of his interest in his work and the relative advantages and disadvantages of the occupation. It is a commonplace, a truism that man does not live by bread alone, and that money is not the only thing in life.

"I would not work in a machine shop for $1,000,000 a year," said a writer of national reputation a few years ago. And after having visited factories in the city where this writer lives I know of at least one person of lesser reputation who would not be attracted to certain types of forge work at less than $1,000,000 a year.

Of course not all the drudgery is confined to factory work. The life of the professor, author and scientific workers such as civil engineers, physicians and the like is not one long joyride. No doubt those who are comparatively uneducated suffer less from manual work than would professors and professional men in general.

High Pay for Unpleasant Work

But payment for work has to be measured by its disagreeableness as well as by the money wages paid. The ever-rising, ever-mounting remuneration for manual work is serious enough without exaggerating it by failing to take into account the offsets. For one thing there is the difference between wages and salary. Brawn is usually paid wages and brain is in almost all cases paid a salary.

Salary implies something reasonably permanent; wages do not. The wages of a painter, bricklayer or mason may seem very large alongside those of the school-teacher, public employee and many a clerical worker. But the great multitude of these salaried workers have fairly permanent positions. They have security of tenure. They are paid by the month; even by the year. In public employment they are often protected for life by the civil service and, after their period of usefulness is over, by pensions.

Building-trades workers, in the past at least, have been employed very irregularly. No one pays them anything when they are not working, even though the fault may not be theirs.

No one gives them pensions when they are old. Before we compare the pay of seasonal workers with that of teachers, professors and public employees we must know exactly how regular or irregular is the period of employment.

The house painter may be getting $6 to $8 a day now and the teacher and public employee only $3 to $4. But we do not know the net result financially until we know how regularly the house painter has been employed in the last fifteen or twenty years.

Even as compared with the supposedly prosperous business man the salaried worker is not always so badly off as he tries to make out. A college professor who always goes away to the mountains or seashore for at least part of his long summer vacation was passing through a very hot city one summer and discovered, much to his astonishment, that a successful business man of his acquaintance whom he had always regarded as prosperous was staying in town with his family. The professor had just time to dine with the family and expressed his surprise that they were in town.

"But you know that business has been poor," said the wife.

Small as the professor's salary seemed to him it was certain and regular, in good season and bad, through periods of prosperity and panics. It was something that could always be counted upon.

Millions of people are probably unfitted by temperament and inclination to take on the risks of unemployment that are so characteristic of both independent business men and many of the manual-labor wage-earning groups. Clerical work, public employment, teaching—all these offer to these millions a certainty, even though a small one. They surely cannot expect the element of certainty which their natures crave without some financial sacrifice.

Then, too, many of the best-paid wage-earning employments are far more wearing physically than the salaried occupations. Shipyard riveters, structural-iron workers, even bricklayers of advanced age are the rarest of creatures. But public employees, clerks and teachers can often keep on far past the prime of life. Men do not last in the hard manual occupations, but they keep right on in the white-collared employments. Riveters in shipyards are considered old at thirty. And even where it is thought desirable to retire salaried workers before they become really old the chances of their being pensioned are far greater than among manual laborers.

But perhaps the greatest advantage of all which the brain worker and many a salaried employee has over the manual worker is the fact that he is able in the first place to choose what he wishes to do. Men go into teaching and other professions because they think they will like the work. A seventeen-year-old boy does not go as a hand into a shoe factory or a cotton mill because he likes the work. He gets a job because his parents can no longer support him. He goes into the mill because he knows of nothing else to do and has neither the education nor intelligence to find anything else.

In spite of the undoubted opportunities for promotion which are afforded to many skilled mechanics, the fact remains that the great majority of manual workers are in a poorer position as regards promotion than the majority of brain and salaried workers. A young college graduate of husky physique could probably earn vastly more to begin with as a window cleaner than he could as a runner in the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. But every schoolchild knows which position Mister College Graduate will accept and in which one he will get ahead the faster.

It is an open question perhaps whether the more or less fixed salaried positions of a clerical nature, such as those in the government service generally, offer much more chance of promotion than manual, wage-earning work.

I doubt if the average post-office clerk is any more likely to get ahead in the world than the average carpenter.

The Limit of Plain Living

But even in the salaried occupations which do not require much education, such as the police, fire and post-office services, there is not only a regularity and certainty of work but a rather intangible and indefinable but none the less real social status which even the mechanic at $6 to $8 a day does not enjoy.

Make no mistake about it—the man who works with his brain or who has a fixed clerical position still enjoys a few advantages over his overall-wearing brother, despite the higher pay of the latter.

But the fact remains that professors, school-teachers, clerks, policemen, firemen and public employees in general are not paid enough. Their low pay has become a national disgrace and in several cases a national menace. A person may be entirely happy in his work and fairly burst with prestige and social esteem, but he must have some of this world's goods or life becomes impossible. Professors may believe in high thinking and plain living, but there is a point beyond which the living becomes unendurably plain.

When a man becomes a teacher he does not look forward to the accumulation of a fortune. His dominant motives are the love of teaching and devotion to the aims of scholarship. He must, however, have a material basis to realize his ideals. He must have enough to live upon decently and efficiently. The professional and salaried groups are woefully underpaid; whether relatively to scrubwomen, window cleaners and the like is not the main point, but they are absolutely underpaid for the important work they do.

But before saying anything more about the teacher and professor it may not be out of place to remark that a continual boost in wages for manual work is not going to hasten the millennium. The most conscientious effort has been made in this article to show the drawbacks and disadvantages of manual labor. All must admit that there are many joys not known to the average factory worker. But rapidly mounting wages will not give him what he lacks. Interest in one's work and superior mental qualities do not arrive the moment

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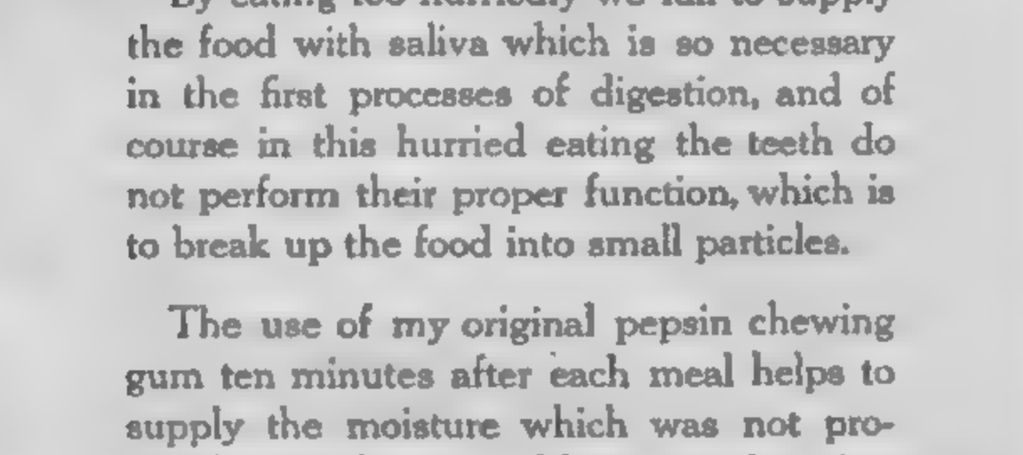
By eating too hurriedly we fail to supply the food with saliva which is so necessary in the first processes of digestion, and of course in this hurried eating the teeth do not perform their proper function, which is to break up the food into small particles.

The use of my original pepsin chewing gum ten minutes after each meal helps to supply the moisture which was not provided at meal time, and hence tends to improve the digestion of those who eat too hurriedly at meals.

D. C. Beeman



AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

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that wages are raised from two to six dollars a day.

Rapid and sudden boosts in wages since the beginning of the war seem to have caused a great increase not so much in actual enjoyment as in mere loafing time. There is a low type of manual worker, best represented perhaps by the Mexican peon and many Southern negroes, who will work only long enough to satisfy their immediate needs.

"Why should I work, boss? I have a quarter."

The contractor in Mexico who imports jams from Scotland to develop expensive tastes among the peons, and the employers of certain classes of labor who look with favor upon gambling houses and saloons, not because they approve of vice but through the necessity of developing an incentive to work, have no light or easy problem to deal with.

To speak plainly there is no doubt that wages have outstripped education among large groups of manual workers. Wages to a great extent have outstripped knowledge and ability of how to use them to good advantage. We have testimony from every part of the country that about the highest ideal which many manual workers have in the use of their new-found wealth is to buy a dozen silk shirts.

Indeed the point has about been reached where further advances in wages cannot be regarded as good in any way for society as a whole. The same is true of hours of work in many occupations. There is a point beyond which the shortening of hours means only idleness and unhappiness. The real problem is not one of hours or wages but of making work interesting to the manual laborer. It is not so much a question of giving him a share in the profits as it is of finding a way of enlisting his mental eagerness, of rousing such zest as marks the labors of the professional man.

A well-known educator who had charge of the A. E. F. University has declared in a recent speech that it may be necessary to have all carpenters and plumbers go to college in order to make them see the bearings and implications of their work. He says that manual workers must be made just as scholarly as mental workers and given the same play of mind.

This may be an exaggerative statement, but it is only another expression of the conviction which industrial experts are coming to agree upon more and more, that merely raising wages and reducing hours gets us nowhere unless the worker can be induced to feel a real concern in his work.

Professors in Business

It is the brain worker and the clerk whose pay needs adjustment at the present time. Most of them already are interested in their work. Few of them complain of long hours. But in the upward rush of labor for larger money rewards the salaried man has been left stranded, high and dry, with a stationary payment, depreciated to perhaps half its former value.

The importance of the university and college teacher has increased markedly in recent years. Not only did he demonstrate his usefulness in many ways during the war but business men are depending upon the colleges and universities increasingly not only for the scientific research to develop their business but for young men with specialized education to train up in the business.

Nearly all the technical men who make modern industry possible are university graduates, and in ever-increasing numbers the executives themselves are drawn from the ranks of these higher educational institutions. Yet the men who teach and train both the technicians and executives are not paid enough to live on decently.

Of course the older teachers will get along somehow, but young men will not go into teaching with its meager pay. Thirty years ago the choice of occupations open to college graduates was limited, and many of them naturally went into teaching. But now they can easily go into business and earn two or three times as much as they can by teaching other young men to go into business. It has been estimated by an authority that the faculty of one university alone could make $200,000 to $400,000 a year more by leaving in a body and going into business.

Probably no college teachers are so well paid as those in economic subjects. Yet in one of the best-known universities five out of nine men teaching these subjects have been lost in the last few years to business pursuits. But the number of undergraduate students taking these subjects has increased by fifty per cent in even less time. The country of course has been scoured to find new teachers, but a full staff simply cannot be gotten together.

Most significant of all is the fact that of the thousand students who are taking these subjects practically all intend to go into business. There are, it is true, five or six graduate students who are pursuing advanced courses, but this is only half the former number, and of these only two intend to follow teaching as a profession. Formerly there were perhaps a dozen graduate students, all of whom intended to teach. Now of the six graduate students four will go into business in all probability.

Thus while the demand for teaching increases by leaps and bounds the number of men who are preparing to teach decreases with as great rapidity.

"The salaries paid professors seem small compared with the general wealth of the country and the cost of living. Under these conditions it may seem surprising that so many able men are to be found on the teaching staffs of not a few colleges as well as universities. The reason is to be found partly in the fondness for science and learning which has lately shown itself in America, and which makes men of intellectual tastes prefer a life of letters with poverty to success in business or at the bar."

Underpaid Public Servants

This was written about thirty years ago by Lord Bryce, who came from England to write us up in his book, The American Commonwealth. But there has been very little if any increase in salaries in those thirty years. Meanwhile the dollar has been cut pretty much in half. In one university the heads of departments have had their salaries raised only $250 in forty years. But this country is not alone in being slow about raising the pay of its professors. In France they are said to receive the same salaries that were paid fifty years ago.

Nor is the position of the public schoolteacher much better. Owing to the pauperlike salaries paid to them there is a normal annual shortage of thirty to fifty thousand in the supply. The wages of school-teachers are those of children.

Librarians and most clergymen also are paid the merest pittance. In both England and this country a few clergymen have actually suggested forming unions. Since the Armistice thousands of army and navy officers have resigned solely because of the poor pay, and the papers are filled with the news of police strikes and other signs of unrest among government and municipal employees due to low pay.

The salaries of these public employees have remained stationary practically for years while the cost of living has gone up. In other words jobs which were once considered good, formerly the envy of the wage earner, are no longer good, for the wage earner is now earning far more.

Curiously enough, public employees are the last ones who should be underpaid. From a purely selfish, soulless and temporary point of view it may actually profit a private employer to sweat and underpay his help, to speed up, to use casual labor for a spurt of work or on a seasonal job without giving the worker any assurance of regular employment or a regular wage. It may pay him to fire his help when orders fall off.

But it can never profit the state to underpay and sweat its own workers, for they are the guardians and protectors of the whole people. They protect physical property, make and enforce laws, maintain systems of money, measures and standards, carry on sanitary and sewage-disposal work, operate the post office and in general carry on the labors most necessary to the entire community. It is a paradox to underpay these workers.

The present financial ascendancy of brawn over brain, relatively speaking, came about naturally enough. In Europe many millions of manual laborers were killed off or maimed by the war, the total deaths being close to eight millions. In this country we have had no immigration for five years though we depended largely upon our annual importation of immigrants to do the manual drudgery of the country. That is the chief reason probably why scrubwomen, window cleaners, and the like,

(Continued on Page 169)

What could give a man more joy or cause keener appreciation at Christmas than a W D C genuine French Briar Pipe?

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Ordinary shoe lining quickly gives out and breaks, leaving the seams and leather without support. It wears out stockings and overburdens the darning bag.

"Red-line-in," the red-lined lining used by manufacturers who know how important is the lining, is the strongest and most durable lining obtainable. It bears the strain that breaks the seams, eases the wear on leather, helps the shoes reduce the stocking bill.

When you buy shoes, look for the RED THREAD running through the lining. That identifies "Red-line-in." It is a guarantee that your dealer is selling you shoes that mean greater comfort and longer wear.

If your shoe dealer cannot supply you with shoes lined with "Red-line-in," give us his name on a postal card, and we will send him a list of shoe manufacturers who can furnish him with these shoes.

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SHOE LINING

reinforces the shoe at points where the hard wear comes. It preserves the style-look of the shoe. It makes shoes wear longer; saves stockings; saves darning. Buy "Red-line-in" lined shoes. Look for the *red line* in the lining. *Shoes that wear longer cost less.*

FARNSWORTH, HOYT COMPANY, Boston, Mass.
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'Red-line-in'
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHOE LINING
Makes shoes wear longer

(Continued from Page 166)

have moved up so radically in the financial scale.

Naturally the war had most effect upon manual labor, because from the ranks of these workers were drawn most of the fighting men. That is so not only because they are strong and fitted to do the work of fighting, but even more because they constitute the bulk of the population and would have to be drawn upon in any case.

But this is by no means the first time in the world's history that a sudden gap in the supply of labor has resulted in a great upsweep in wages. From the fall of 1348 to the spring of 1350 a great pestilence swept England from the southwest to the northeast. This disease, the bubonic plague, was new to Europe, having come along the trade routes from the Far East. During the year almost exactly one-half the population died of this black death instead of the normal death rate from all causes at that time of one-twentieth.

Many changes followed the plague, but the greatest was in the rural labor supply. The great majority of workers had been serfs, or villeins, bound to the lord of the manor, or vill. But there had always been a few free laborers—a blacksmith here and there, a chance weaver, and even in rare cases agricultural laborers who had been set free by their lords. At harvest season the lords had usually employed these free laborers to help out the slaves. But the plague so reduced the number of both free and slave laborers that the few free workers asked for larger wages.

The lords were shocked at such demands and induced Parliament and the King to forbid laborers asking for more than the "customary" wage which had prevailed during the five years before the plague. For an entire century an attempt was made to enforce these laws; they were amended no less than thirteen times to make them more effective.

Laborers who asked for more than the "customary" wage were thrown into jail. But wages rose despite all laws and remained high for two hundred years. Nothing could stop them from going up. Moreover, the break up of slavery in England dates from that period.

But high wages for manual work are not due entirely to scarcity. They are one result of the world-wide inflation of prices or money and circulating credit. At such a time as this when prices are inflated, business incomes, or profits, adjust themselves quickly, and wages unassisted would follow more slowly. But many large and essential groups of wage earners have long been organized in unions, whereas the professional and salaried groups have never been organized. The business man, the employer, as his profits begin to shoot up with the coming of inflation, very naturally raises the pay of those of his employees first of all who are in a position to bargain with him. These are the wage earners who have their unions, instead of the bookkeepers, clerks and technical men who have no unions.

The Case of the Clerk

With business active and profits large the employer is eager to go ahead at top speed and make all he can. He is able to pay wages which in former times would have been impossible. The manufacturer would rather pay the shop worker $100 a week than have his mills shut down. But his clerks cannot shut down his mills and so he keeps on paying them $25 a week.

Of course the immediate necessity in the war was to produce goods. In the long run goods cannot be produced without teachers, professors, artists, musicians, technicians, bookkeepers and hundreds of other workers of the intellectual and so-called middle classes. But if you have to put up an entire city in a few weeks you are far more concerned about masons and bricklayers than you are about college professors and musicians or even about architects and bookkeepers. You cannot build your hurry-order wartime city, it is true, without architects and bookkeepers, but you need only two or three of them, whereas you must have about twenty thousand skilled and common laborers.

If the job is interesting enough, if there is difficulty attached to it and chance for glory, promotion, reputation and valuable new connections, there will always be a few architects and other technical workers who will welcome the opportunity even if the pay is not much larger than they have been accustomed to.

It is true that brains are needed, but muscle is needed in vastly greater quantities and for the most part much more immediately. With such urgent building and manufacturing enterprises as the war set in motion, incalculably greater than ever known before, the need of the skilled mechanic was paramount. Increasing the pay of brain workers seemed a small and unimportant item. It was simply lost in the shuffle alongside the life-and-death necessity of getting enough carpenters, bricklayers and machinists to stay on the job.

Even if there had been no unions manual labor would have benefited greatly from the war. But there were unions, fully aware that the hour of destiny had struck for them. With their members urgently needed by the Government and private employers alike and with immigration suddenly stopped for years to come, they were in a position to strike for almost anything they wanted. After centuries of being the under dog the moment had arrived for labor to cash in, and it is a pretty natural human instinct to cash in when one has the chance.

So the Government either had to conscript labor, which would have been a rather dangerous experiment while the war was on, aside from any question of the rights and wrongs of such a policy, or else make a truce with the labor leaders. So the truce was made and the Government through its War Labor Board recognized formally many of the principles which organized labor had long contended for in vain, and also ordered great numbers of advances in wages, which, as already stated, employers were quite able to pay because of abnormal profits.

The Professors' Evil Plight

Meanwhile the great multitudes of ministers, professors, teachers and other public employees were working for institutions which are not run for profits. Universities, colleges, churches, municipalities and governments had less rather than more money to pay out in salaries.

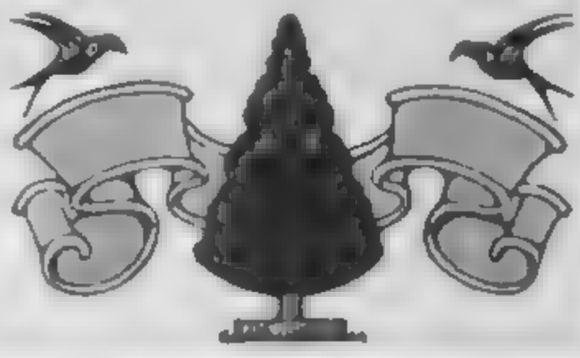
These workers are paid out of a definite, more or less fixed fund. They are really endowed, like widows with an inheritance. There is nothing fluid about their position. In the case of privately endowed universities it is the interest on a capital fund which pays the professor. He is not paid out of product, like a machinist in an engine factory. The machinist's wages may not jump up quite so soon as the product in the mill, but at least he tries to follow as close behind as possible, and if he has a strong union the distance is short indeed. For the employer can afford to make the adjustment out of the increased product.

But even an air-tight professors' union could not push salaries very fast because they come out of an endowment fund, out of accumulated capital rather than current product. Besides, this accumulated capital is worth only about half its former value because of money and credit inflation.

Moreover, these salaries move up and down slowly even if the institutions paying them have ample means, because they are established by tradition, custom and law rather than by immediate bargaining. Besides, it had never in the past been considered decent or seemly for professional and clerical workers to form unions and strike.

The salaries of most of these workers come out of the pockets either of taxpayers or philanthropists, both of which classes were hard enough hit by the war in other directions. Naturally a manufacturer is more willing to raise the wages of his own workmen while his profits are leaping skyward than he is to have his taxes boosted to pay for public employees whose functions he but dimly understands.

The professors, teachers and ministers were especially hard hit because the church and the school have never been institutions which the public has been really willing to pay for. Historically education was a function of charity, of ecclesiastic benevolence. Thus people are accustomed to feel that education and religion should be free or nearly so. Besides, we have always wanted our moral leaders to be above the suspicion of sordid motives.



It might seem as if the manual worker would soon begin to lose his respect for the brain worker. How can an ash man on the campus of a university have any feeling of deference for the instructor who receives the same pay, or less?

Whatever may be the theories of socialism and syndicalism or whatever excesses may have marked the early reign of Bolshevism in central and eastern Europe, there is no evidence in this country among responsible labor men and their leaders that the functions performed by brain workers have come into any actual contempt. The only contempt which the manual worker has for the clerk and teacher is for their spinelessness in not organizing labor unions of their own.

An English physician recently attended a boiler maker who was on strike for shorter hours. The physician had been working at top speed and still had vivid memories of the influenza epidemic when not only the English but the rapidly disembarking American troops were dying like flies.

"You make me tired with your eight-hour day," said the physician. "I have been working twenty hours a day, and it wasn't very long ago that I worked twenty-four hours a day."

"Why don't you form a union if you work that long?" asked the boiler maker.

"What would you do if we struck?" asked the physician.

This was a poser for the boiler maker. He scratched his head and pondered for a long time before he answered: "Why don't you join with the boiler makers? Whenever you have a grievance you can keep right on working, but we will strike for you."

In some of the remarks of labor leaders and in their union organs is occasionally found a natural note of gloating satisfaction over their great advances in pay as compared with the brain workers. One such trade-union organ in defending the big pay of painters, bricklayers and masons said perhaps the war proved that brain work was not so important as people had supposed, and that "the skilled worker produces what is really needed rather than those persons who dream of castles in Spain."

But the same paper went right on to say that it was sorry for the college professors and added that the chief cause of their low salaries is the failure of the salaried workers to join unions. For the most part the labor attitude is that manual labor is getting only its just due and that brain work is not getting its just due because of its failure to organize. Indeed there is far more sympathy among manual workers for the underpaid teacher and clerk than there is contempt.

When Utopia Comes

"Some years ago the shop workers made far more fun of the white-collared clerk than they do now," said an experienced employment manager and industrial engineer. "Also the office force had more contempt for the shop workers than they do now. I remember when the cashier in a factory, to take only one case, always resented an increase in the wages of the help. He is far more likely now to feel that they are entitled to what they can get and to direct his resentment against the proprietor for not taking him into partnership. He is no longer satisfied with mere generalities about his interests and those of the owners being the same. He wants to be shown in the form of a share in the profits."

The professional and salaried workers will not remain underpaid much longer. Already provisions are being made for teachers, firemen and policemen. The taxpayers will simply have to meet the bill.

Universities and colleges are engaged at the present moment in raising $140,000,000 for new endowments, largely to increase professors' salaries. The great church denominations seek even more. The evil is recognized and is being corrected as rapidly as possible.

In the long run brains will not work unless the rewards are reasonably ample. When Utopia comes college presidents and business managers may agree voluntarily to work for one-tenth the janitor's salary,

WILLIAM T. SUTTER

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but not until then. The Russian Bolshevists started out with the idea that all men should receive the same wage, and the janitors' assistants in the universities and hospitals actually demanded not only the same wage as the greatest professors and surgeons but an equal vote in electing the chancellor of the university.

But it is reported that experts, such as industrial engineers and the like, are now receiving salaries or fees running up to $50,000 from the Russian Government, because it was found that they simply would not function if paid the common uniform wage.

Ultimately the man with a superior brain is bound to win. He may temporarily be trampled in the mire, but society cannot get along without him for long. For after all it is really not so much brawn which does the drudgery of the world as machinery and tools. The wage earner must have tools. He is dependent upon them. He really has far more to lose in an ultimate sense than the brain worker in any general destruction or stoppage of production such as took place in Russia. For the brain worker needs but few tools. He is called upon to restore order out of chaos, and the manual worker must wait until the brain worker has made a beginning.

In the long run and in the main, brain must be paid more than brawn. Do not union labor leaders receive higher wages than the stenographers and assistants in their offices? Indeed it is stated on good authority that the present tendency among American labor unions is to increase the salaries paid to the leaders. It is reported that one of the most important unions recently considered raising the salary of its president to as high as $10,000 a year.

Brains are certainly scarcer than brawn, and until mankind entirely does away with the motive of profit and pecuniary self-interest owners of the scarcer quality will insist upon a somewhat greater reward than the mere pleasure of exercising themselves. But perhaps it will be necessary first for almost every class of workers, whether with brain or brawn, to organize into labor unions or at least into protective associations before anything like a complete adjustment is made. Professional workers may have to forget their dignity and gentility in order to get full justice.

The Suffering Buffer Class

Much has been said, especially in England, about the pitiable condition of the middle classes, or intermediates, ground between the opposing interests of capital and labor. It is true that the consuming public is badly hit by the power of labor and capital, but to talk of a middle class is to discuss a vague and futile thing, for no one knows just what the middle class consists of. An actual attempt has been made to form a middle-class union in England, but thus far the results seem to be merely amusing. At an organizing convention it was seriously proposed that the younger daughters of the nobility should join because they are quite poor. Labor unions of course have no reason for existence unless their members perform a well-defined economic function, such as bricklayers, dentists, coal miners, architects, physicians, superintendents, managers, cooks and the like, to withhold which exerts serious pressure upon the community. Unless there is a definite function performed the union has no weapon at hand, for it cannot bring economic pressure to bear in the form of a strike. Naturally the younger daughters of the nobility cannot exert any effective economic pressure through striking.

The Essence of Unionism

Just how far the organization of those who can exert pressure will go is impossible to say. The exceptional worker, such as Caruso or Charlie Chaplin, will never need to join a union. Where work is individual and personal in the highest degree the union is simply impossible. Indeed most professional men are so wrapped up with their special hopes and dreams that any effort to advance the interests of all the members of their profession will stir up but little interest among them.

The essence of unionism is advancing the line uniformly. Many of the salaried and professional occupations are too individual to make an advance of the line a really important object. Doctors differ far too much to pay them all a standard wage.

But however far the organizing process goes it is reasonable to suppose that brawn will keep at least a part of the relative advantage gained during the war. John Stuart Mill, one of the greatest of the early economists, was discouraging enough to say that the wage earner would probably never get his fair share of the benefits of invention and discovery. But it looks now as if he were getting his fair share, and in some cases perhaps more.

Of course if immigration should be resumed and hard times should come, the more exaggerated wage scales will be cut into seriously. But wage-earning labor has one great advantage—it was the first to form aggressive unions. As long as only minorities of the people belong to unions they are able to push their interests more or less at the expense of the less aggressive, passive, unorganized majority. When everyone joins a union just who will there be left to exploit?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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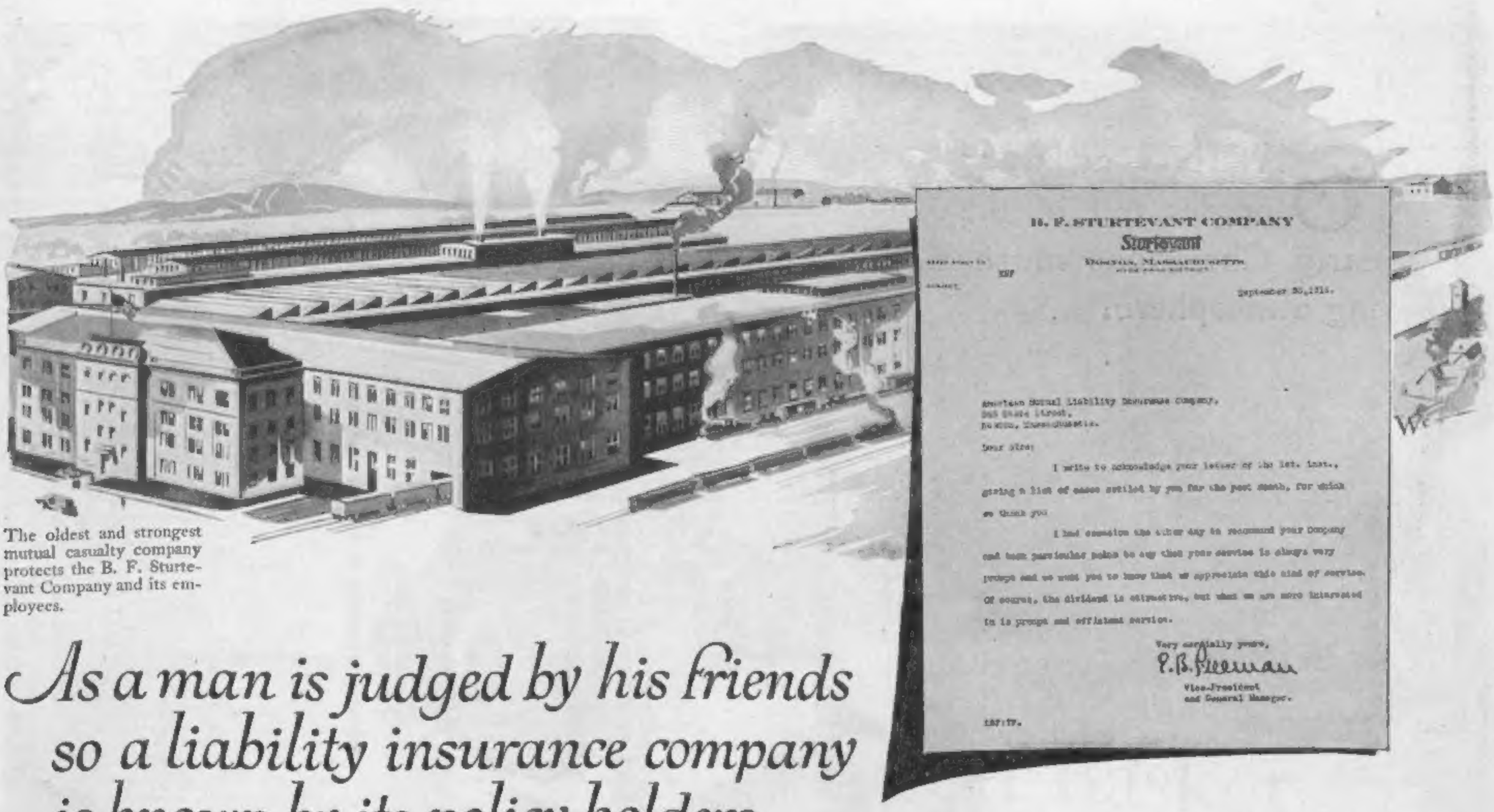

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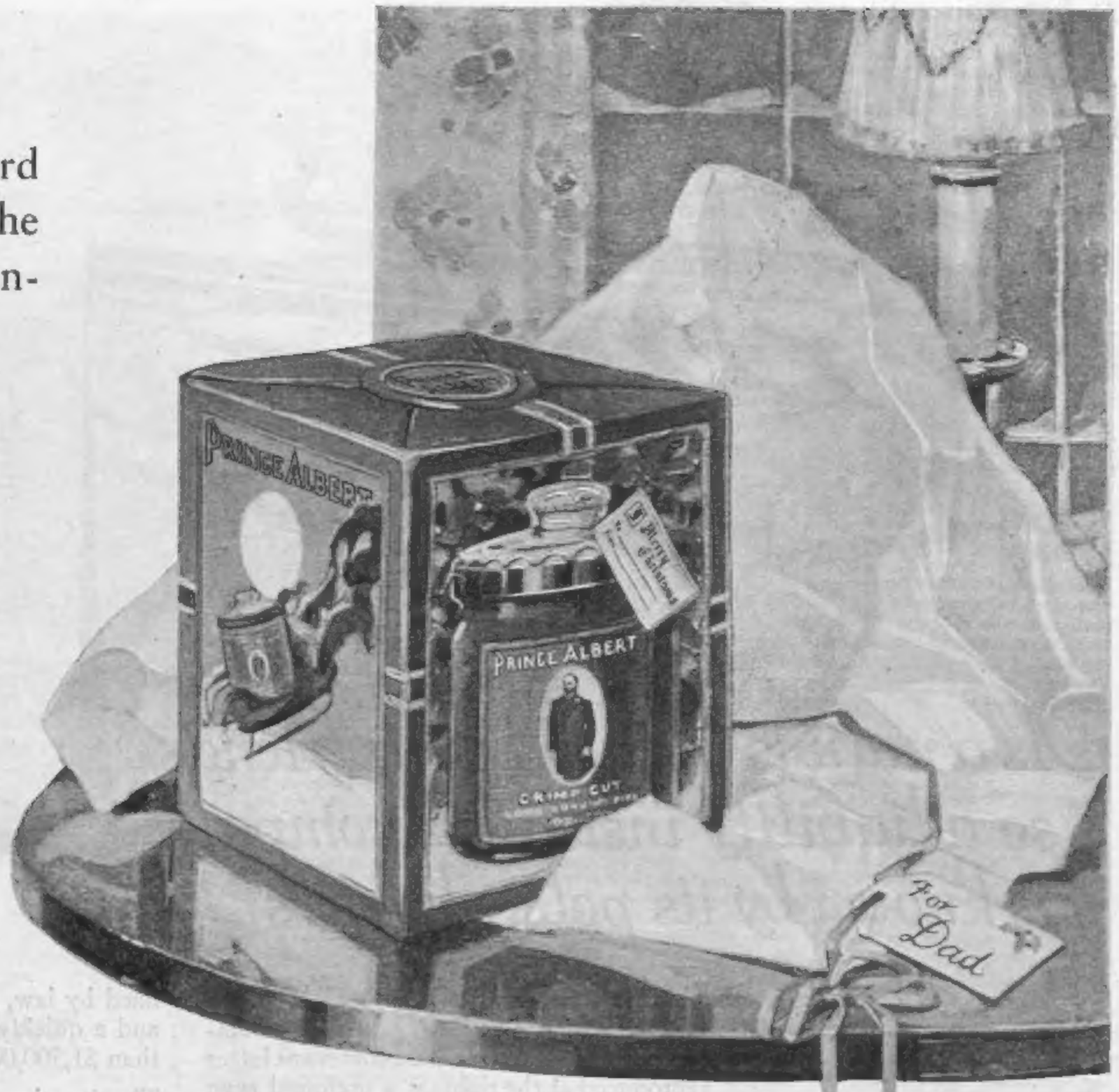
TAKING awkward angles out of the early Christmas morning atmosphere!



HOW that low-on-luck feeling will peel off *his* mind when the happy-handout-happens Christmas morning; and his keen eye sights the stage all set with the pound crystal glass humidor of Prince Albert tobacco gowned in the glories of a radiant holiday rainbow! Turkey takes to the tall timbers compared with the all-star-feast *you* spread so temptingly before his smokeappetite!

PRINCE ALBERT, for Christmas, lands on a man's tank-of-thanks like a spill-of-snow when the sleigh-bells are rusty from lack of jingle! P. A. as a *man gift* is the high-sign, the last word, the directest route to his comfort, his contentment, his smoke-happiness! It's the touch-that-lifts-the-lid; that takes the awkward angles out of the evergreen-and-holly atmosphere and makes the whole family on both sides think and talk in one language!

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For Little Babies

For School Lunches

A Great Morning Drink

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Keep a full basket of luscious fresh fruit —called a "health basket"—always within the family's reach. That plentiful supply encourages frequent and regular eating and forms one of the most valuable habits that physicians know.

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and
A Happy New Year

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